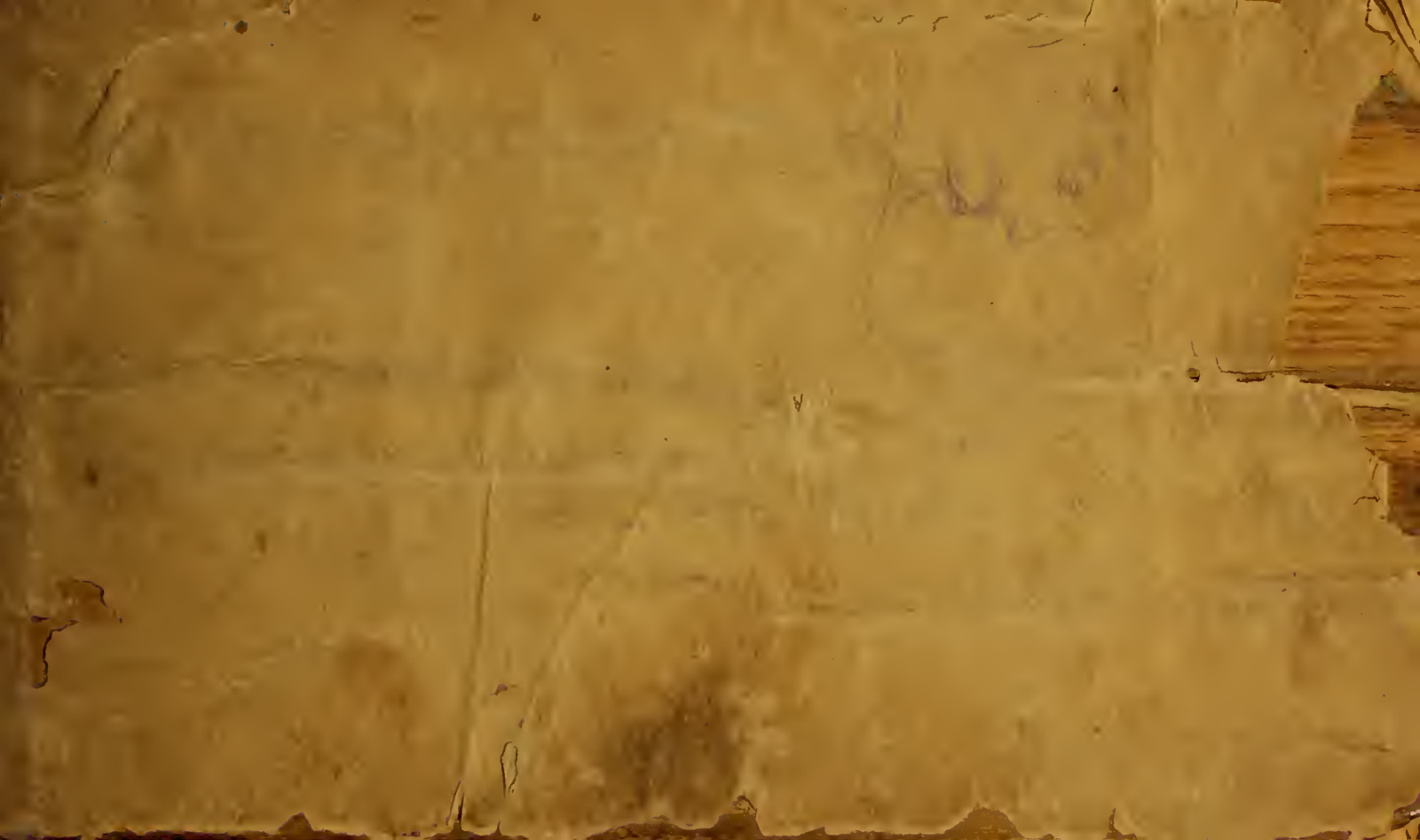






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Benjamin Parker Jr.
Proprs.

[BENJAMIN PARKER JR.

Benjamin

Benjamin Parker

Benjamin Parker
Nov 20th 1848

Benjamin



THE

Christian Harmony;

OR,

SONGSTER'S COMPANION.

By JEREMIAH INGALIS.

Praise ye the Lord. Sing unto the Lord a New Song, and his Praise in the congregation of saints.
For the Lord taketh pleasure in his people : He will beautify the meek with salvation.....PSALM clxix.

~~~~~  
Published according to Act of Congress.

EXETER, NEWHAMPSHIRE :

PRINTED BY HENRY RANLET, FOR THE COMPILER.

1805.

BENJAMIN PARNER

## Advertisement.

*THIS Book contains the Grounds of Music made easy to the learner, and a pleasing variety of Hymns and Spiritual Songs, with Music appropriate ; some being wholly, and some in part, the original composition of the Author, and others selected from various authors, (which are credited where they are known.) The whole designed for the Use of Christians of all denominations, and adapted to the various occasions of Religious Worship.*

## Preface.

*CONSIDERING the multiplicity of apologies usually made, when productions of this nature are brought forward, the Author would inform the public that he has none to make ; but with diffidence would submit this to their candor, and should it meet with their patronage, his most sanguine expectations will be answered.*

*Note—The order in which the tunes are placed, are, Bass, Tenor, Cotinter and Trble ; and those tunes which have but three parts, the Tenor or Air is the middle part throughout this work.—The Hymn. are collected from various Collections where there is no credit given, therefore I have not given any here.—Should his meet with success, the public may again hear from their Humble Servant,*

Newbury, Vermont, Nov. 1804.

The COMPILER.

Small  
Jan 24 1931  
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Oct. 10 1804

Nov 22

# A Plain and Concise *INTRODUCTION* to *MUSIC*.

## Lesson I. *THE GAMUT.* For Counter.

For Tenor or Treble

For Bass.

Letters. Notes. Names.

Clef. A

Letters. Notes. Names.

Clef.

Letters. Notes. Names.

Clef.

Characters.

## Lesson I.

Examples.

A Stave is five lines and spaces on which Music is written.

Tenor & Treble Clef is called the G Clef, stands always on G, the second line from the bottom, and is to be made upwards.

Counter Clef

is called the C Clef, and stands on C, the middle line.

Bass Clef

is called the F Clef, and stands on F, the fourth line.

A Sharp \* at the beginning of a tune removes the Mi, but when found before a note raises it half a tone.

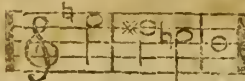


# Introduction to Music.

At the beginning of a tune removes the Mi, and before a note sinks it half a tone.



A Natural ♯ restores the Mi to its natural place, and before a note, to its natural sound.



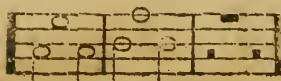
## Lesson III,

The natural place for Mi is in . . . . . B .  
 But if B be Flat, Mi is in . . . . . E .  
 If B and E be Flat, Mi is in . . . . . A .  
 If B, E and A be Flat, Mi is in . . . . . D .  
 If B, E, A and D be Flat, Mi is in . . . . . G .  
 If F be Sharp, Mi is in . . . . . F .  
 If F and C be Sharp, Mi is in . . . . . C .  
 If F, C and G be Sharp, Mi is in . . . . . G .  
 If F, C, G and D be Sharp, Mi is in . . . . . D .

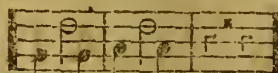
The rule to call notes ascending, are, mi, faw, fol, law, faw, fol, law, then comes mi again. Descending, are, mi, law, fol, faw, law, fol, faw, then comes mi again; observing that between mi and faw, and law and faw, are semitones.

## Lesson IV.

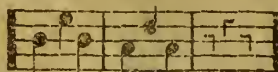
A Semi-breve is the longest note, and is equal to two Minims.



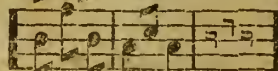
A Minim is half length of a Semib, and is equal to two crotchets.



A Crotchet is half length of a Minim and is equal to two Qrs.



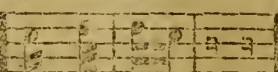
A Quaver is half length of a Crotchet and is equal to two Sixteens.



A Semiquaver is half length of a Quarter and is equal to two Demiquavers.



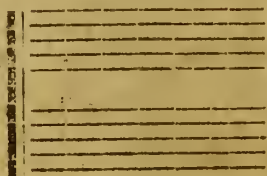
A Demisemiquaver is half length of a Semiquaver and is the quickest.



One Semibreve contains Minims, or four Crotchets, or eight Quavers, or sixteen Semiquavers, or thirty-two Demisemiquavers.

## Lesson V.

A Brace . . . . . shows how parts move together.



**A** Ledger Line — is added when notes ascend or descend beyond the Stave.



**A** Point of Addition — makes a note one third longer. A pointed Semibreve is equal to three Minims.



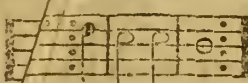
**A** Point of Diminution — set over or under three notes, makes them a third quicker.



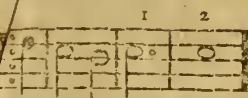
**A** Slur — shows how many notes are sung to one syllable.



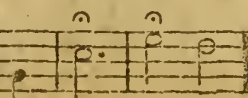
**A** Repeat — is a row of dots across the stave, which shows what part of a tune is repeated.



**A** Double Ending 1.2. The note under figure 1 is sung before repeating, and the note under figure 2, the second time.



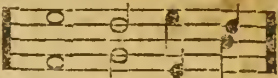
**A** Hold — shows that the note of which it is placed, should be sounded longer than its natural time, according to the judgment of the leader.



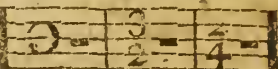
Marks of Distinction. — signify that the notes over which they are placed, should be pronounced very distinctly.



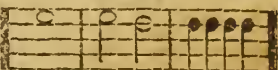
Choosing Notes — But one of them are to be sung with the same voice.



**A** Bar Rest — fills a bar in all modes of time



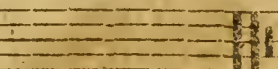
Single Bar — divides the music into equal parts.



Double Bar — Shows the end of a strain.



**A** Close — shows the end of a tune.



## Lesson VI.

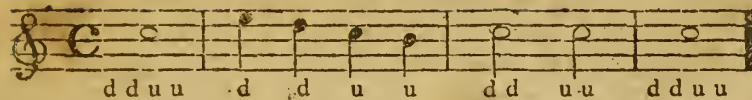
### COMMON TIME.

The first mode of Common Time, marked thus,  has four beats in a bar, two down and two up, and has a Semibreve for a measure note, or other notes equal to it in each bar. The pendulum for this mode is  $37\frac{1}{16}$  inches.



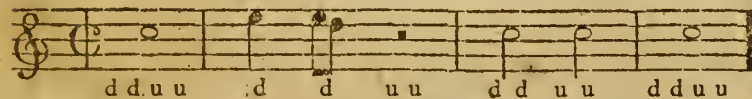
# Introduction to Music.

Example.



The second Mode of Common Time, marked thus,  has four beats in a bar, the same as the above, only quicker.  The pendulum for this mode is  $22\frac{2}{10}$  inches.

Example.



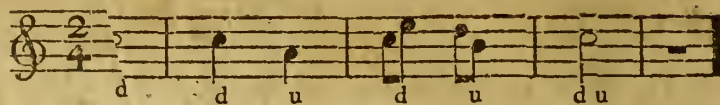
The third Mode is marked thus,  and has a Semibreve for a measure note, or other notes equal  to it, and has two beats in a bar, one down and the other up. The pendulum for this mode is  $37\frac{2}{10}$  inches.

Example.



The fourth Mode is thus marked,  and has a Minim for a measure note, and has two beats in a bar.  The pendulum for this mode is  $12\frac{2}{10}$  inches.

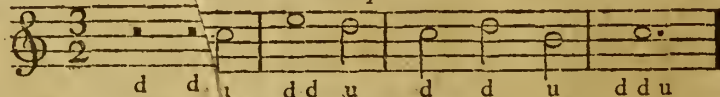
Example.



## TRIPLE TIME.

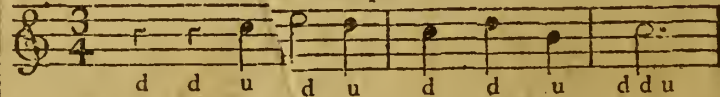
The first Mode of Triple Time has three beats in a bar, two down and one up, marked thus,  three Minims in a bar, or other notes equal to them. The pendulum for this mode is  $37\frac{2}{10}$  inches.

Example.



The second Mode has three Crotchets in a bar, and is beat in the same manner as the first, only a third quicker, marked thus,  The pendulum for this mode is  $22\frac{2}{10}$  inches.

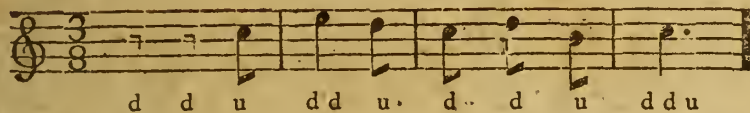
Example.



The third Mode contains three Quavers in a bar, and is beat in the same manner as the second mode, only quicker—marked thus,  The pendulum for this mode is  $5\frac{2}{10}$  inches.

# Introduction to Music.

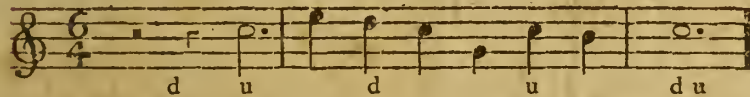
*Example.*



## COMPOUND TIME.

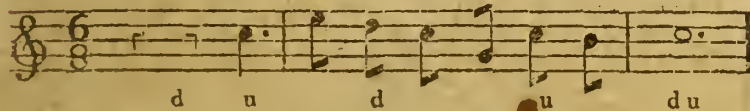
The first Mode of Compound Time has two beats in a bar, which contains six Crotchets, or other notes to that amount, marked thus,  $\frac{6}{4}$ . The pendulum for this mode is 40 inches.

*Example.*



The second Mode has likewise two beats in a bar, which contains six Quavers, or other notes to that amount, and is beat in the same manner as the first mode, only one quarter faster—marked thus,  $\frac{6}{8}$ . The pendulum for this mode is  $22\frac{1}{10}$  inches.

*Example.*



For a pendulum take a leaden ball about an inch in diameter, and suspend it by a small tight cord in such a manner as that it may swing each way without interruption; and for the several modes of time, measure the length of the pendulum from the centre of the ball to the pin or nail by which it is suspended; then beat the time agreeably to the swing or vibration of the pendulum. This is for a general rule; the time may be varied according to the discretion of the performer.

## Lesson VII.

### OF CONCORDS AND DISCORDS.

*Perfect Cords.*

|    |    |
|----|----|
| 1  | 5  |
| 8  | 12 |
| 15 | 19 |
| 22 | 26 |

*Imperfect Cords.*

|    |    |
|----|----|
| 3  | 6  |
| 10 | 13 |
| 17 | 20 |
| 24 | 27 |

*Discords.*

|    |    |    |
|----|----|----|
| 2  | 4  | 7  |
| 9  | 11 | 14 |
| 16 | 18 | 21 |
| 23 | 25 | 28 |

There are but two Perfect Cords in an Octave or Eighth, which are the Unison and Fifth, the Eighth is the same in nature as the Unison, and but two Imperfect Cords, which are the Third and Sixth: the Discords are the Second, Fourth and Seventh. See the Table above, which is calculated for three Octaves.

## Lesson VIII.

## OF THE KEYS.

| Sharp Key. | Flat Key. |
|------------|-----------|
| faw        | law       |
| mi         | fol       |
| law        | faw       |
| fol        | law       |
| faw        | fol       |
| law        | faw       |
| fol        | mi        |
| faw        | law       |

*Sharp Key.*

*Flat Key.*

The last note in the Bass is a key note, which is immediately above or below mi; if above, it is a Sharp Key, if below, it is a Flat Key.

The difference betwixt a Sharp and a Flat Key, is, every Third, Sixth and Seventh, is half a tone higher in a Sharp Key than in a Flat Key.

Syncopation is when notes are so placed, that the hand rises or falls in the middle of a note.

## CONCLUSION.

The Trills, Transitions and Accents, have not been attended to in the preceding rules; they are learnt principally from their teachers, and had better be omitted than attempted by young fingers. The best graces and ornaments in music, are to sing with ease and freedom, not very loud nor very soft, (except when directed) but sing with spirit and animation, pronouncing the words distinctly; so that the auditory may be edified, the glory of God, and the praise of our Redeemer exalted.

### Lesson IX.

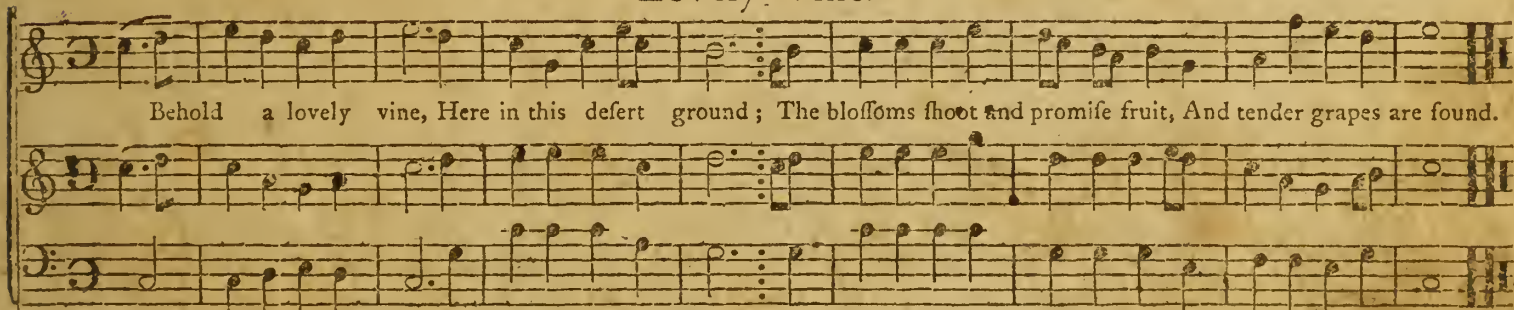
#### OF SYNCOPATION.



# Christian Harmony.

Lovely Vine.

BENJAMIN PARKER JR.



Behold a lovely vine, Here in this desert ground; The blossoms shoot and promise fruit, And tender grapes are found.

2 Its circling branches rise,  
And shade the neighb'ring lands;  
With lovely charms she spreads her arms,  
With clusters in her hands.  
3 This city can't be hid,  
It's built upon a hill;  
The dazzling light it shines so bright  
It doth the vallies fill.

4 Ye trees which lofty stand,  
And stars with sparkling light;  
Ye christians hear, both far and near,  
'Tis joy to see the fight.  
5 Ye insects, feeble race,  
And fish that glide the stream;  
Ye birds that fly secure on high,  
Repeat the joyful theme.

6 Ye beasts that feed at home,  
Or roam the vallies round,  
With lofty voice proclaim the joys,  
And join the pleasant sound.  
7 Shall feeble nature sing,  
And man not join the lays?  
O may their throats be swell'd with notes,  
And fill'd with songs of praise.

8 Glory to God on high, For his redeeming grace;  
The blessed Dove came from above, To save our ruin'd race.



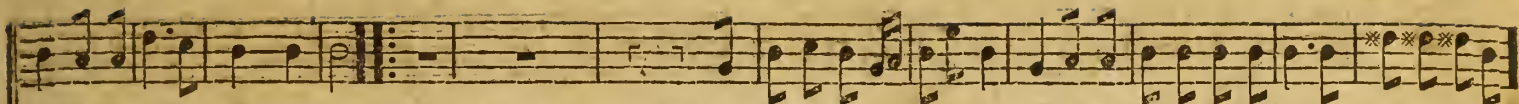
## Crostic.

Jesus our great high priest was slain, Up to his father's throne he flies, Death and the grave may boast in vain,

In him our strength and safety lies. Triumphant thoughts may still be sung, Hope is not bounded on the grave, Beyond the grave our chiefest song

# Croctic. Continued.

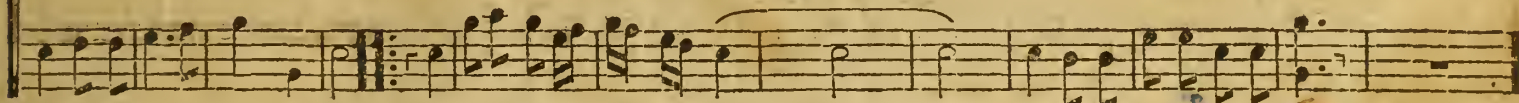
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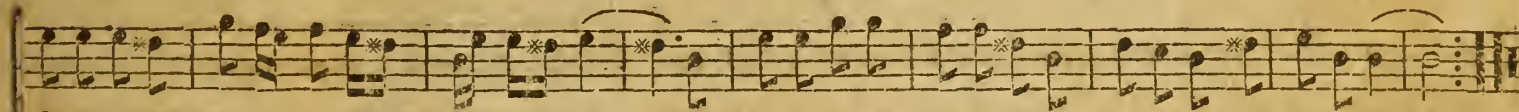
Runs thro' the space of endless days. Open your eyes ye sleeping dust, Come forth the great Redeemer cries, Kingdoms and realms their



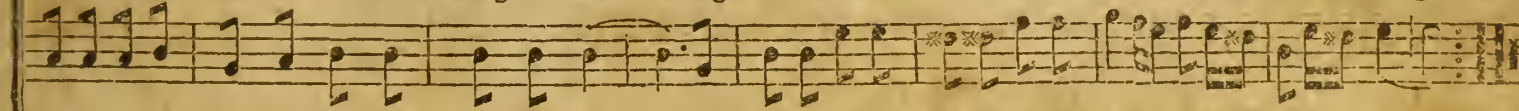
Open your eyes ye sleeping dust,



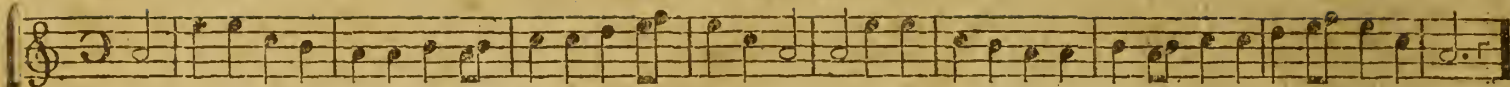
Open your eyes ye sleeping dust,



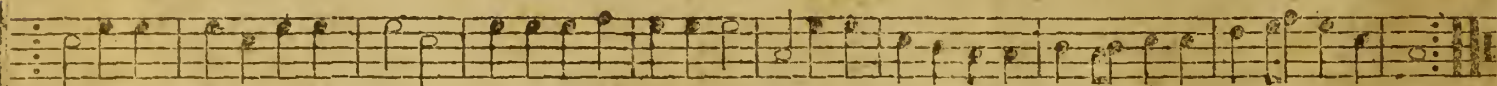
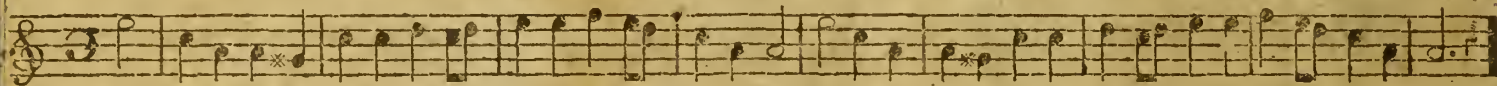
slumbers burst, And saints shall in his image rise, Kingdoms and realms their slumbers burst, And saints shall in his image rise.



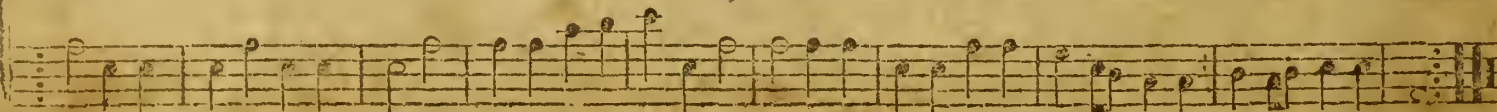
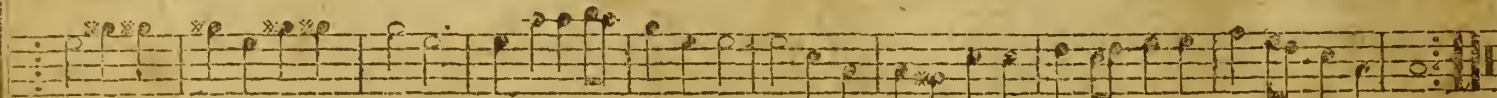
## Shouting Hymn.



God's pow'r and wisdom is display'd In every thing his hands have made ; But more his mercy and his grace, In saving fallen Adam's race.



The matchless grace and love of God, Appears in shedding of his blood, For poor apostate Adam's seed, Was condescending love indeed.





- 9 How could the Lord, the creator  
Consent t' be a feeble creature,  
And leave his glorious realms of bliss,  
To sojourn in this wilderness?
- 4 That God who heav'n and earth did frame,  
Who counts the stars and calls their name,  
He, for our sakes did stoop so far,  
As to become a carpenter.
- 5 He veil'd his Godhead with our flesh,  
And underwent a human birth;  
Full thirty years both night and day,  
He bore our heavy load of clay.
- 6 O! was not this a heav'n's wonder?  
He suffer'd weariness, hunger!  
In all the works his hands had made,  
Could find no where to lay his head.
- 7 But this was nothing what he felt,  
He bore our load of sin and guilt;  
By imputation he was then  
The greatest sinner of all men.
- 8 Methinks I heard his father say,  
"The utmost farthing you shall pay:  
"My injur'd justice must have right,  
"I can't abate one single mite.
- 9 "Since you espouse the sinner's cause,  
"You must fulfil my righteous laws;  
"Altho' you are my darling son,  
"I will have right and justice done."
- 10 Hark! how the Saviour then reply'd,  
"Since justice must be satisfy'd,

- "I am your most obedient son;  
"My Father, let thy will be done.
- 11 "I give myself into thy hands,  
"Let justice have its full demands;  
"If all my blood will pay the debt,  
"Man sha'n't be lost for want of that.
- 12 "If that my life will but atone  
"For the offence that man has done,  
"I freely will resign my breath  
"To save their precious souls from death."
- 13 Amidst his sorrows for a space,  
His father hid his smiling face,  
Which did extort such bitter cries  
As fill'd all nature with surprise.
- 14 Those piercing words Eli, Eli,  
Likewise Lama Sabadthani!  
Which our expiring Lord did speak,  
They made the universe to shake.
- 15 Well might the sun its glory veil,  
And ev'ry thing in nature fail  
And blush, had they but eyes to see  
Their maker hanging on a tree.
- 16 What adamantine hearts of stone  
Could hear our Saviour's dying groan,  
And not lament in any shape,  
Except some harden'd reprobate?
- 17 How could the spotless lamb of God  
Consent to spill his precious blood,  
To save a stubborn guilty wretch?  
'Twas love indeed without a match!

- 18 O! what is sin that spawn of hell?  
Its dreadful nature who can tell?  
No man on earth, nor Gab'r'el's tongue,  
Can e'er express what sin has done.
- 19 God's grace and love to fallen man,  
Our human reach can never scan;  
An Angel's tongue can say no more,  
It is a sea without a shore.
- 20 Arise, ye stupid souls, and view  
What your dear Lord has done for you;  
And spend the remnant of your days  
In striving to advance his praise.
- 21 The Father, Son and Spirit too,  
All praise and honor is their due,  
From spotless angels round the throne,  
And human creatures ev'ry one.

- 
- 1 O GOD, my heart with love inflame,  
That I may in thy holy name  
Aloud in songs of praise rejoice,  
While I have breath to raise my voice:  
Then will I shout, then will I sing,  
And make the heav'nly arches ring;  
I'll sing and shout forevermore,  
On that eternal happy shore.
- 2 O! Jesus, hope of glory, come,  
And make my heart thy humble home;

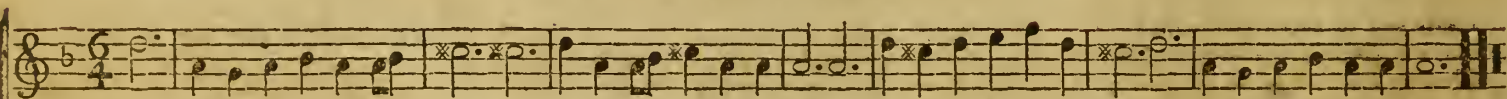


For the short remnant of my days,  
 I long to sing and shout thy praise.  
 Lord, give me now a heart to pray,  
 And live rejoicing every day—  
 For to give thanks in every thing,  
 To sing and shout, and shout and sing.  
 3 When on my dying bed I lay,  
 Lord, give me strength to shout and pray,  
 And praise thee with my latest breath,  
 Until my voice is lost in death :

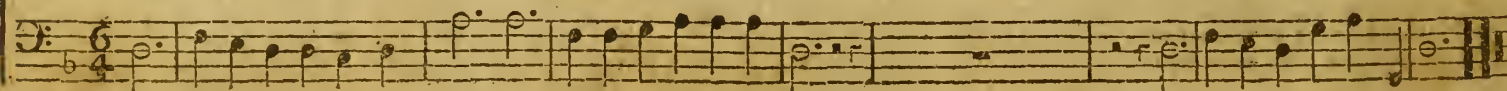
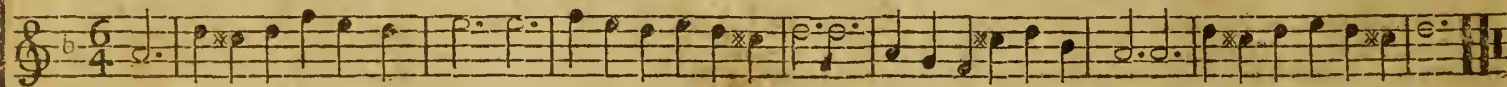
Then sisters, brothers, shouting come,  
 My body follow to the tomb ;  
 And as you march that solemn road,  
 Sing loud, and shout the praise of God.  
 4 Then you below and I above,  
 Will sing and shout the God we love,  
 Until that great and solemn day,  
 When Christ shall call our slumb'ring clay.  
 Then from our dusty beds we'll spring,  
 And shout, O death, where is thy sting ?

O grave, where is thy victory ?  
 We'll shout in vast eternity.  
 5 Our race is run, we've gain'd the prize,  
 Then will the Sov'reign of the skies,  
 With smiling to his children say,  
 Come, reign with me in endless day :  
 Then on that happy, happy shore  
 We'll sing and shout forevermore ;  
 We'll sing and shout, and shout and sing,  
 And make all heav'n with praises ring.

### The Tedious Hour.



How tedious & tasteless the hours, When Jesus no longer I see, Sweet prospect, sweet birds & sweet flow'rs, Have lost all their sweetness to me.



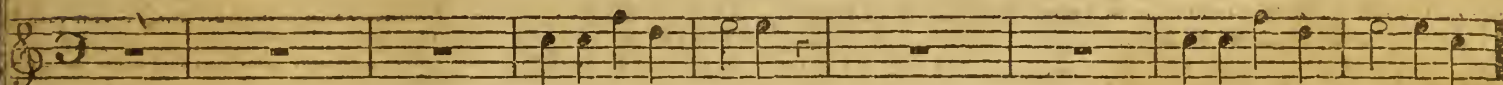
2 The mid summer sun shines but dim,  
The fields strive in vain to look gay;  
But when I am happy in him,  
December is pleasant as May,  
3 His name yields the richest perfume,  
And sweeter than music his voice;  
His presence disperses my gloom,  
And makes all within me rejoice.

4 I should view him always thus nigh,  
Have nothing to wish or to fear:  
No mortal so happy as I,  
My summer would last all the year.  
5 Content with beholding his face,  
My all to his pleasure resign;  
No changes of seasons or place  
Would make any change in my mind.

6 While blest'd with a sense of his love  
A palace of joy would appear,  
And prisons would palaces prove  
If Jesus would dwell with me there.  
7 Lord, if I indeed now am thine  
And thou art my sun and my song,  
Say why do I languish and pine,  
And why is my winter so long?

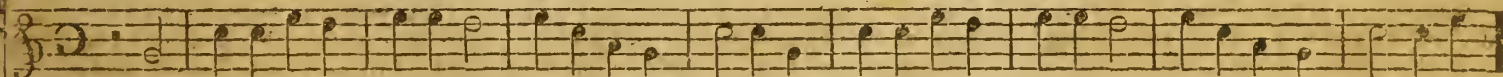
8 O drive those dark clouds from the sky, Thy soul-cheering presence restore,  
Or take me unto thee on high Where winter and clouds are no more.

## The Young Convert.

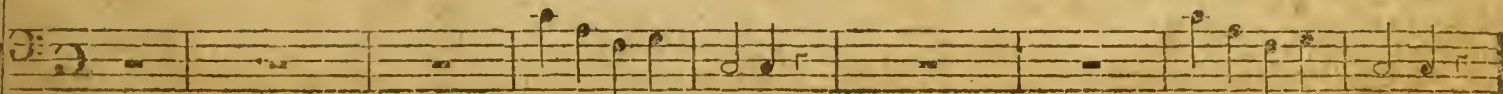


wonder, wonder, wonder,

wonder, wonder, wonder,



When converts first begin to sing, wonder, wonder, Their happy souls are on the wing, wonder, wonder, Their



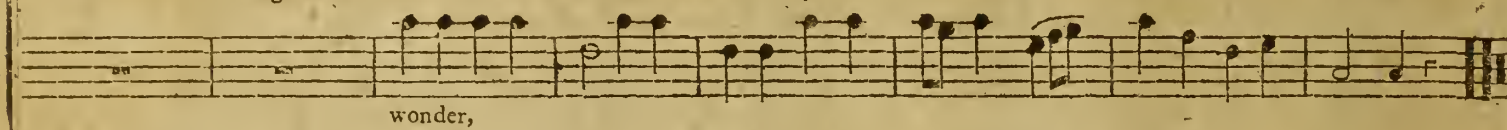
wonder, wonder, wonder,

wonder, wonder, wonder,

## The Young Convert. Continued.



theme is all redeeming love, wonder, wonder, wonder, Fain would they be with Christ above, wonder, wonder, wonder.



wonder,

- 2 With admiration they behold, wonder, &c.  
The love of Christ that can't be told, &c.  
They view themselves upon the shore, &c.  
And think the battle all is o'er, &c.
- 3 They feel themselves quite free from pain,  
And think their enemies are slain;  
They make no doubt but all is well,  
And Satan is cast down to hell.
- 4 They wonder why old saints don't sing,  
And make the heav'nly arches ring;  
Ring with melodious, joyful sound,  
Because a prodigal is found.
- 5 But 'tis not long before they feel,  
Their feeble souls begin to reel,  
They think their former hopes are vain,  
For they are bound in Satan's chain.

- 6 The morning that did shine so bright,  
Is turned to the shades of night;  
Their hearts that did with music sing,  
Are now untun'd in ev'ry string.
- 7 O! foolish child, why didst thou boast,  
In the enlargement of thy coast?  
Why didst thou think to fly away  
Before thou leav'st this feeble clay?
- 8 Come take up arms and face the field,  
Come gird on harness, sword and shield,  
Stand fast in faith, fight for your king,  
And soon the vict'ry you shall win.
- 9 When Satan comes to tempt your minds,  
Then meet him with these blessed lines—  
For Christ our Lord has swept the field,  
And we're determin'd not to yield.

- 1 **O** WHAT a glorious mystery, wonder,  
That I should ever saved be, &c.  
No heart can think, no tongue can tell, &c.  
The love of God unchangeable, &c.
- 2 Great mystery, who can tell why, wonder.  
That Christ for sinners e'er should die; &c.  
That he should leave those realms of bliss,  
And groan for sinners on the cross.
- 3 Great mystery that he should place  
His love on those of Adam's race:  
That my poor soul should share a part,  
And find a mansion in his heart.
- 4 Great mystery I do behold,  
That God should ever save a soul;  
And snatch me from the jaws of hell,  
The greatness of his love to tell.



5 Why was I not still left behind ;  
With thousand others of mankind ;  
Who run the dang'rous, sinful race,  
And dies and never tastes his grace.

6 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,  
That sweetly brought us in to taste,  
Of heavenly manna from above,  
Redeeming grace and living love.

7 Not all the heav'nly host can scan,  
The glories of this noble plan ;  
'Tis wisdom from the Father's skill,  
And so remains a mystery still.

## Endless Day.

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/2 time signature. It contains a melody of half and quarter notes. The middle staff is also in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp and a 3/2 time signature, containing a similar melody. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp and a 3/2 time signature, containing a bass line. The lyrics 'Hark, how the gospel trumpet sounds, Through all the world the echo bounds, And' are written below the staves.

Hark, how the gospel trumpet sounds, Through all the world the echo bounds, And

The second system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp and a 3/2 time signature. It contains a melody of half and quarter notes. The middle staff is also in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp and a 3/2 time signature, containing a similar melody. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp and a 3/2 time signature, containing a bass line. The lyrics 'Jesus Christ's redeeming blood Is bringing sinners home to God, And guides them safely by his word, To endless day.' are written below the staves. A 'C' time signature is visible at the bottom of the system.

Jesus Christ's redeeming blood Is bringing sinners home to God, And guides them safely by his word, To endless day.

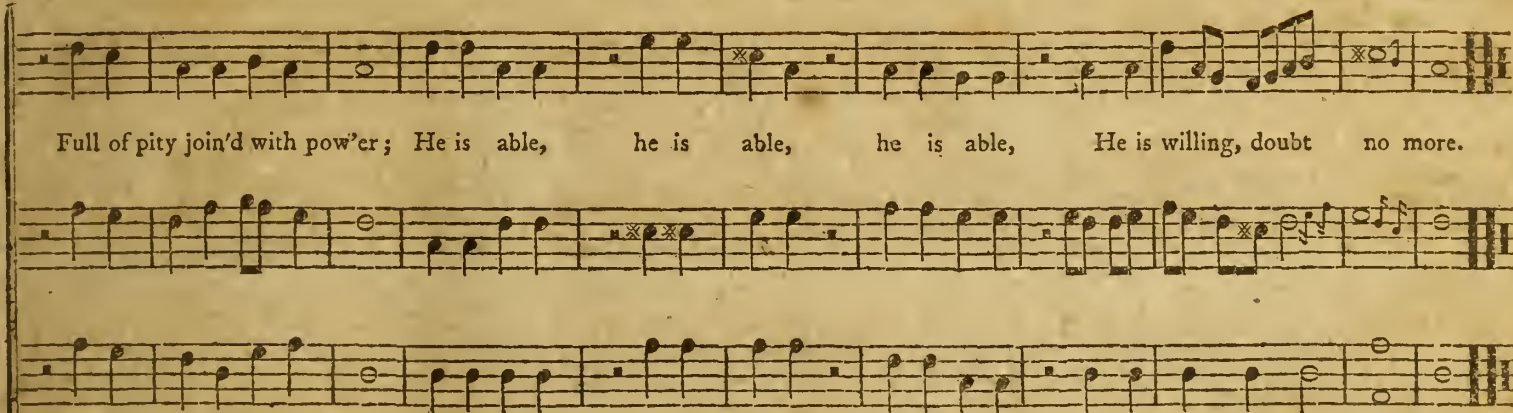
- 2 Hail all victor'ous conqu'ring Lord,  
By all the heav'nly hosts ador'd,  
Who undertook for fallen man,  
And brought salvation through thy name,  
That we with thee might live and reign  
In endless day.
- 3 Fight on, ye conqu'ring saints, fight on,  
And when the conquest you have won,  
Then palms of vict'ry you shall bear  
And in his kingdom have a share,

- And crowns of glory you shall wear  
In endless day.
- 4 Thy blood, dear Jesus, once was spilt,  
To save our souls from sin and guilt;  
And sinners now may come to God,  
And find salvation through his word,  
And sail by faith upon that flood  
To endless day.
- 5 Thro' storms and calms by faith we steer,  
By feeble hopes and gloomy fears,

- 'Till we arrive at Cana'n's shore,  
Where sin and sorrow are no more,  
We shout our trials there all o'er  
To endless day.
- 6 Then we shall in sweet chorus join  
With saints and angels all combine,  
To sing of his redeeming love,  
When rolling years shall cease to move,  
And this shall be our theme above  
In endless day.

### Invitation.

Come ye sinners poor and wretched, Weak and wounded, sick and sore, Jesus ready stands to save you,



Full of pity join'd with pow' er; He is able, he is able, he is able, He is willing, doubt no more.

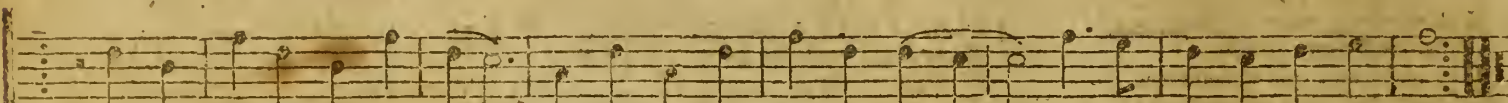
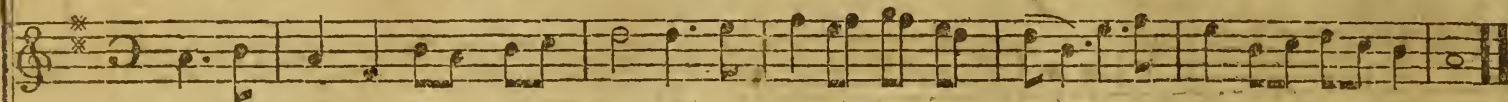
- Ho! ye weary*
- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,<br>God's free bounty glorify,<br>True belief and true repentance,<br>Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh;<br>Without, money, without money, without<br>money,<br>Come to Jesus Christ and buy.                       | 4 Come ye weary, heavy laden,<br>Bruis'd and mangled by the fall;<br>If you tarry till you're better,<br>You will never come at all:<br>Not the righteous, not the righteous, not the<br>righteous,<br>Sinners Jesus came to call: | 6 Lo th' incarnate God ascended,<br>Pleads the merits of his blood;<br>Venture on him, venture wholly,<br>Let no other trust intrude;<br>None but Jesus, none but Jesus, none but Jesus,<br>Can do helpless sinners good. |
| 3 Let not conscience make you linger,<br>Nor of fitness fondly dream;<br>All the fitness he requires,<br>Is to feel your need of him;<br>This he gives you, <del>this</del> he gives you, this he<br>gives you,<br>'Tis the spirit's rising beams. | 5 View him grov'ling in the garden,<br>Lo your maker prostrate lies!<br>On the bloody tree beheld him,<br>Hear him cry before he dies,<br>It is finish'd, it is finish'd, it is finish'd,<br>Sinners will not this suffice?        | 7 Saints and angels join'd in concert,<br>Sing the praises of the Lamb!<br>While the blissful seats of heaven<br>Sweetly echo with his name,<br>Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,<br>Sinners here may sing the same.    |



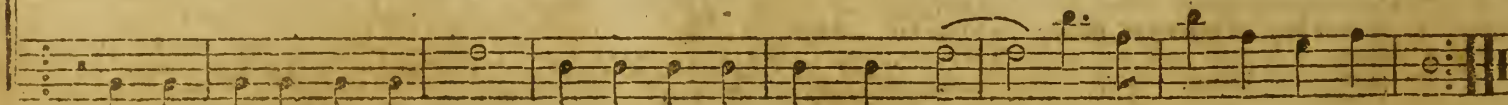
Prince of Peace.



Jesús, Lord, we look to thee, Let us in thy name agree, Let us in thy name agree;



Shew thyself the prince of peace ;    Bid our jars for ever cease,    Bid our jars for ever cease.



2 By thy reconciling love  
 Ev'ry stumbling block remove;  
 Each to each unite, endear;  
 Come and spread thy banner here.

3 Make us of one heart and mind,  
 Courteous, pitiful, and kind,  
 Lowly, meek in thought and word;  
 Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us each for other care,  
 Each the other's burthen bear;  
 To thy church the pattern give,  
 Shew how true believers live.

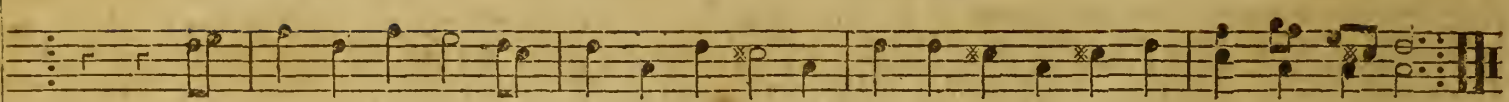
5 Free from anger and from pride,  
 Let us thus in God abide,  
 All the depths of love express,  
 All the heights of holiness.

6 Let us then with joy remove  
 To thy family above,  
 On the wings of angels fly,  
 Shew how true believers die.

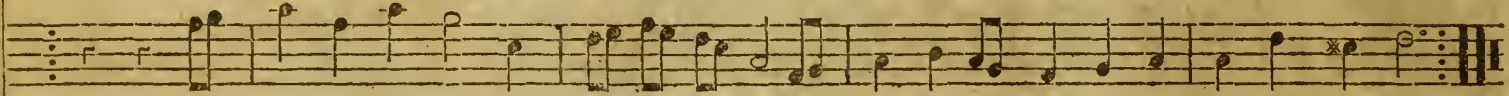
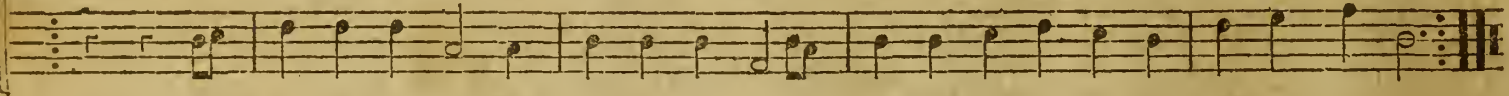
### Harvest Hymn.

The fields are all white, the harvest is near, The reapers all with their sharp sickles appear,

The musical score is written on three staves. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle in alto clef, and the bottom in bass clef. All staves are in 6/4 time and have a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is primarily in the treble and alto staves, with the bass staff providing a harmonic accompaniment. There are asterisks (\*) above certain notes in the treble and alto staves, likely indicating specific performance techniques or ornaments.

Harvest Hymn. *Continued*


To reap down their wheat, and gather in barns, While wild plants of nature are left for to burn.

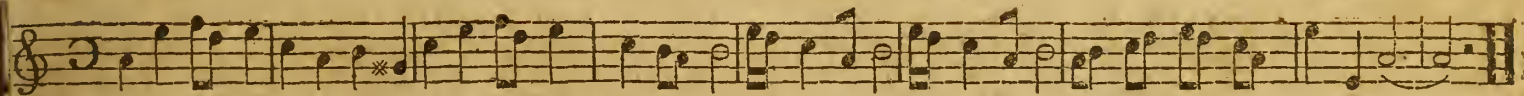
- 2 Come then, O my soul and think on that day,  
When all things in nature shall cease and decay ;  
The trumpet shall sound, the angels appear  
To reap down the earth, both the wheat and the tare.
- 3 But hear the sad cry ascending the sky,  
Of those in distress that have no where to fly ;  
They call for the rocks and mountains to fall,  
Upon their poor souls, for to hide them from thrall.
- 4 'Twill all be in vain the mountains must flee,  
The rocks fly like hail stones, and shall no more be ;  
The earth it shall shake, the seas shall retire,  
And this solid world will then be all on fire.
- 5 Then, O wretched mortals, look up and spy,  
The glorious Redeemer descending the sky,  
On chariots of fire to earth he is bound,  
With guards of bright angels attending him down.

- 6 But hear the kind Judge, that great day alarms,  
First gather my children all into my arms,  
That seven last plagues be pour'd out on those,  
Who've blasphem'd my name, and my saints have oppos'd.
- 7 Come hither ye tribes, your sentence receive,  
No longer my spirit shall strive and be griev'd,  
My judgment is right, my sentence is just,  
Come hither ye bles'd, but depart all ye curs'd.
- 8 O ! sinners take thought, and seek ye the Lord,  
I have not been jesting, it is Christ's own word,  
That those who've done good in glory shall stand,  
While those who've done evil shall surely be damn'd.
- 9 So farewell, I leave you, pond'ring your way,  
The Lord seal instruction to what I now say,  
Your souls to God's throne be pour'd out in pray'r,  
That you be prepar'd to meet Christ in the air.

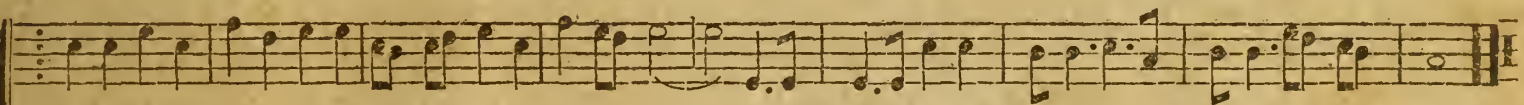
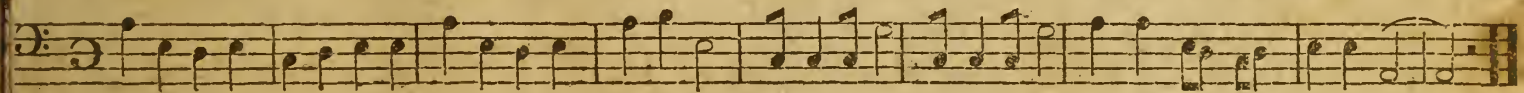
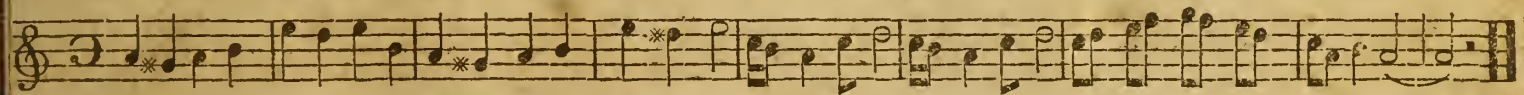


# Melodious Sonnet.

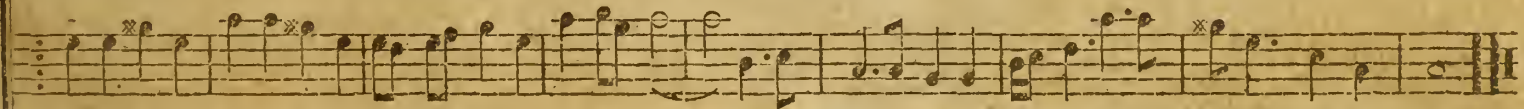
23



Come, thou fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace ! Streams of mercy never ceasing; Call for songs of loudest praise :



Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above : Praise the mount—O fix me on it, Mount of God's unchanging love.

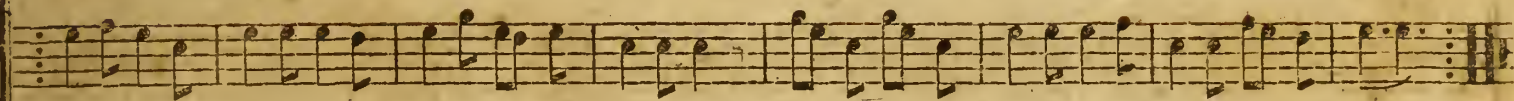


2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
 Hither by thy help I come :  
 And I hope by thy good pleasure,  
 Safely to arrive at home ;  
 Jesus sought me when a stranger  
 Wandering from the fold of God ;  
 He, to save my soul from danger,  
 Interpos'd with precious blood.

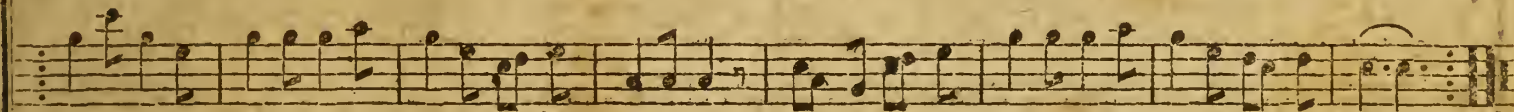
3 O ! to grace how great a debtor,  
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be !  
 Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
 Bind my wand'ring heart to thee !  
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;  
 Prone to leave the God I love ;  
 Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,  
 Seal it from thy courts above.

### Knowledge of Jesus.

Vain, delusive world, adieu, With all of creature-good, Only Jesus I pursue, Who bought me with his blood !



All thy pleasure I forego, I trample on thy wealth and pride: Only Jesus will I know, And Jesus cruci - fy'd!



2 Other knowledge I disdain, 'Tis all but vanity:  
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain, He tasted death for me!  
Me to save from endless woe, The sin-atoning victim dy'd!  
Only Jesus will I know, And Jesus crucify'd!

3 Here will I set up my rest, My fluctuating heart  
From the haven of his breast, Shall never more depart:  
Whither should a sinner go? His wounds for me stand open wide;  
Only Jesus will I know, And Jesus crucify'd!

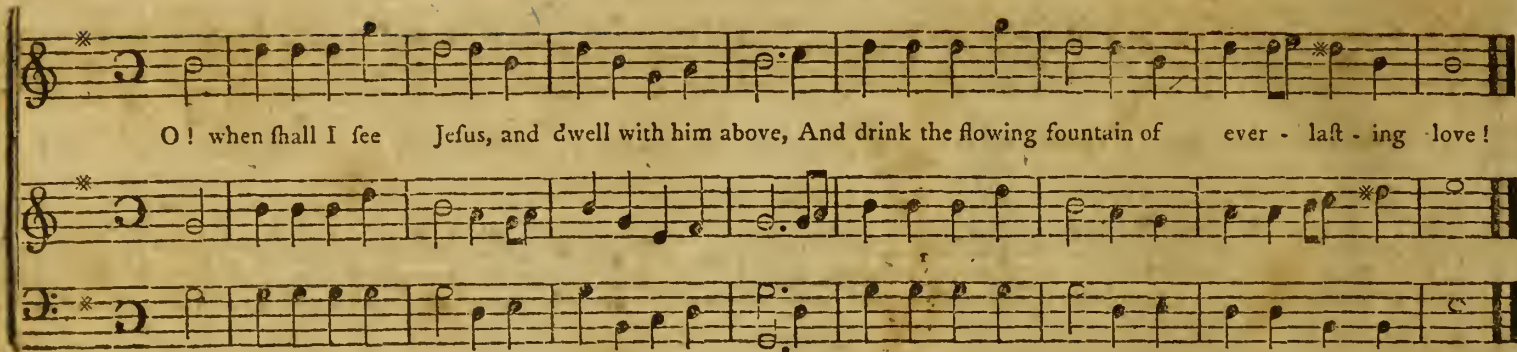
D

4 Him to know is life and peace, And pleasure without end;  
This is all my happiness On Jesus to depend;  
Daily in his grace to grow, And ever in his faith abide;  
Only Jesus will I know, And Jesus crucify'd!

5 O that I could all invite, This saving truth to prove:  
Shew the length, the breadth, the height, And depth of Jesus' love!  
Fain I would to sinners show The blood by faith alone apply'd!  
Only Jesus will I know, And Jesus crucify'd!

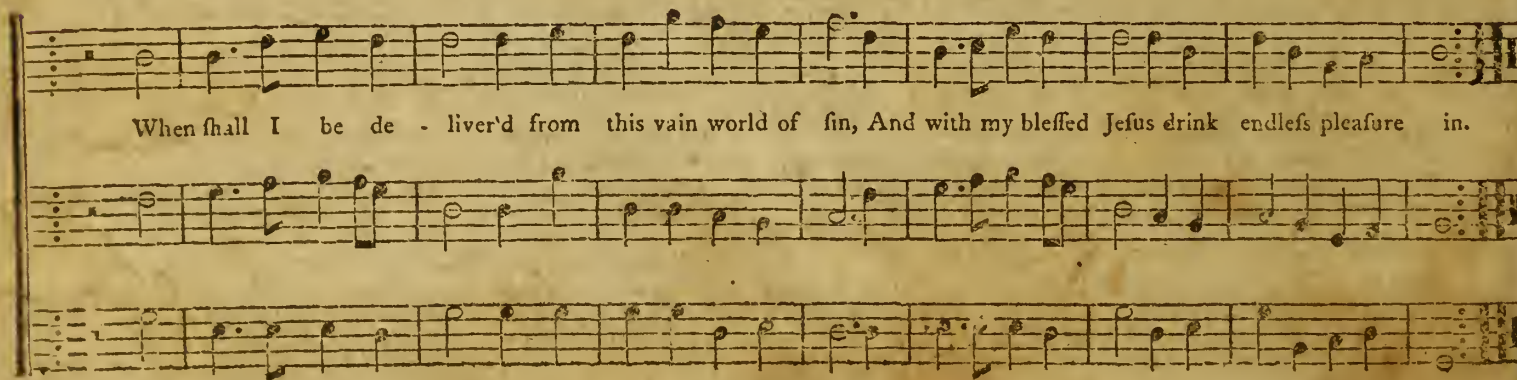


## Love to Jesus.



O! when shall I see Jesus, and dwell with him above, And drink the flowing fountain of ever - last - ing love!

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a C-clef on the first line. The middle and bottom staves are in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). They begin with an F-clef on the first line. The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the notes.



When shall I be de - liver'd from this vain world of sin, And with my blessed Jesus drink endless pleasure in.

The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a C-clef on the first line. The middle and bottom staves are in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). They begin with an F-clef on the first line. The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the notes.

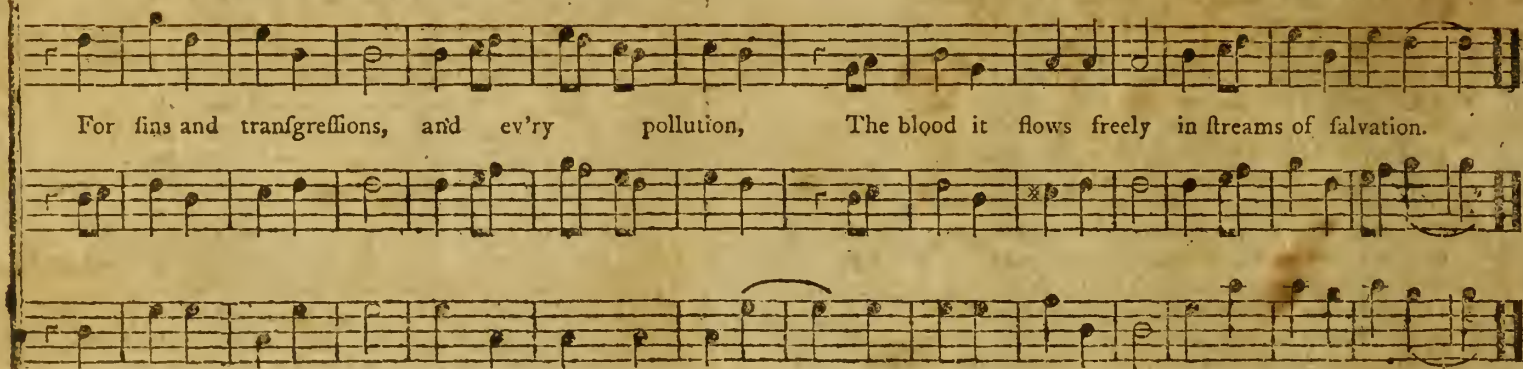
- 2 O! now I am a foldier, my captain's gone before,  
He's given me my orders, and tells me not to fear,  
And as he has prov'd faithful, a crown of joy he'll give,  
And all his valiant foldiers eternally shall live.
- 3 Thro' grace I am determin'd to conquer, though I die,  
And then away to Jesus on wings of love I'll fly :  
Farewel to sin and sorrow, I bid them all adieu,  
And you, my friends, prove faithful, and on your way pursue.
- 4 And if you meet with trouble and trials on the way,  
Then cast your cares on Jesus, and don't forget to pray :  
Gird on the heav'nly armour of faith and hope and love,  
And when your race is ended, you'll dwell with him above.
- 5 O! do not be discourag'd since Jesus is your friend,  
And if you're lacking knowledge, he'll not refuse to lend,  
Neither will he upbraid you, though often you request,  
He'll give you grace to conquer, and take you up to rest.

- 6 There we shall reign with Jesus upon the blissful shore,  
And shout with the redeemed, our trials are all o'er ;  
The wicked cease from troubling, the weary are at rest,  
And we shall reign with Jesus eternal ages blest :
- 7 We shall out-vie the angels with the redeemed throng,  
And shout aloud salvation, 'twill be our lasting song ;  
They sing created goodness, but we redeeming love,  
And this will be our business through all the realms above.
- 8 Love, love, while now 'tis sounding, it animates my heart,  
This love is still abounding thro' every place and part,  
Love, love can ne'er be ended, tho' faith and hope shall cease,  
This love can ne'er be blended, but ever will encrease.
- 9 This love through endless ages, it ever is the same ;  
This love the heart engages to bless and praise the Lamb,  
Unites our hearts together, and makes of all one soul,  
This is the balm of Gilead that makes the wounded whole.

### Free Grace.

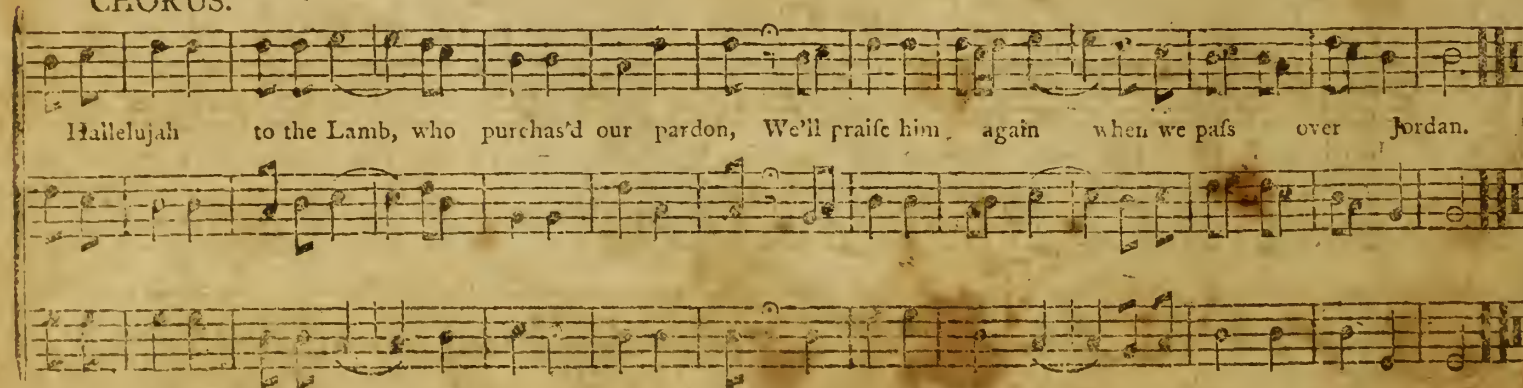
The voice of free grace cries 'scape to the mountains, In Adam's lost race, has open'd a fountain,

The musical score consists of three staves in 2/4 time. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff is also a treble clef with the same key signature. The third staff is a bass clef with the same key signature. The lyrics are written below the first two staves.



For sins and transgressions, and ev'ry pollution, The blood it flows freely in streams of salvation.

## CHORUS.



Hallelujah to the Lamb, who purchas'd our pardon, We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.



2 This fountain is wide, where all may find pardon,  
From Jesus' side flows a plent'ous redemption :  
Though sins they are raised as high as a mountain,  
The blood it will cleanse you, that flows from this fountain.

CHORUS—*Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.*

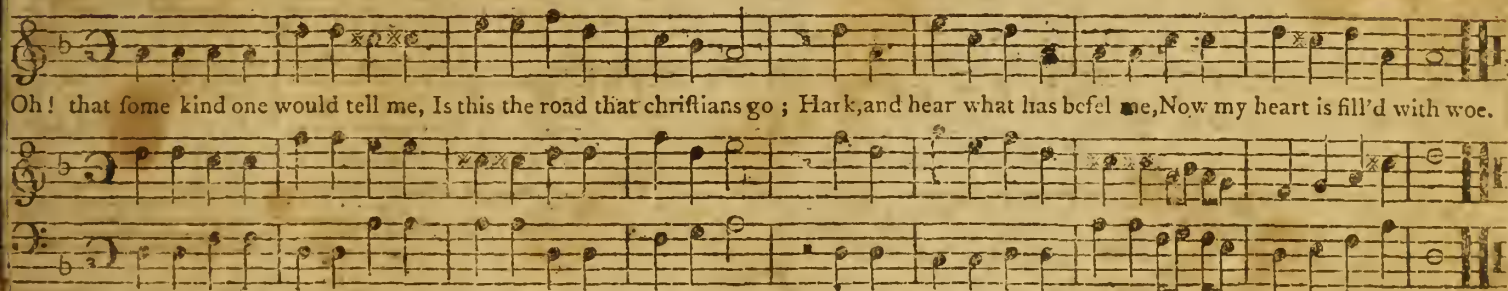
3 O ! Jesus, ride on, thy kingdom is glorious,  
O'er death, hell and sin, will make us victorious ;  
Thy name shall be prais'd in the great congregation,  
And saints shall rejoice in ascribing salvation.

CHORUS—*Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.*

4 On Sion we stand, we've gain'd the blest shore ! With harps in our hands, we praise evermore :  
We view the blest fields on the bank of the river, And sing Hallelujahs for ever and ever.

CHORUS—*Hallelujah to the Lamb, We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.*

## The Enquirer.



Oh ! that some kind one would tell me, Is this the road that christians go ; Hark, and hear what has befall me, Now my heart is fill'd with woe.

2 Oft with darkness I'm surrounded,  
Peace nor comfort can I find ;  
If I hear the gospel sound, it  
Brings no comfort to my mind.

5 But can this be all delusion,  
Which by turns I think I feel ?  
Who can tell the whole conclusion ?  
To the Lord I must appeal.

3 O ! the sin, that's in me lurking,  
Often brings me very low ;  
Satan, busy with me working,  
Is this the road that christians go ?

6 But if bread of life's been broken,  
And my heart renew'd by grace,  
Jesus, wilt thou as a token,  
Let me see thy smiling face ?

4 If Christ Jesus, by his spirit,  
Took possession of my heart,  
Could I not then plead his merit,  
Should I from his way depart ?

## The New Union.

Attend ye saints and hear me tell The wonders of Emanuel, He pluck'd me from the  
jaws of hell, And took my soul with him to dwell, And feel this blessed union.

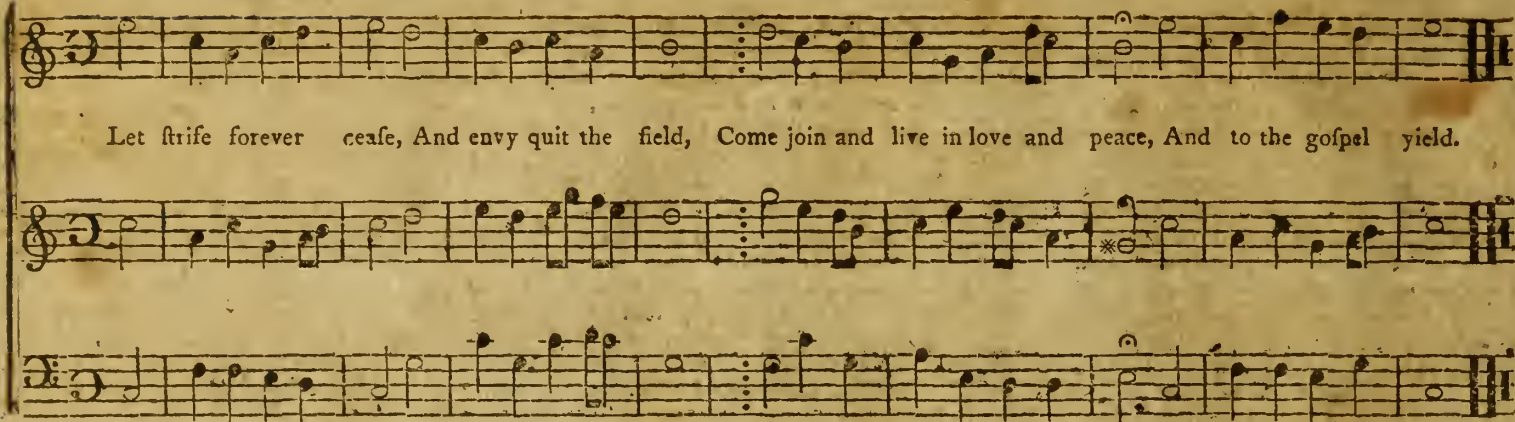
1 When first he saw me from on high,  
Beheld my soul in ruin lie,  
He look'd on me with pitying eye,  
And said to me as he pass'd by,  
With God you have no Union.

3 Then I began to mourn and cry,  
I took this way and that to fly,  
It griev'd me sore that I must die,  
I strove salvation for to buy;  
But still I had no Union.

4 But when I had left off my sin,  
My dear Redeemer took me in,  
And with his blood he wash'd me clean,  
And O, what seasons I have seen,  
Since I enjoy'd this Union.

- 5 I praise the Lord both night and day,  
From house to house I went to pray,  
And if I met one in the way,  
I always found some thing to say,  
About this blessed Union.
- 6 I wonder why old saints don't sing,  
And praise the Lord upon the wing,  
And make the heav'nly arches ring,  
With loud hosannas to their King,  
Who brought their souls to Union.
- 7 O come, backsliders, come away,  
And mind and do as well as say,  
And learn to watch as well as pray,  
And bear the cross from day to day,  
And feel the blessed Union.
- 8 Soon we shall break all nature's ties,  
On wings of love our souls shall rise,  
And shout salvation through the skies,  
And gain the mark and win the prize,  
And feel the blessed Union.
- 9 Soon we the glorious Lamb shall see,  
Who groan'd and died upon the tree,  
Who spilt his blood for you and me,  
That we might his salvation see,  
And feel this blessed Union.
- 10 O come, poor sinners, come and taste  
The sweetness of redeeming grace,  
And quit the world's delusive charms,  
And quickly fly to Jesus' arms,  
And feel this blessed Union.
- 11 O why, poor sinners, will you stay,  
And never learn to praise nor pray,  
But seek those things that won't delay  
The conscience, in a burning day,  
And never feel the Union.
- 12 If you go on as you've begun,  
And still the downward road do run,  
In mis'ry you must soon lie down,  
And never more behold the sun,  
Nor ever feel the Union.
- 13 O come, poor souls, to Jesus flee,  
And seek, in him, the joys that be  
Prepar'd from all eternity,  
Which can't be found in earth nor sea,  
And feel the blessed Union.
- 14 But if you do refuse to eat,  
The bread of life, at Jesus' feet,  
Then soon you must prepare to meet  
Him, on his awful judgment seat,  
Nor share this glorious Union.
- 15 Then let us all, with one accord,  
Set out to seek and serve the Lord;  
Then we shall meet in worlds above,  
And sing and praise redeeming love,  
And feel eternal Union.
- 1 **O** HAPPY souls that seek the Lord,  
Led by his spirit and his word!  
This way would they leave behind,  
And wisdom, Christ and heav'n they find,  
And join in happy Union.
- 2 How many years I spent in sin,  
And carried guilt and death within!  
I ever felt the cruel sting,  
'Till I, with Jesus, did begin  
To feel the blessed Union.
- 3 Now I'm resolv'd to spend my days,  
In spreading the Redeemer's praise;  
This would I do ten thousand ways,  
Until I join angelic lays,  
In their immortal Union.
- 4 My Christ, my Jesus, O how sweet  
Thy charms, thy blessings I do meet;  
From all the sons of men retreat,  
Thy beauties I will ever seek,  
And never leave the Union.
- 5 O could I like an angel sound  
Salvation through the earth around,  
The devil's work I would confound,  
And triumph on Emmanuel's ground,  
And spread eternal Union.
- 6 Almighty God, a child inspire,  
With language full of hallow'd fire,  
That sweet allurements will desire,  
Gain souls immortal to the choir  
Of everlasting Union.
- 7 With seraph fire, touch heart and tongue;  
O God, to thee, I raise my song;  
All praises to thy name belong.  
Let Zion shine, thy kingdom come,  
And fill the world with Union.





2 Let bitter words no more  
Among the saints remain ;  
Let ev'ry member ev'ry hour,  
Submit to Jesus' reign.

3 One Lord we have to fear,  
One faith we all confess ;  
To the same baptism adhere,  
And magnify free grace.

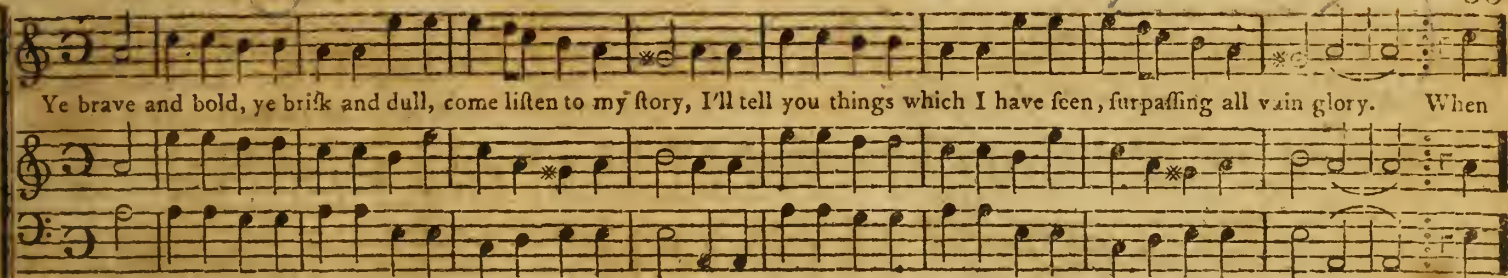
4 Then why should we contend,  
For meat and drink and dress,  
And crucify the Lord again,  
And pierce his wounds afresh:

5 When bitter words arise,  
And satan has his ends ;  
We wound the heart & hands of Christ  
Amidst his chosen friends.

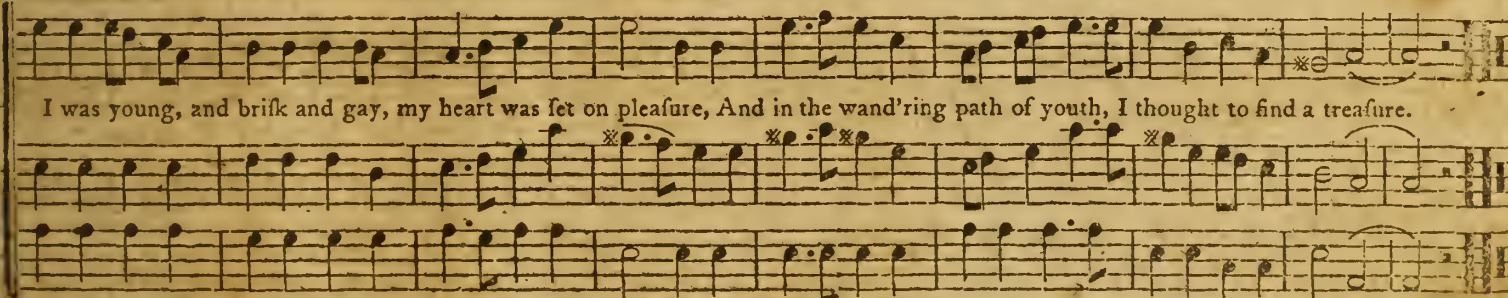
6 No more we'll feel the flame,  
Nor judge ourselves too wise ;  
But search with care to find the beam,  
That lurks within our eyes.

7 Unto the world we prove,  
That we disciples are ;  
They shall behold us walk in love,  
And say the Lord is there.

8 Then we will live like those, Who now agree in love ;  
And when our eyes by death shall close, We'll join will them above.



I was young, and brisk and gay, my heart was set on pleasure, And in the wand'ring path of youth, I thought to find a treasure.

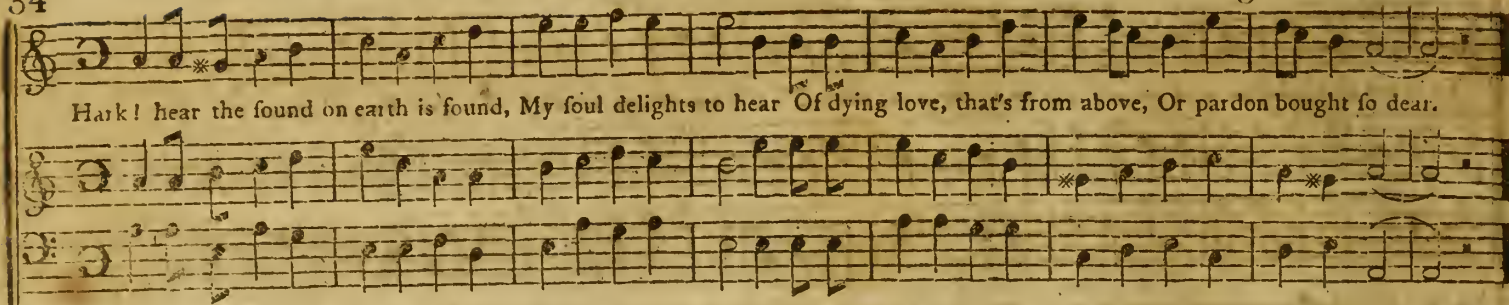


- 2 But one who dwells above the sky, told me I was mistaken,  
And if by him, in whom I live, I once should be forsaken ;  
No comfort more should ever see ; but soon should be neglected,  
By all my earthly friends below, by heaven be rejected.
- 3 God's law a bold demand did make, which I as firm refused ;  
Declaring if I must comply I grossly was abused-  
No man I've kill'd, no bed defil'd, nor any widow robbed,  
But still I gloomy felt within, my spirit sigh'd and sobbed.

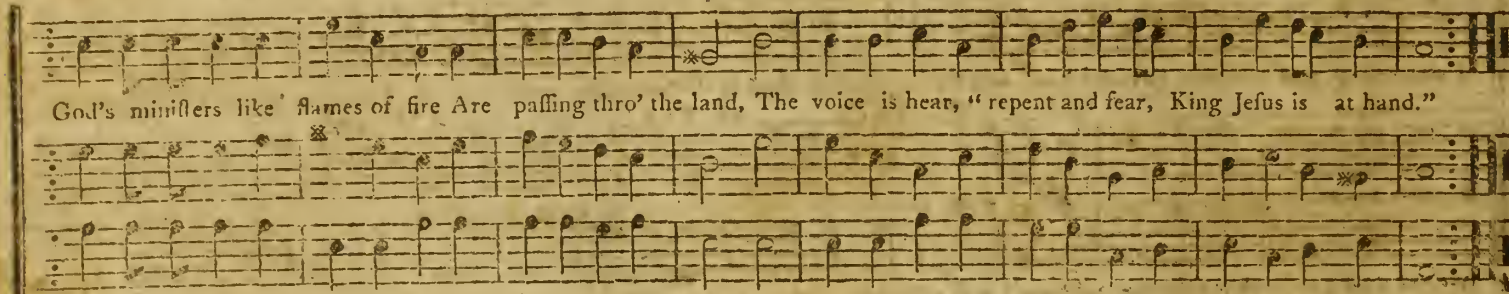
E

- 4 I was brought up before the bar, my sins were all arranged ;  
Then they were all made plain to me, my countenance was changed.  
Hell was my lot, I clearly saw, if I had not remission,  
And just 'twould be, if God should leave me, in this sad condition.
- 5 Then he reveal'd his love to me, sweeter than Samson's honey,  
I had my fill, both night and day, for neither price nor money.  
O ! then said I, if such a wretch has in the Lord found favor,  
Surely there's room for all mankind in my capacious Saviour.





Hark! hear the sound on earth is found, My soul delights to hear Of dying love, that's from above, Or pardon bought so dear.



God's ministers like flames of fire Are passing thro' the land, The voice is hear, "repent and fear, King Jesus is at hand."

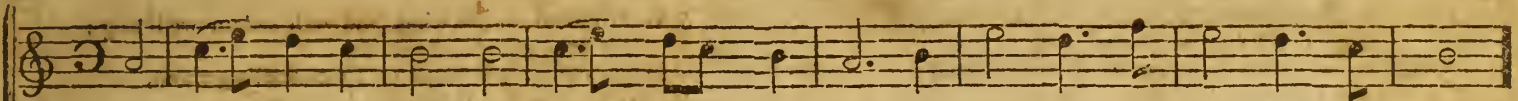
- 3 God's chariots they no longer stay;  
They're mounted on the truth;  
The saints in pray'r, cry, "Lord, draw near,  
Have mercy on the youth."
- 4 Young converts sing, and praise their King,  
And blest God's holy name;  
While older saints, true penitents,  
Rejoice to join the theme.

- 5 God grant a show'r of his great pow'r,  
On ev'ry aching heart,  
Who sincerely to God do cry,  
That they may have a part.
- 6 Come, lovely youth, embrace the truth,  
Agree with one accord;  
And use your tongues while you are young,  
In praising of the Lord.

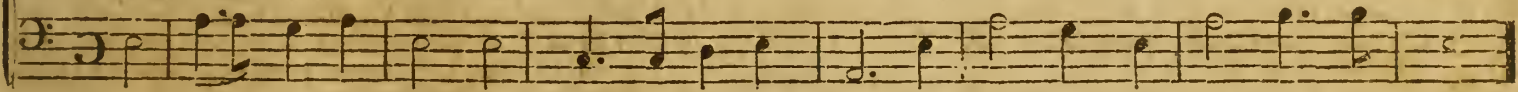
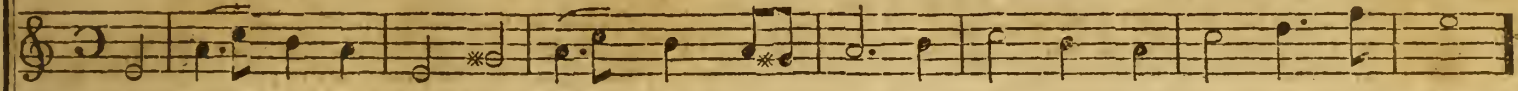


# The Impartial Song.

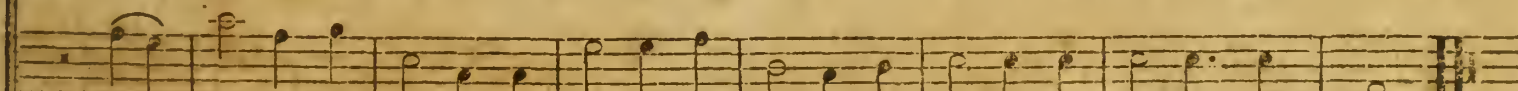
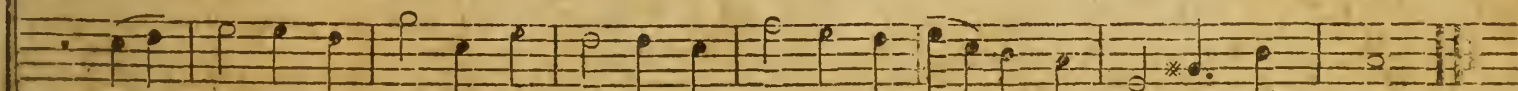
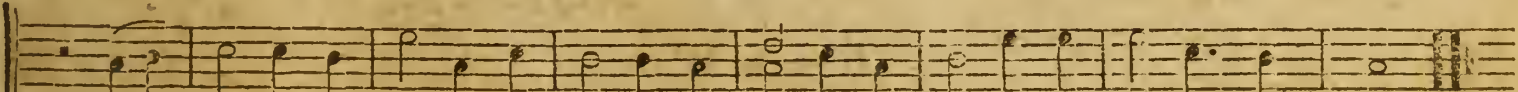
35



The great God of love, has shewn us the way, Has taught us the Impar - tial Song;



The Spirit is come, and the work is begun, And we all are u - ni - ted in love.

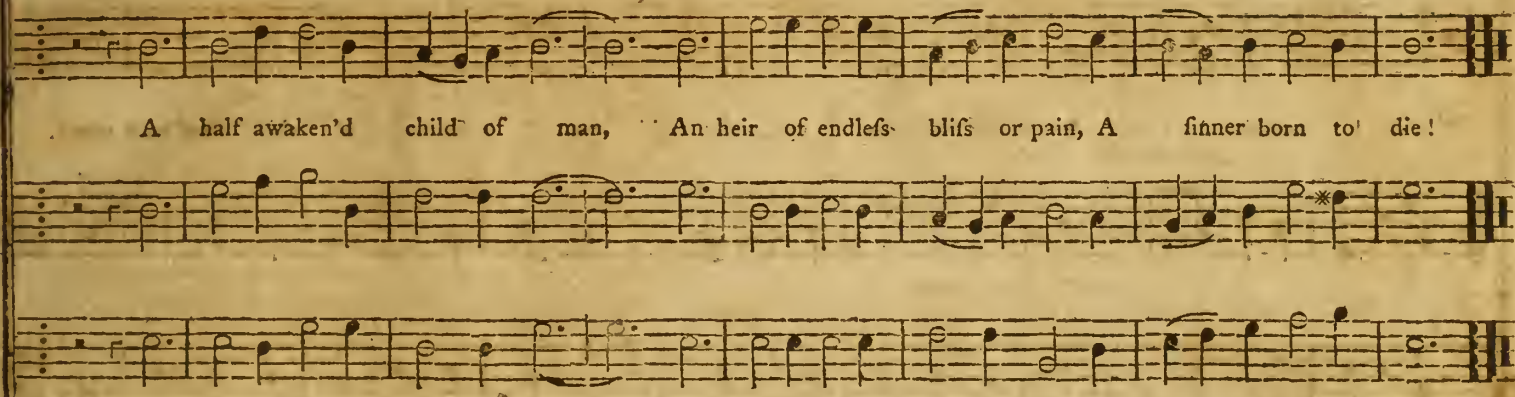


- 2 Now death begins to die, grace gains the victory,  
And pride falls a prey to the ground;  
We lift up our heads, as we rise from the dead,  
And the glory of God shines around.
- 3 Salvation, we see, for all is most free;  
The members of Christ are all one:  
We'll march uniform, and with courage face the storm,  
In the battle our Saviour has won.
- 4 United in one, the race we will run,  
Press forward in faith, without fear;  
Such glories pursue, as the world never knew,  
Never will, till the Gospel they hear.
- 5 The Reprover of sin has shewn us the way,  
The comforter leads us along;  
The book is unseal'd, Judah's Lion takes the field,  
And he learns us the Impartial Song.

- 6 We'll mount on the wing, and with ardour we'll sing;  
Our echoing voices are one:  
His praise we will sound on Immanuel's ground,  
What a loving Redeemer has done.
- 7 And since it is so, we'll all join and go,  
And keep on Immanuel's ground;  
Until time is done, and eternity's begun,  
We will all sing the Impartial Song.
- 8 We will then tune our songs in anthems of praise,  
And join with the seraphs above;  
Free grace we will sound through eternity's round,  
When our union shall heighten in love.
- 9 Now let us be true, our journey pursue  
Toward heaven, our glorious home;  
Press on by the word Christ left on record,  
Singing glory to Jesus—Amen.

### Born to Die.

Thou God of glorious majesty, To thee, against myself, to thee, A - worm of earth I cry,



A half awaken'd child of man, An heir of endless bliss or pain, A sinner born to die!

2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,  
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand  
Secure, insensibie;  
A point of time, a moment's space,  
Removes me to that heavenly place,  
Or shuts me up in hell.

3 O God, mine inmost soul convert,  
And deeply on my thoughtful heart  
Eternal things impress;  
Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
And tremble on the brink of fate,  
And wake to righteousness.

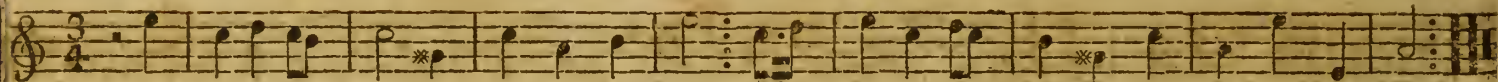
4 Before me place in dread array,  
The pomp of that tremendous day,  
When thou with clouds shalt come  
To judge the nations at thy bar;  
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there  
To meet a joyful doom?

5 Be this my one great bus'ness here,  
With serious industry and fear,  
Eternal bliss to ensure;  
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,  
And suffer all thy righteous will,  
And to the end endure.

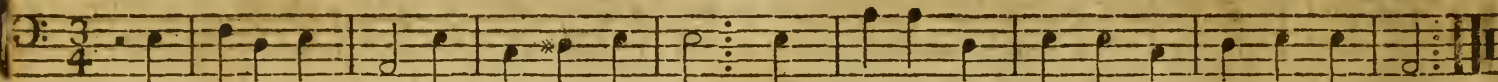
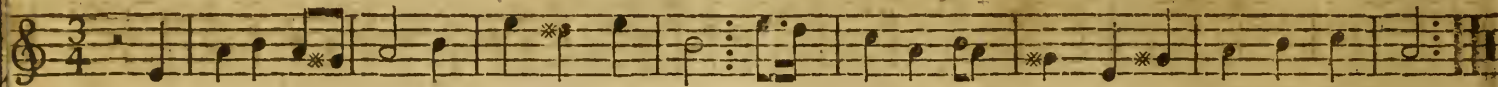
6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive  
Transported from this vale, to live  
And reign with thee above;  
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,  
And hope in full, supreme delight,  
And everlasting love.



## I Am that I Am.



I am that I am, faith Christ the dear Lamb, What think ye, O sinners, of this wond'rous name.

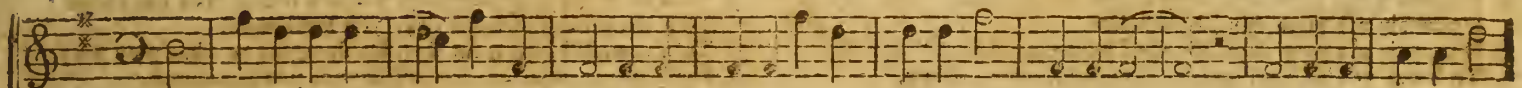


- 2 If now you enquire with earnest desire,  
And say, O to know him, our hearts are on fire,—
- 3 My master replies, I AM will suffice  
Thy wants, O poor sinner, who unto him flies.
- 4 I am to the blind the light of their mind;  
And feet to the cripple, and strength shall they find.
- 5 If sin is thy grief, I am thy relief;  
A Saviour I am, to poor sinners the chief.
- 6 O sinners, give ear, what fulness is here?  
O! who would not come to a Saviour so dear.
- 7 He saw, from his throne, poor sinners undone;  
And their lives to ransom, he gave up his own.

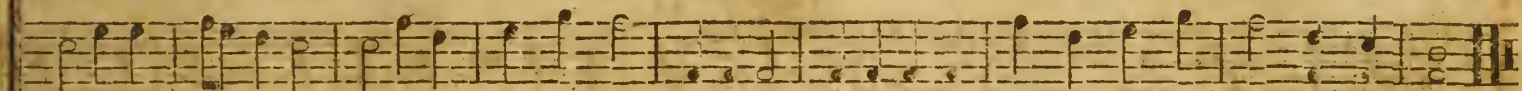
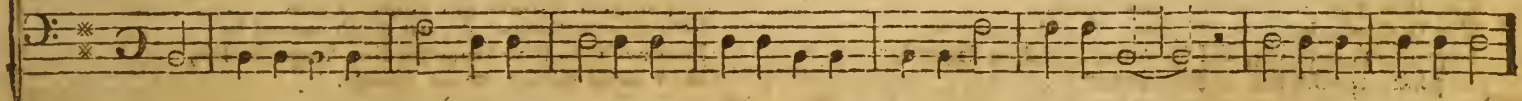
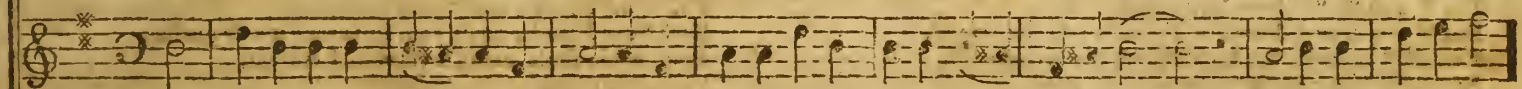
- 8 He came from above the cause to remove;  
And yet shall we slight such unspeakable love?
- 9 If we, like the Jews, his kindness refuse,  
'Tis plain that destruction we wilfully chuse.
- 10 But O! ye oppress'd, whom sin hath distress'd,  
Come, come unto Jesus, and you shall have rest.
- 11 Methinks one doth cry, "Such sinner am I,  
I dare not, I dare not to Jesus draw nigh."
- 12 Christ answers again, "Thy doubting refrain;  
Come, come unto me, and I'll purge ev'ry stain.
- 13 Whate'er is thy case, come now and embrace  
My purchas'd salvation, and thou shalt have peace."

# Sinful Youth.

39



Remember sinful youth, you must die, you must die, Remember sinful youth, you must die, Remember sinful youth,



who hate the way of truth, And in your pleasure boast, you must die, you must die, And in your pleasure boast, you must die.



- 2 Uncertain are your days, here below, here below ;  
 Uncertain are your days, here below.  
 Uncertain are your days, for God has many ways  
 To bring you to your graves, here below, here below,  
 To bring you to your graves, here below.
- 3 But if you travel down the broad road, the broad road ;  
 But if you travel down the broad road.  
 But if you travel down, in darkness you are bound,  
 Eternally around, the broad road, the broad road,  
 Eternally around, the broad road.
- 4 The God who built the sky, great I AM, great I AM ;  
 The God who built the sky, great I AM,  
 The God who built the sky, has said, and cannot lie,  
 Impenitents must die, and be damn'd, and be damn'd,  
 Impenitents must die, and be damn'd.

- 5 To a dreadful judgment day, you are bound, you are bound ;  
 To a dreadful judgment day, you are bound.  
 To a dreadful judgment day, let thoughts be what they may,  
 Nor can you it delay, you are bound, you are bound,  
 Nor can you it delay, you are bound.
- 6 But O my friends, don't you, I entreat, I entreat ;  
 But O my friends, don't you, I entreat.  
 But O my friends, don't you, in carnal mirth pursue,  
 Your noble souls undo, I entreat, I entreat,  
 Your noble souls undo, I entreat.
- 7 Now to your Saviour fly, 'scape for life, 'scape for life ;  
 Now to your Saviour fly, 'scape for life.  
 Now to your Saviour fly, lest death eternal be  
 Your awful destiny, 'scape for life, 'scape for life,  
 Your awful destiny, 'scape for life.

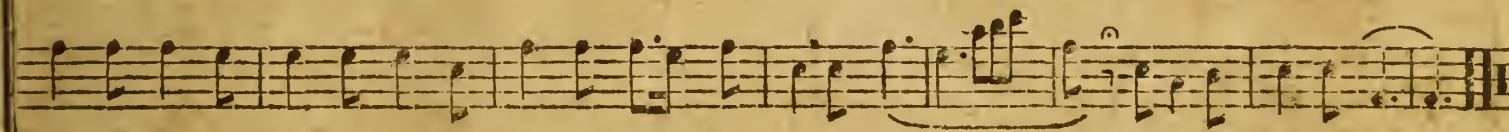
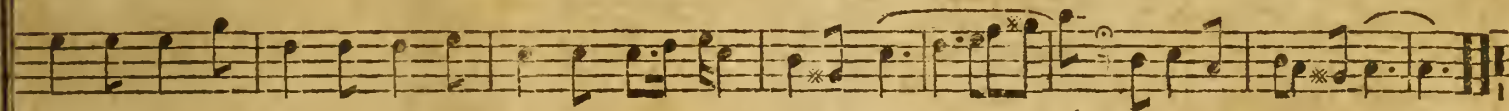
### Hope.

O glor'ous hope of perfect love ! It lifts me up to things above ! It bears on eagle's wings ; It





gives my ravish'd soul to taste, And makes me for some moments feast With Jesus' priests and kings.



2 The things eternal I pursue,  
A happiness beyond the view  
Of those that basely pant  
For things by nature felt and seen;  
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,  
I neither have nor want.

5 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,  
I come to meet thee in the skies,  
And claim my heavenly rest;

F

3 Nothing on earth I call my own;  
A stranger to the world unknown,  
I all their goods despise;  
I trample on their whole delight,  
And seek a country out of sight,  
A country in the skies.

4 There is my house and portion fair,  
My treasure and my heart is there,  
And my abiding home;  
For me my elder brethren stay,  
And angels beckon me away,  
And Jesus bids me come.

Now let the pilgrim's journey end,  
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
Receive me to thy breast!

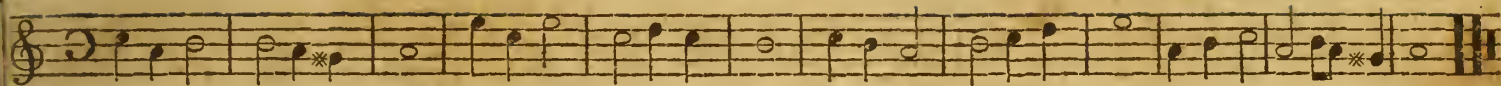
## Hallelujah Hymn.

That name to me sounds ever sweet, O glory, Hallelujah, Where grace and truth doth always meet, O glory, Hallelujah, Where

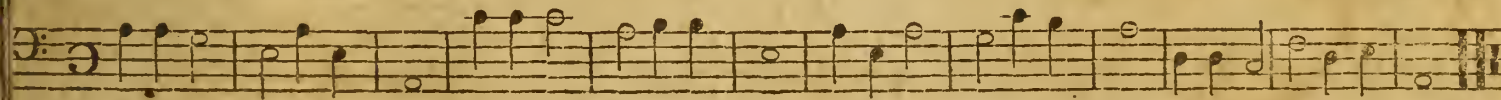
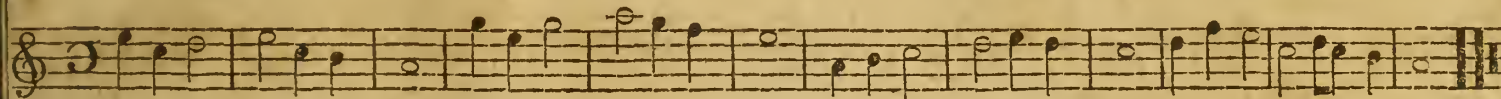
right'ousness doth peace embrace, O glory, Hallelujah, And opens wide a store of grace, O glory, Halle - lujah.

- 2 A meeting place it is indeed, O Glory, Hallelujah,  
Where mercy meets the sinner's need, O Glory, Hallelujah,  
And opens wide a gracious store, O Glory, Hallelujah,  
Sufficient to relieve the poor, O Glory, Hallelujah.
- 3 Hark! don't you hear the heav'nly call, O Glory, Hallelujah,  
It soundeth loud, it is to all—O Glory, Hallelujah;  
To high and low, to bond and free, O Glory, Hallelujah,  
That none may say, "Tis not for me," O Glory, Hallelujah.

- 4 "Ho! ev'ry one that thirsts," he cries, O Glory, Hallelujah,  
"Here's wine and milk, and large supplies," O Glory, Hallelujah,  
"Come now to me and drink your fill," O Glory, Hallelujah,  
"Tis free for whosoever will," O Glory, Hallelujah.
- 5 "Come now receive, I ask no pay," O Glory, Hallelujah,  
"But freely give it all away," O Glory, Hallelujah,  
"To all that do my word believe," O Glory, Hallelujah,  
"And freely now my grace receive," O Glory, Hallelujah.



Children of the heav'nly king, As you journey sweetly sing; Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.



2 Ye are trav'ling home to God,  
In the way your fathers trod;  
They are happy now, and ye  
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Oh! ye banish'd seed be glad,  
Christ our advocate is made;  
Us to save, our flesh assumes,  
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Shout ye little flocks and blest,  
You on Jesus' arms shall rest;  
There your seat is now prepar'd,  
There's your kingdom and reward.

5 O! ye brethren, joyful stand, On the borders of your land;  
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son, Bids you undismay'd go on.

6 Lord, obed'ently we'll go, Gladly leaving all below;  
Only thou our leader be, And we still will follow thee.



## Charity.

Oh! Jesus, my Saviour, to thee I submit, With love and thanksgiving fall down at thy feet, My

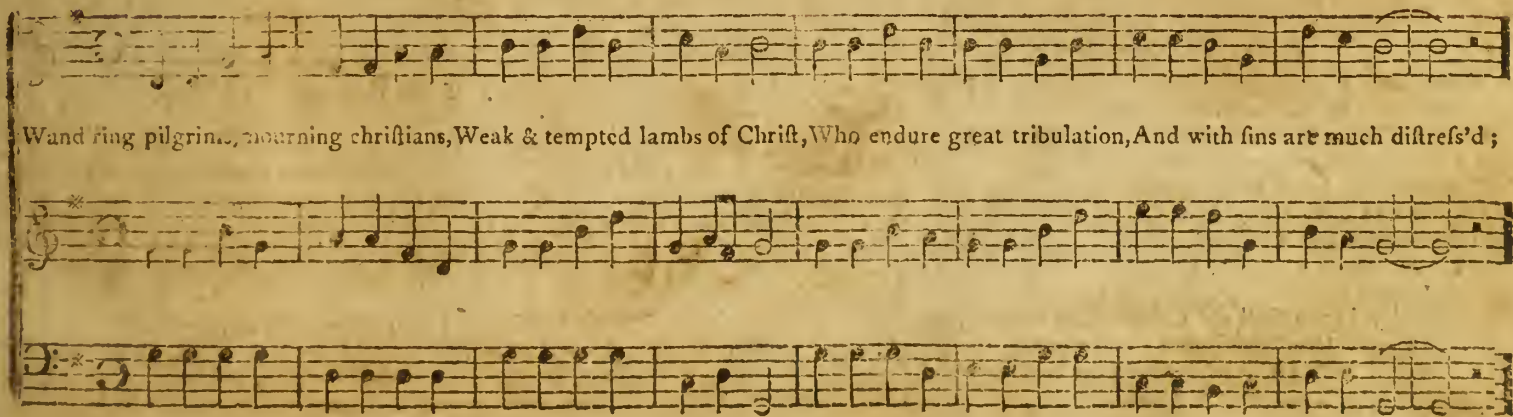
sacri - fice offer, of soul, flesh and blood, Thou art my Redeemer, my Lord, and my God.

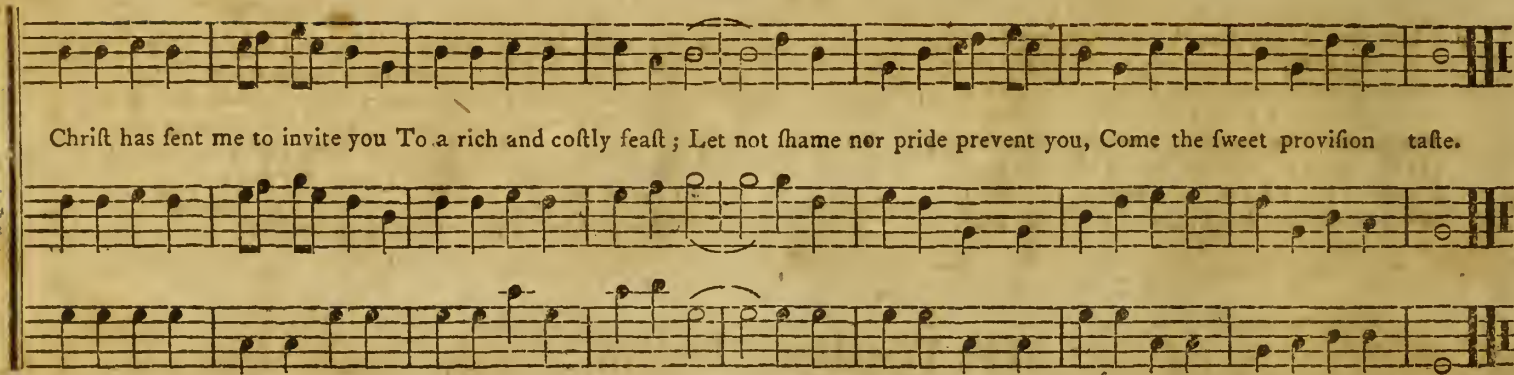
The musical score is written on six staves. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/8 time signature. The second staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The third staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The fourth staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The fifth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The sixth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics corresponding to the first three staves and the second line of lyrics corresponding to the last three staves.

- 2 I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my love ;  
 I love thee, my Saviour, my love and my dove ;  
 I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know ;  
 But how much I love thee I never can show.
- 3 I'm happy, I'm happy, O ! wond'rous account ;  
 My soul is immortal, and I on the mount ;  
 I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there ;  
 With angels, my kindred, and Jesus, my dear.

- 4 O ! who's like my Jesus, he's Salem's bright King ;  
 He smiles, and he loves me, and learns me to sing ;  
 His name be my theme, and his grace be my song ;  
 His love shall inspire both my heart and my tongue..
- 5 O ! Jesus, my Saviour, in thee I am blest ;  
 My life, my salvation, my joy and my rest :  
 I praise thee, I praise thee, in notes loud and shrill,  
 While rivers of pleasure my spirit doth fill.

## The Wandering Pilgrim.



The Wandering Pilgrim. *Continued.*

Christ has sent me to invite you To a rich and costly feast ; Let not shame nor pride prevent you, Come the sweet provision taste.

2 If you have a heart lamenting,  
And bemoan your wretched case ;  
Come to Jesus Christ repenting,  
He will give you gospel grace :  
If you want a heart to fear him,  
Love and serve him all your days,  
Only come to Christ and ask him,  
He will guide your feet always.

3 If your heart is unbelieving,  
Doubting Jesus' pard'ning love,  
Lay hard by Bethesda, waiting  
Till the troubled waters move :  
If no man appears to help you,  
All their efforts prove but talk ;  
Jesus, Jesus, he will cleanse you,  
Rise, take up your bed and walk.

4 If like Peter you are sinking,  
In the sea of unbelief :  
Wait with patience, always praying,  
Christ will send you sweet relief ;  
He will give you grace and glory,  
All your wants shall be supply'd,  
'Cana'n, Cana'n lies before you,  
Rise and cross the swelling tide.

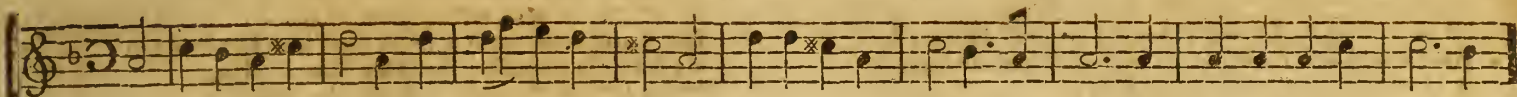
5 Death shall not destroy your comfort,  
Christ shall guard you through the gloom,  
Down he'll send a heav'nly comfort,  
To convey you to his home ;

There you'll spend your days in pleasure,  
Free from ev'ry want and care ;  
Come, O come, my blessed Saviour,  
Fain my spirit would be there.

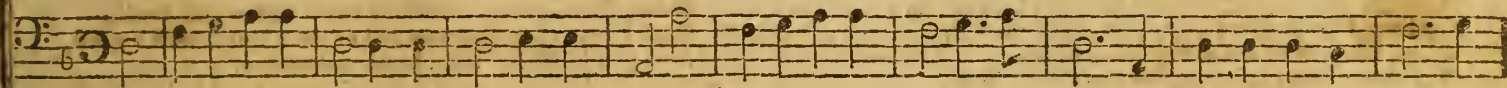
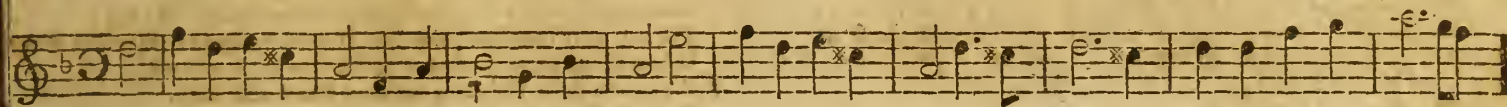


# Honor to the Hills.

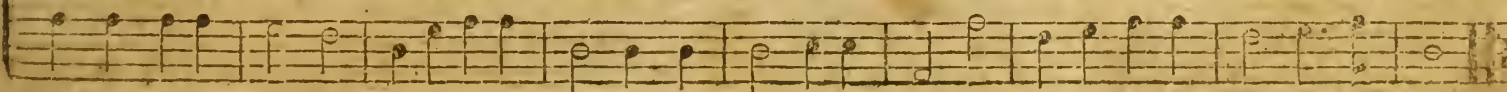
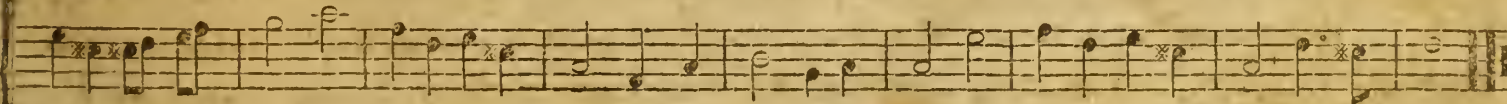
47



Through all this world below, God we see all around, Search hills and vallies through, There he's found In growing fields of corn, The



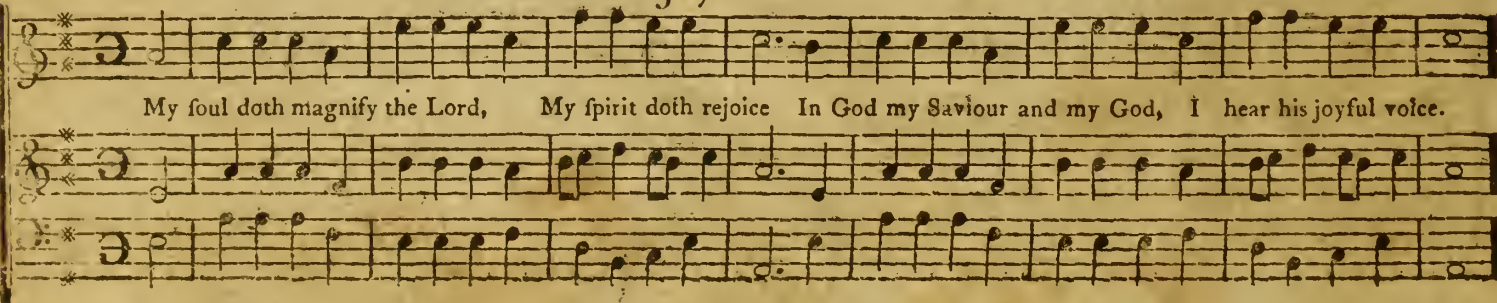
lily and the thorn, The pleasant and forlorn, All declare God is there ; In meadows drest in green, There he's seen.



- 2 See springing waters rise, fountains flow, rivers run ;  
The mist beclouds the sky, hides the sun :  
Then down the rain doth pour, the ocean it doth roar,  
And break upon the shore, all to praise, in their lays,  
A God that ne'er declines his designs.
- 3 The sun with all his rays, speaks of God as he flies ;  
The comet in its blaze, God it cries.  
The shining of the stars, the moon when she appears,  
His dreadful name declares : See them fly through the sky,  
And join the silent sound from the ground.
- 4 Then let my station be, here in life, where I see  
The sacred trinity all agree,  
In all the works he's made, the forest and the glade,  
Nor let me be afraid, though I dwell in the hill,  
Where nature's works declare God is there.
- 5 God did to Moses shew, glories more than Peru ;  
His face alone withdrew from the view.  
Mount Sinai was the place, where God did shew his grace ;  
And Moses sang his praise, see him rise near the skies :  
And view old Canaan's ground all around.

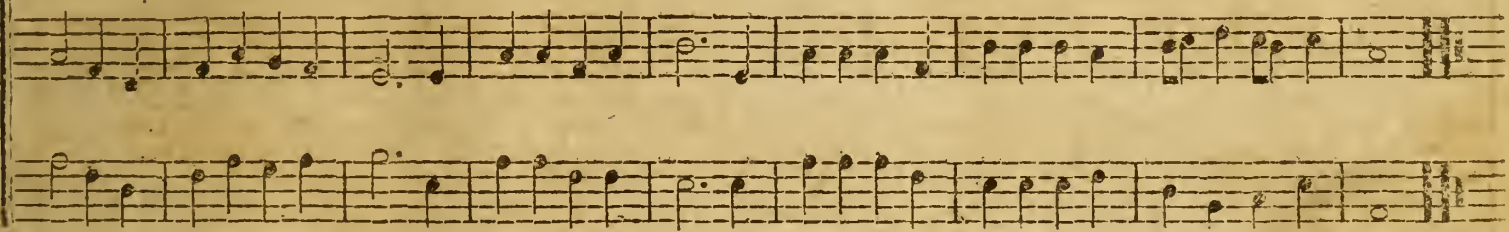
- 6 Elijah's servant views from the hill and declares.  
A little cloud appears, dry your tears :  
Our Lord transfigur'd is, with those blest saints of his,  
As saith the witnesses : see them shine all divine,  
While Olive's Mount is blest with the rest.
- 7 Not India hills of gold, with wonders, we are told,  
Nor seraphs strong and bold, can unfold  
The mountain Calvary, where Christ our Lord did die ;  
Hark ! hear the God-man cry, Mountains quake, Heavens shake,  
When God, their Author's ghost, leaves their coast.
- 8 And now from Calvary, we may stand and espy,  
Beyond this lower sky, far on high,  
Mount Zion's spicy hill, where saints and angels dwell ;  
Hark ! hear them sing and tell of their Lord, with accord,  
And join in Moses' song, heart and tongue.
- 9 Since the hills are honor'd thus, by our Lord in his course,  
Let them not be by us call'd a curse ;  
Forbid it mighty King, but rather let us sing,  
While hills and vallies ring ; echoes fly through the sky,  
And heaven hears the sound from the ground.

Joy.





I need not go abroad for joy, When I've a feast at home ; My sighs are turned into songs, The Comforter is come.



3 Down from above the blessed Dove  
Is come into my breast,  
To witness God's eternal love ;  
This is my heav'nly feast.  
4 This makes me abba father cry,  
With confidence of soul ;  
It makes me cry my Lord, my God,  
And that without controul.  
5 There is a stream which issues forth  
From God's eternal throne,  
And from the Lamb, a living stream,  
Clear as the crystal stone.

G

6 The streams do water paradise,  
It makes the angels sing :  
One cordial drop revives my heart ;  
Hence all my joys do spring.  
7 Such joys as are unspeakable,  
And full of glory too ;  
Such hidden manna, hidden pearls,  
As worldlings do not know.  
8 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,  
From fancy 'tis conceal'd,  
What thou, Lord, hast laid up for thine,  
And hast to me reveal'd.

9 I see thy face, I hear thy voice,  
I taste thy sweetest love ;  
My soul doth leap ; but O for wings,  
The wings of Noah's dove !  
10 Then should I flee far hence away,  
Leaving this world of sin ;  
Then should my Lord put forth his hand,  
And kindly take me in.  
11 Then should my soul with angels feast,  
On joys that always last :  
Bless'd be my God, the God of joy,  
Who gives me here a taste.



## Friendly Meeting.

While we our Saviour's praise proclaim, With cheerful heart and

Well met, dear friends, in Jesus' name, Come let us now rejoice,

While

voice. With cheerful heart and voice. While

While we our Saviour's praise proclaim, With cheerful heart and voice.

we our Saviour's praise proclaim, With cheerful heart and voice.

2 But O! dear Jesus, Lamb of God,  
Send down the heav'nly dove,  
His graces to diffuse abroad,  
To warm our hearts with love.

3 In vain, dear Saviour, here we meet,  
Except thy face we see;  
Thy presence makes a heav'n most sweet,  
Whene'er we meet with thee.

4 A dungeon shews a heav'nly dawn,  
When there with thee we dwell;  
But when thy presence is withdrawn,  
A palace proves a hell.

5 Then O! dear Jesus, condescend To meet us with a smile;  
Thy spirit's quick'ning influence send, And purge our hearts from guile.

6 That at the close each one may say, We meet not here in vain;  
For we have tasted heav'n to-day, Nor could we more contain.

### Begone Unbelief.

Begone unbe - lief, My Saviour is near And for my relief Will surely appear.

By pray'r let me wrestle, And he will perform, With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

- 2 Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,  
 'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide.  
 Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,  
 The word he has spoken, will surely prevail.
- 3 His love in time past, forbids me to think,  
 He'll leave me at last, in trouble to sink :  
 Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,  
 Confirms his good pleasure, to help me quite through.
- 4 Determin'd to save, He watch'd o'er my path,  
 When satan's blind slave, I sported with death.  
 And can he have taught me to trust in his name,  
 And thus far have brought me, to put me to shame ?

- 5 Why should I complain of want or distress,  
 Temptation or pain, he told me no less.  
 The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,  
 Through much tribulation, must follow their Lord.
- 6 How bitter that cup, no heart can conceive,  
 Which he drank quite up, that sinners might live.  
 His way was much rougher, and darker than mine,  
 Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine.
- 7 Since all that I meet, shall work for my good,  
 The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food.  
 Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,  
 And then O how pleasant The conqueror's song.

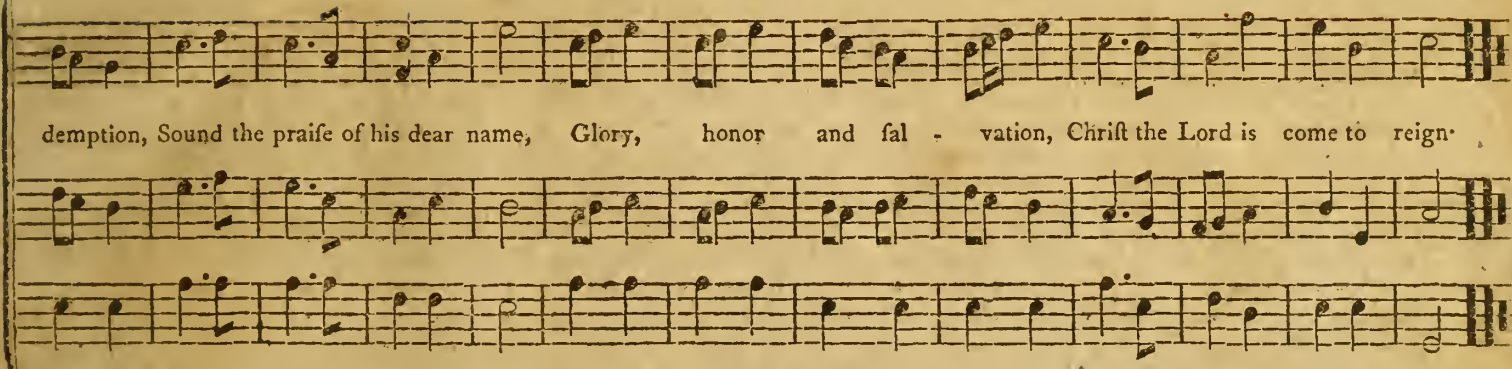
## Celestial Watering.

### CHORUS.

Saviour, visit thy plan - tation, Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain ; Turn to the Lord and seek re-

All will come to disso - lution, Unless thou return again.





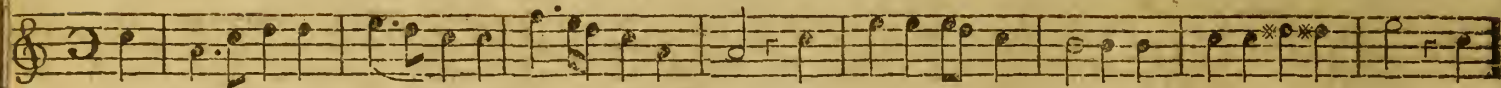
demption, Sound the praise of his dear name, Glory, honor and sal - vation, Christ the Lord is come to reign.

- 2 Keep no longer at a distance,  
Shine upon us from on high ;  
Left for want of thy assistance,  
Ev'ry plant will droop and die.  
CHORUS.....Turn to the Lord, &c.
- 3 Surely once the garden flourish'd,  
Ev'ry part look'd gay and green ;  
There thy word our spirits nourish'd,  
Happy seasons we have seen.  
CHORUS.....Turn to the Lord, &c.
- 4 But a drought has since succeeded,  
And a sad decline we see ;  
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,  
Help can only come from thee.  
CHORUS.....Turn to the Lord, &c.

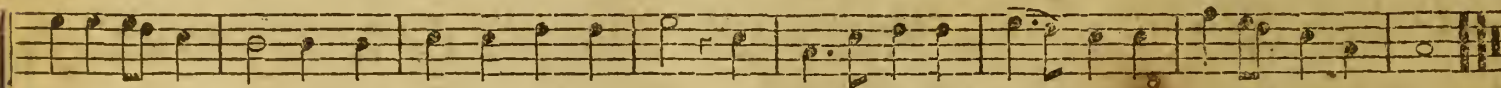
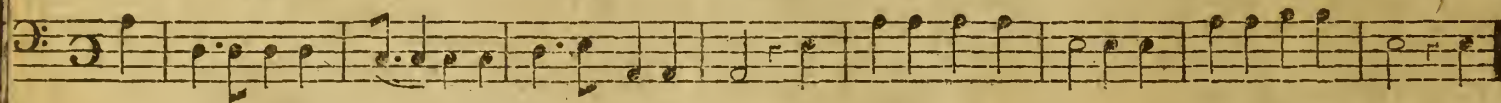
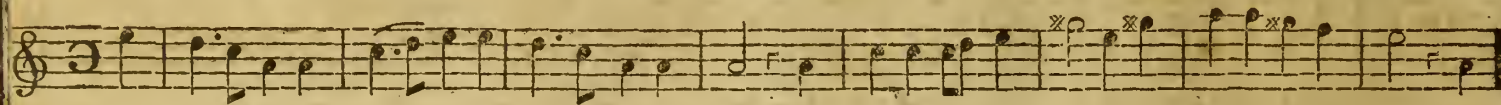
- 5 Where are those we counted leaders,  
Fir'd with zeal, and love and truth ;  
Old professors, tall as cedars,  
Bright examples to our youth ?  
CHORUS.....Turn to the Lord, &c.
- 6 Some in whom our souls delighted,  
We shall meet no more below ;  
Some, alas ! we fear are blighted,  
Scarce a single leaf they show.  
CHORUS.....Turn to the Lord, &c.
- 7 Younger plants to fight how pleasant,  
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood ;  
But they cause us grief at present,  
Frost has nip'd them in the bud.  
CHORUS.....Turn to the Lord, &c.

- 8 Dear Saviour, hasten hither,  
Thou canst make them bloom again ;  
O ! permit them not to wither,  
Let not all our hopes be vain.  
CHORUS.....Turn to the Lord, &c.
- 9 Let our mut'al love be fervent,  
Make us prevalent in prayer,  
Let each one esteem thy servant,  
And shun the world's bewitching snare,  
CHORUS.....Turn to the Lord, &c.
- 10 Break the tempter's fatal power,  
Turn the stony hearts of flesh ;  
And now begin from this good hour,  
To revive thy work afresh.  
CHORUS.....Turn to the Lord, &c.

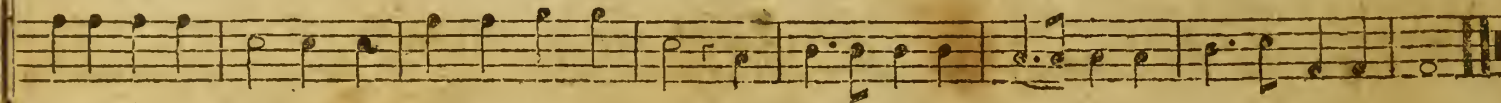
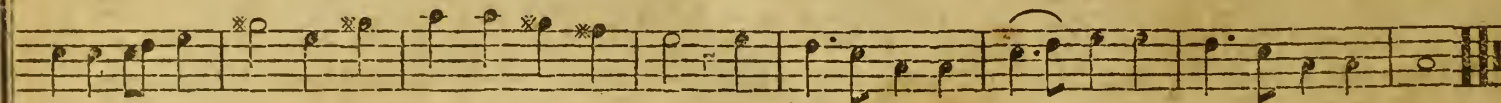
## The Weary Traveller.



Come all ye weary travellers, Now let us join and sing The everlasting praises Of Jesus our great King. We've



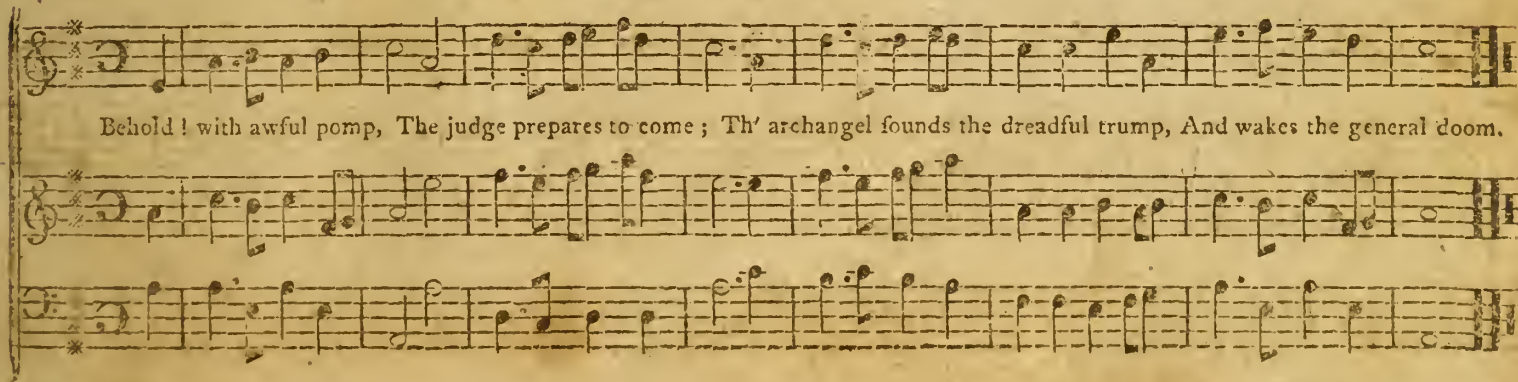
had a tedious journey, And tiresome it is true, But see how many dangers the Lord has bro't us through.



- 2 At first when Jesus found us, He call'd us unto him,  
And pointed out the danger Of falling into sin.  
The world, the flesh and satan Would prove a fatal snare;  
Unless we did reject them By faith and humble prayer.
- 3 But by our disobed'ence, With sorrow we confess,  
Who have had long to wander, In a dark wilderness ;  
Where we might long have fainted, In that enchanted ground;  
But now and then a cluster Of pleasant grapes we found.
- 4 The pleasant fruit of Canaan, Give life, and joy, and peace—  
Revive our drooping spirits, And love and strength increase.  
To confess our Lord and Master, And run at his command,  
And hasten on our journey, Unto the promis'd land.
- 5 With faith, and hope, and patience, We're made for to rejoice ;  
And Jesus and his people Forever are our choice.

- In grace and consolation We now are going on  
The pleasing way to Canaan, Where Jesus Christ is gone.
- 6 Sinners, why stand you idle, While we do march along ;  
Has conscience never told you That you're going wrong,  
Down the broad road to darkness To bear an endless curse ?  
Forsake your ways of sinning, And come and go with us.
- 7 But if you will refuse it, We bid you all farewell ;  
We're on the road to Canaan, And you the road to hell :  
We're sorry for to leave you, We'd rather you would go ;  
Come try a bleeding Saviour, And see the waters flow.
- 8 Now to the King immortal, Be everlasting praise,  
For in his holy service We long to spend our days,  
Till we arrive at Canaan, The celestial world above,  
With everlasting wonder To praise redeeming love.

### The General Doom.





- 2 Nature, in wild amaze, Her dissolution mourns :  
 Blushes of blood the moon deface ; The sun to darkness turns.  
 3 The living look with dread : The frightened dead arise ;  
 Start from the monumental bed, And lift their ghastly eyes.  
 4 Horrors all hearts appall ; They quake, they shriek, they cry ;  
 Bid rocks and mountains on them fall ; But rocks & mountains fly.  
 5 Ye wilful, wanton fools, Let danger make you wise :

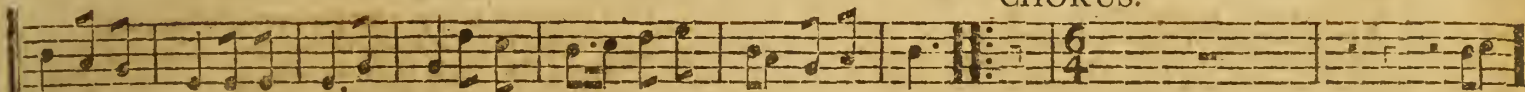
- Carnal professors, careless souls, Unclose your lazy eyes.  
 6 'Tis time we all awake ; The dreadful day draws near ;  
 Sinners, your proud presumption check, And stop your wild career.  
 7 Now is th' accepted time ; To Christ for mercy fly :  
 O, turn, repent, and trust in him, And you shall never die.  
 8 Great God, in whom we live, Prepare us for that day :  
 Help us in Jesus to believe, To watch, and wait, and pray.

## Emmanuel. For Christmas.

Promisc'ously seated, estranged from sleep, An angel from

As shepherds in Jewry were guarding their sheep, An

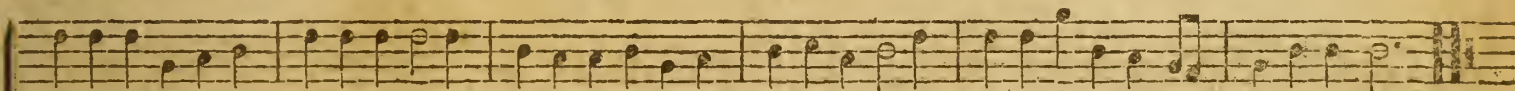
## CHORUS.



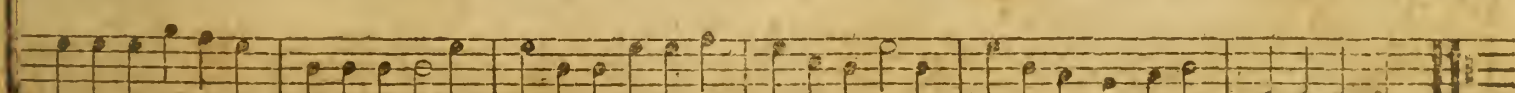
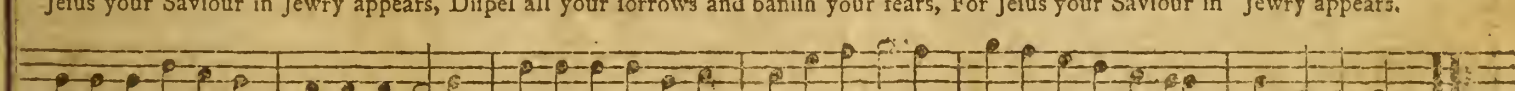
heaven presented to view, And thus he accosted the trembling few: For



Dispel all your sorrows, and banish your fears, For



Jesus your Saviour in Jewry appears, Dispel all your sorrows and banish your fears, For Jesus your Saviour in Jewry appears.



H

- 2 Though Adam the first, in rebellion was found,  
Forbidden to tarry on hallowed ground ;  
Yet Adam the second, appears to retrieve  
The loss you sustain'd by the devil and Eve.  
Then shepherds be tranquil, this instant arise,  
Go visit your Saviour, and see where he lies.
- 3 A token I leave you whereby you may find  
This heavenly stranger, this friend to mankind :  
A manger his cradle, a stall his abode,  
The oxen are near him and blow on your God.  
Then shepherds be humble, be meek and be low,  
For Jesus your Saviour's abundantly so.
- 4 This wonderful story, scarce reached the ear,  
When thousands of angels in glory appear,  
They join in the concert, and this was the theme,

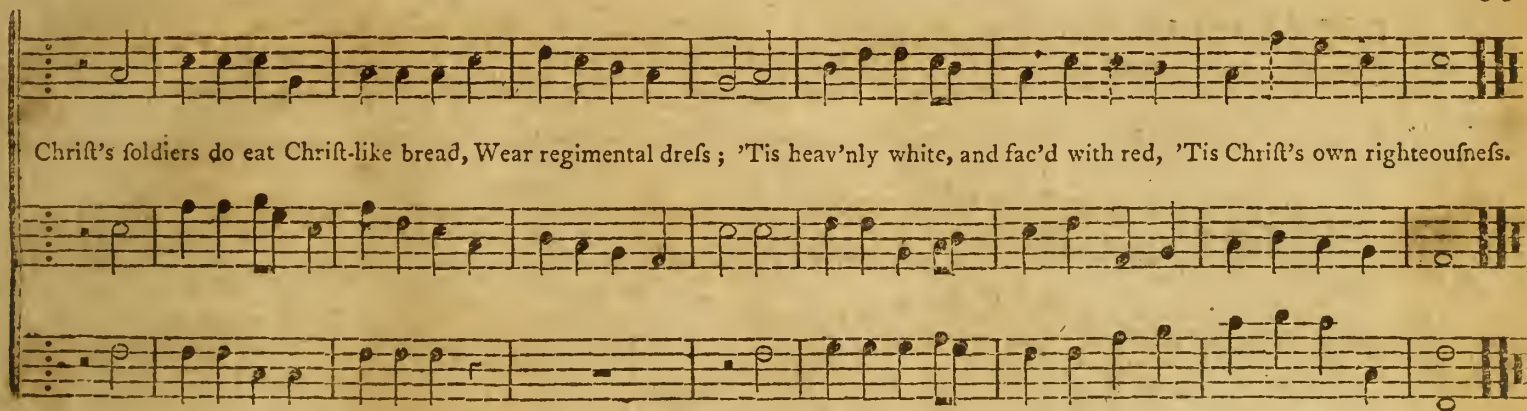
- All glory to God, and good will towards men.  
Then shepherds go join your glad voice to the choir,  
And catch a few sparks of celestial fire.
- 5 Hosanna ! the angels, in extacy, cry,  
Hosanna ! the wandering shepherds reply ;  
Salvation, redemption are centur'd in one,  
All glory to God, for the birth of his son.  
Then shepherds adore, we commend you to God,  
Go visit the Son in his humble abode.
- 6 To Bethlehem city, the shepherds repair'd,  
For full confirmation of what they had heard ;  
They enter'd the stable, with aspect so mild,  
And there they beheld the Mother and Child.  
Then make proclamation, divulge it abroad,  
That both Jews and Gentiles may hear of the Lord.

### Christian Uniform.

The musical notation consists of three staves. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). It contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The second staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature, containing a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The third staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature, containing a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the first staff.

Dress'd uniform Christ's foldiers are When duty calls abroad ; Not purchas'd at their cost or care, But by their prince bestow'd.

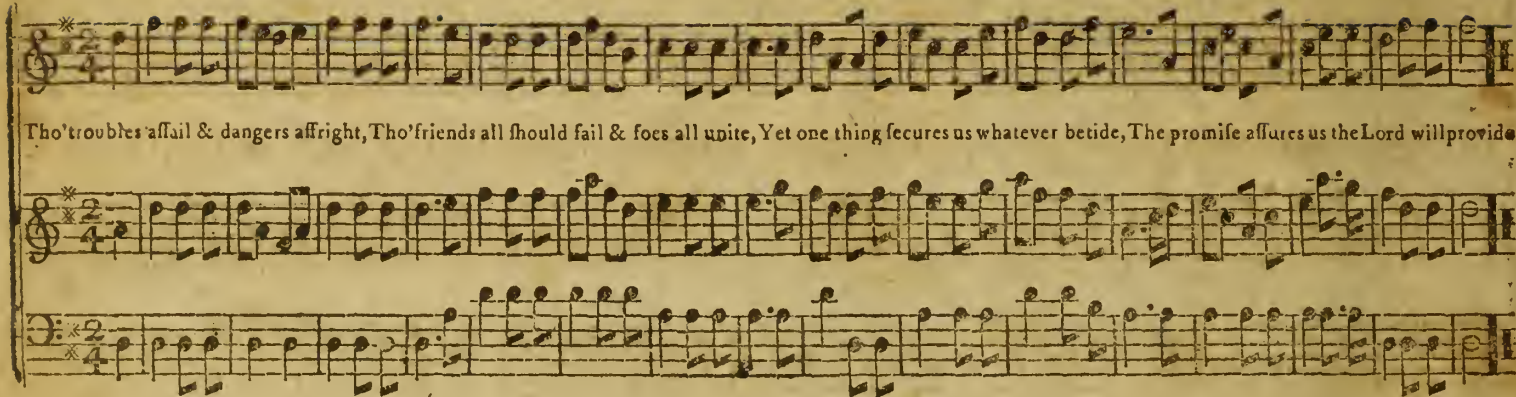




Christ's soldiers do eat Christ-like bread, Wear regimental dress; 'Tis heav'nly white, and fac'd with red, 'Tis Christ's own righteousness.

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>3 A bright and sightly robe it is,<br/>And to the soldier dear;<br/>No rose can learn to blush like this,<br/>Nor lily look so fair!</p> <p>4 'Tis wrought by Jesus' skilful hand,<br/>And stain'd in his own blood!<br/>It makes the angels gazing stand,<br/>To view this robe of God!</p> <p>5 No art of man can wear this robe,<br/>'Tis of such mixture fine:<br/>Nor could the worth of all the globe,<br/>By purchase make it mine.</p> | <p>6 'Tis of one piece, and wove throughout,<br/>So curiously, that none<br/>Can dress up in this seamless coat,<br/>Till Jesus puts it on.</p> <p>7 This vesture never waxes old,<br/>No spot thereon can fall:<br/>It makes the soldier brisk and bold,<br/>And dutiful with all.</p> <p>8 Lord, dress me in this robe each day,<br/>And it shall hide my shame;<br/>Shall make me fight 'gainst sin, and pray,<br/>And bless my Captain's name.</p> | <p>9 How brisk and bold Christ's soldiers are,<br/>When dress'd up in this robe;<br/>They look like men equipt for war,<br/>Or like the sons of God.</p> <p>10 Their shield is faith, their helmet hope,<br/>And thus they march Christ's road:<br/>Christ's spirit is their glittering sword,<br/>To play the man for God.</p> <p>11 When dress'd up in this uniform,<br/>In order march along;<br/>Christ Jesus is their Leader now,<br/>And conscience beats the drum.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 12 The trumpet sounds by Christ's command, A long and joyful sound;  
The soldiers shout, and praise their King, And th' walls come tumbling down.

## The Lord will Provide.



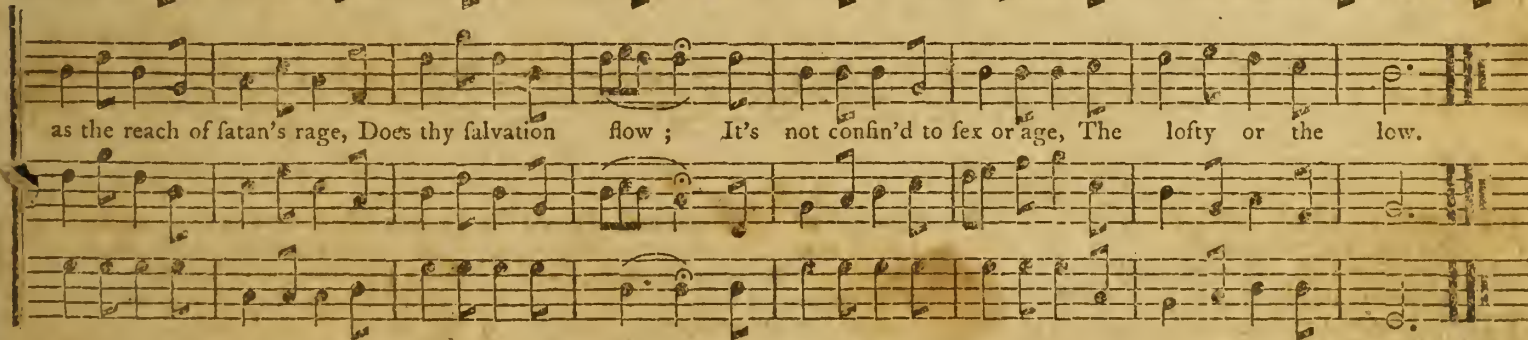
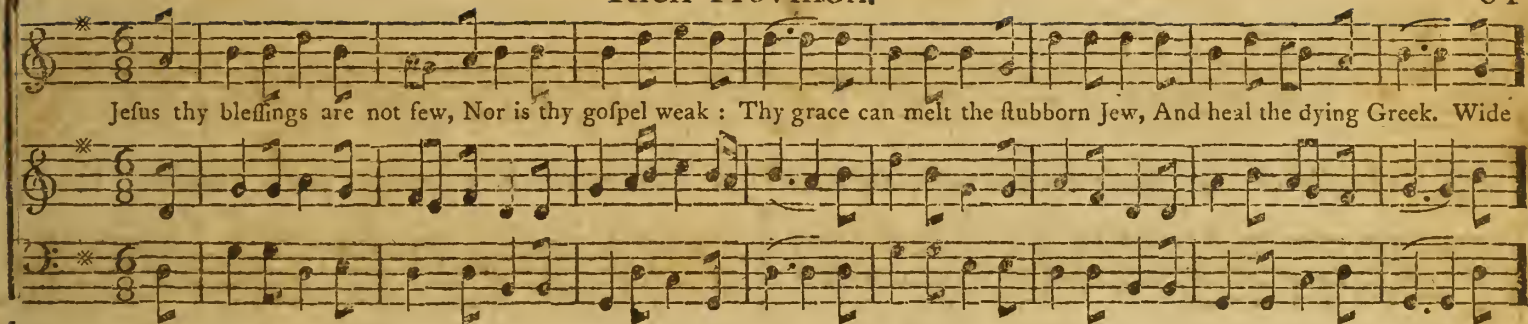
Tho'troubles assail & dangers affright, Tho'friends all should fail & foes all unite, Yet one thing secures us whatever betide, The promise assures us the Lord will provide

- 2 The birds without barn, or store-house are fed,  
From them let us learn to trust in our Head;  
His saints, what is fitting shall ne'er be deny'd,  
So long as it's written the Lord will provide.
- 3 We all may, like ships, by tempests, be tost,  
On perilous deeps, but shall not be lost;  
Though satan enrages the wind and the tide,  
Yet scripture engages the Lord will provide.
- 4 His call we'll obey, like Abra'am of old,  
We know not the way, but faith makes us bold;  
For though we are strangers we have a sure guide,  
And trust in all dangers, the Lord will provide.
- 5 When satan appears to stop up the path,  
And fills us with fears, we'll triumph by faith,

- He cannot take from us (though oft he has try'd)  
This heart-cheering promise, the Lord will provide.
- 6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,  
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain;  
But when such suggestions our graces have try'd,  
This answers all questions, the Lord will provide.
- 7 No strength of our own, or goodness we claim,  
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' own name;  
In this our strong tow'r, for safety we hide,  
The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.
- 8 When life sinks apace and death is in view,  
The word of his grace shall comfort us through,  
Nor fearing nor doubting with Christ on our side,  
We hope to die shouting, the Lord will provide.

# Rich Provision.

61



3 While grace is offer'd to the prince,  
The poor may take their share ;  
No mortal has a just pretence,  
To perish in despair.

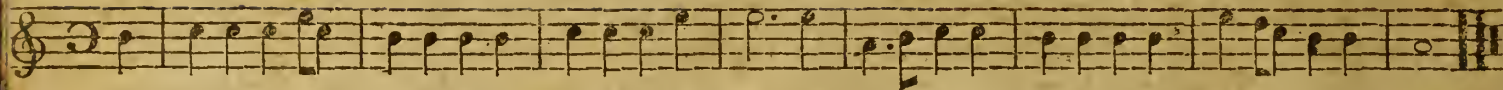
4 Come all ye wretched sinners, come,  
He'll form your souls anew ;  
His gospel and his heart has room  
For rebels such as you.

5 His doctrine is Almighty love,  
There's virtue in his name,  
To turn a raven to a dove,  
The Lion to a lamb.

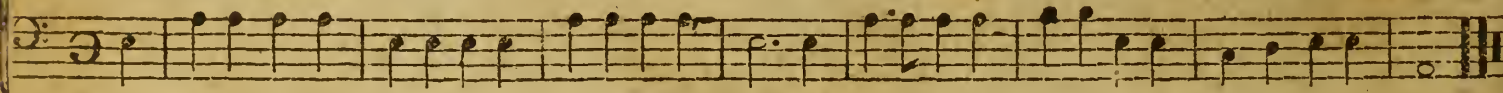
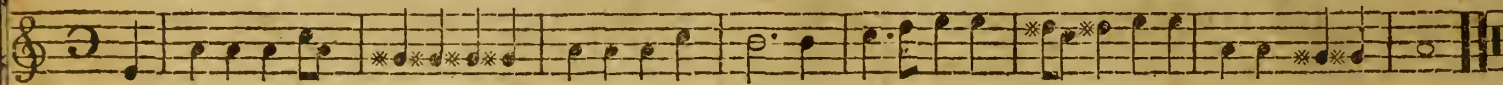
6 O could we raise a song of praise, Half equal to his love ;  
The heav'ns would ring while we should sing Thro' all the courts above.



## Jubilee.



Jerusalem, my happy home, O how I long for thee ! When will my sorrows have an end ? Thy joys, when shall I see.



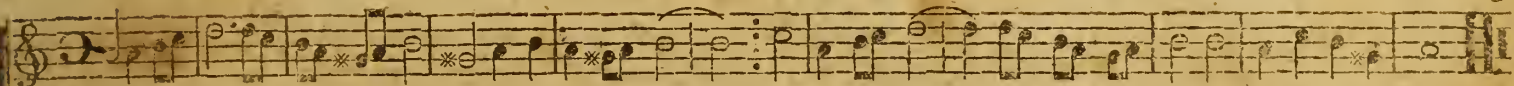
- 2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,  
Most glorious to behold ;  
Thy gates are richly set with pearl ;  
Thy streets are pav'd with gold.
- 3 Thy garden and thy pleasant green  
My study long have been ;  
Such sparkling light, by human sight  
Has never yet been seen.
- 4 If heav'n be thus, glorious Lord,  
Why should I stay from thence ?  
What folly 'tis that I should dread  
To die and go from hence !

- 5 Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace  
And cause me to ascend,  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And sabbaths never end.
- 6 Jesus, my love, to glory's gone,  
Him will I go and see,  
And all my brethren here below  
Will soon come after me.
- 7 My friends, I bid you all adieu,  
I leave you in God's care ;  
And if I never more see you,  
Go on, I'll meet you there.

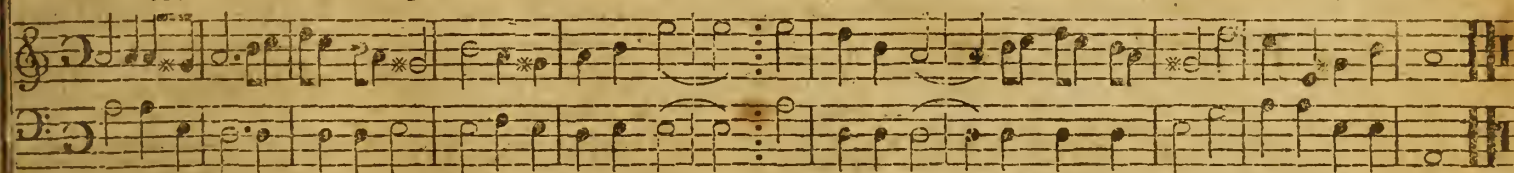
- 8 There we shall meet no more to part,  
And heav'n shall ring with praise ;  
While Jesus' love in every heart  
Shall tune the song, free grace.
- 9 Millions of years around me run,  
Our song shall still go on ;  
To praise the Father and the Son,  
And spirit three in one.
- 10 When we've been there a thousand years,  
Bright shining as the sun,  
We've no less days to sing God's praise  
Than when we first begun.

# Slow Traveller.

63



Oh ! happy souls, how fast you go, And leave me herè behind ; Don't stop for me, for now I see, The Lord is just and kind.



2 Go on, go on, my soul says go,  
And I'll come after you ;  
Tho' I'm behind, yet I can find,  
I'll sing hosanna too.

3 God give you strength that you may run,  
And keep your footsteps right ;  
Tho' fast you go, and I so slow, -  
You are not out of fight.

4 When you get to those worlds above,  
And all their glories see ;  
When you get home, your work is done,  
Then look you out for me.

5 For I will come fast as I can, Along the way I'll steer ;  
Lord give me strength, I shall at length, Be one among you there.

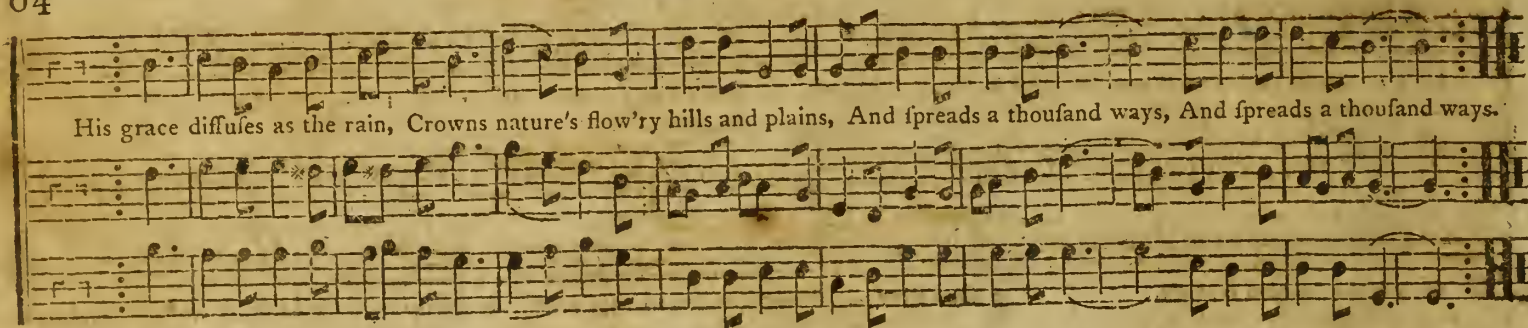
6 There altogether we shall be, Together we shall sing ;  
Together we shall praise our God, And everlasting King.

## Love Divine.



To him who did salvation bring, Wake ev'ry tuneful pow'r and sing, A song of sweetest praise, A song of sweetest praise.





- 2 Salvation is the noblest song ;  
O may it dwell on ev'ry tongue,  
And all repeat amen :  
The Lord has come from heaven to earth,  
To give his people second birth,  
And make us his again.
- 3 We feel redemption drawing near,  
We soon in glory shall appear,  
And be forever blest :  
The promise never can delay,  
Our Jesus now is on his way,  
To give his people rest.
- 4 By faith we see him coming down,  
With angels hov'ring all around,  
He smiles upon his saints :  
He cries aloud in melting strains,  
I come to save you from your pains,  
And end your sore complaints.

- 5 His loving millions rise and sing,  
All glory, glory to our King,  
The grand assize is come :  
The everlasting doors fly wide,  
The church all glorious as a bride,  
And Jesus takes her home.
- 6 In all the heav'n's there's not a tear,  
Nor in eternity a fear ;  
But pleasures yet unknown :  
From heav'n to heav'n we found the bliss,  
O ! what a glorious heav'n is this,  
Forever round the throne.
- 7 The days of heav'n will never end,  
All glory to the sinners friend ;  
Roll on ye happy scenes :  
Ye winged seraphs help us praise  
The ancient of eternal days,  
Our Jesus ever reigns.

- 1 THE Lord into his garden's come,  
The spices yield a rich perfume,  
The lilies grow and thrive :  
Refreshing show'rs of grace divine,  
From Jesus flows to every vine,  
Which makes the dead revive.
- 2 O that this dry and barren ground,  
In springs of water may abound,  
A fruitful soil become :  
The deserts blossom as the rose,  
When Jesus conquers all his foes,  
And makes his people one.
- 3 The glorious time is rolling on,  
The gracious work is now begun,  
My soul a witness is :  
I taste and see the pardon free  
For all mankind as well as me,  
Who come to Christ may live.

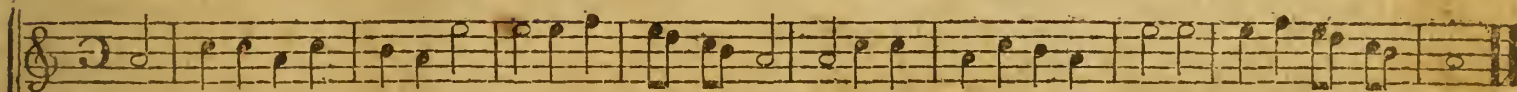


- 4 The worst of sinners here may find  
A Saviour pitiful and kind,  
Who will them all receive;  
None are too late who will repent,  
Out of one sinner legions went,  
The Lord did him relieve.
- 5 Come brethren, ye that love the Lord,  
Who taste the sweetness of the word,  
In Jesus' ways go on:  
Our troubles and our trials here,  
Will only make us richer there,  
When we arrive at home.
- 6 We feel that heav'n is now begun,  
It issues from the shining throne,

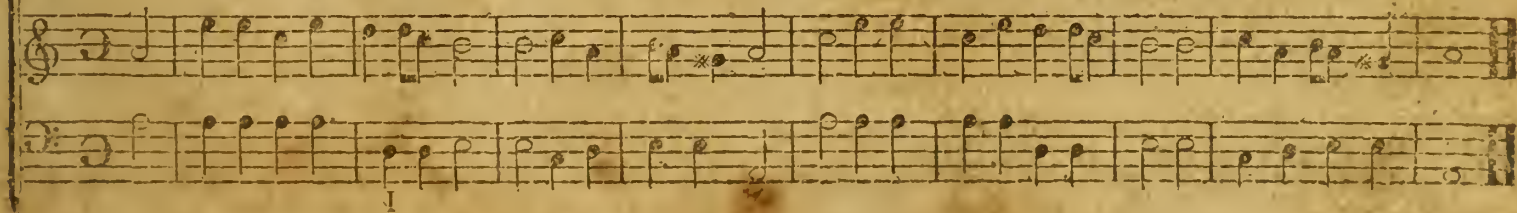
- From Jesus Christ on high;  
It comes like floods, we can't contain,  
We drink, and drink, and drink again,  
And yet we still are dry.
- 7 But when we come to reign above,  
And all surround the throne of love,  
We'll drink a full supply;  
Jesus will lead his armies through,  
To living fountains where they flow,  
Which never will run dry.
- 8 There will we reign and shout and sing,  
And make the upper regions ring,  
When all the saints get home;  
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,

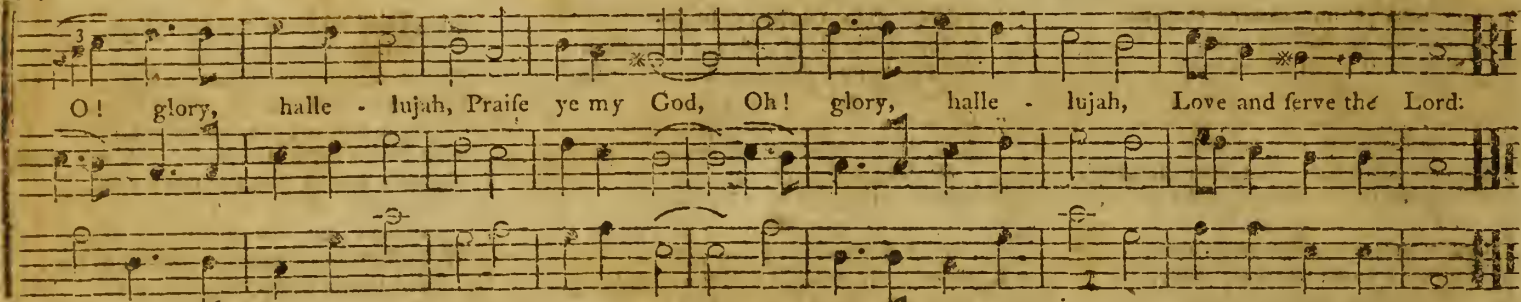
- Soon we shall meet together there,  
For Jesus bids us come.
- 9 Amen, amen, my soul replies,  
I'm bound to meet him in the skies,  
And claim my mansion there:  
Now here's my heart, now here's my hand,  
To meet you in that heavenly land,  
Where we shall part no more.
- 10 There on that peaceful, happy shore,  
We'll sing and shout our suff'rings o'er,  
And praise Redeeming Love:  
We'll shout & praise our conquering King,  
Who dy'd himself, that he might bring  
Us rebels home to God.

### Soldier of the Cross.



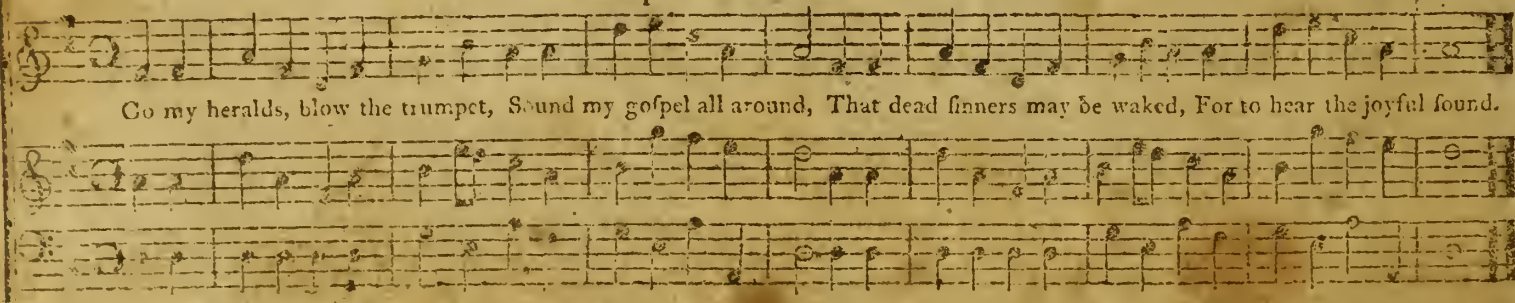
Am I a soldier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb? Why should I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name.



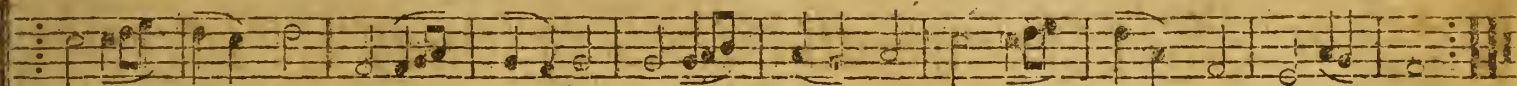


- 2 Are there no foes for me to face ?  
Mild I not stem the flood ?  
Is this vain world a friend to grace,  
To help us unto God ?
- 3 Should I be carry'd to the skies,  
On flow'ry beds of ease ?  
While others fight to win the prize,  
And sail through bloody seas ?
- 4 Yes, I must fight if I would reign,  
Increase my courage, Lord,  
To bear the cross, endure the flame,  
Supported by thy word.
- 5 The saints all in this glorious war, Shall conquer tho' they die ;  
They see a triumph from afar, And see it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise, And all their armies shine  
With robes of vict'ry thro' the skies, The glory shall be thine.

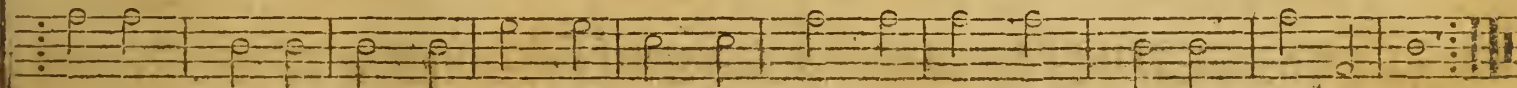
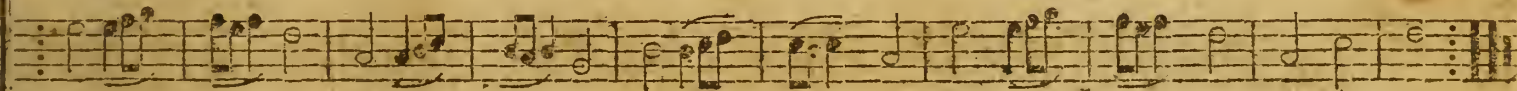
## Gospel Sounds.



CHORUS. From Har. Sacra.



Let the tidings, let the tidings, let the tidings, Of my grace and love be known.



2 Preach repentance to all nations,  
For remission of their sins ;  
He that believeth shall be saved,  
He that don't believe is damn'd.  
Lo I'm with you, lo I'm with you, lo I'm  
Always even to the end. [with you,

3 To believing, humbled sinners,  
Preach my pard'ning grace and love ;  
Tell them peace is with my father,  
In his royal courts above.  
Thro' the merits, thro' the merits, thro' the  
Of their precious Saviour's blood. [merits

4 Shew my conquest made by dying,  
Yonder, on Mount Calvary hill,  
How I spoil'd the powers of darkness,  
When the law I did fulfil.  
And did triumph, and did triumph, and did  
O'r the gates of death & hell. [triumph

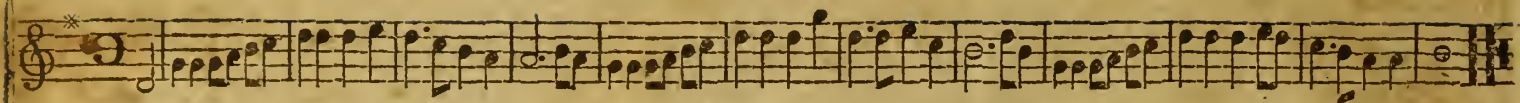
5 Tell my children I've ascended,  
To my Father, to prepare  
Peaceful mansions, stor'd with blessings,  
Where I am, they shall be there ;  
To enjoy them, to enjoy them, to enjoy them  
And my kingdom they shall share.

6 Under sorrows and reproaches,  
May thy love our spirits raise,  
View the judgment day approaches,  
Sighs shall there be chang'd to praise.  
At thy coming, at thy coming, at thy coming  
When the proud shall howl and gaze.

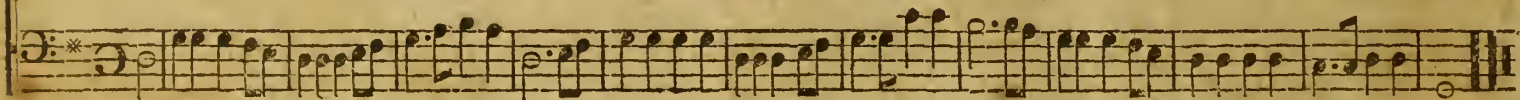
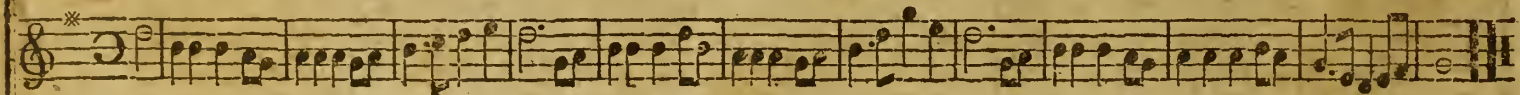
7 O the tokens of thy coming,  
Dearest Lord, we're glad to see,  
For to call us to thy kingdom,  
Evermore to dwell with thee.  
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,  
Let us praise the Sacred Three.



## Newfound Hills.



O for a thousand tongues to sing, My dear Redeemer's praise ; The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace, The triumphs, &c.



2 My gracious Master and my God;  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread thro' all the earth abroad  
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease :  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears ;  
'Tis life and health and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,  
He sets the pris'ner free ;  
His blood can make the foulest clean ;  
His blood avail'd for me.

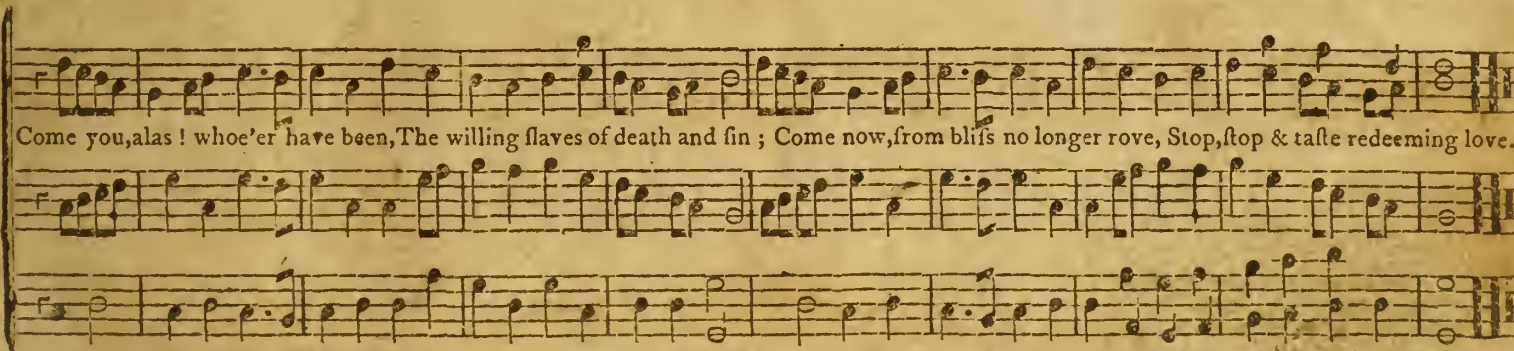
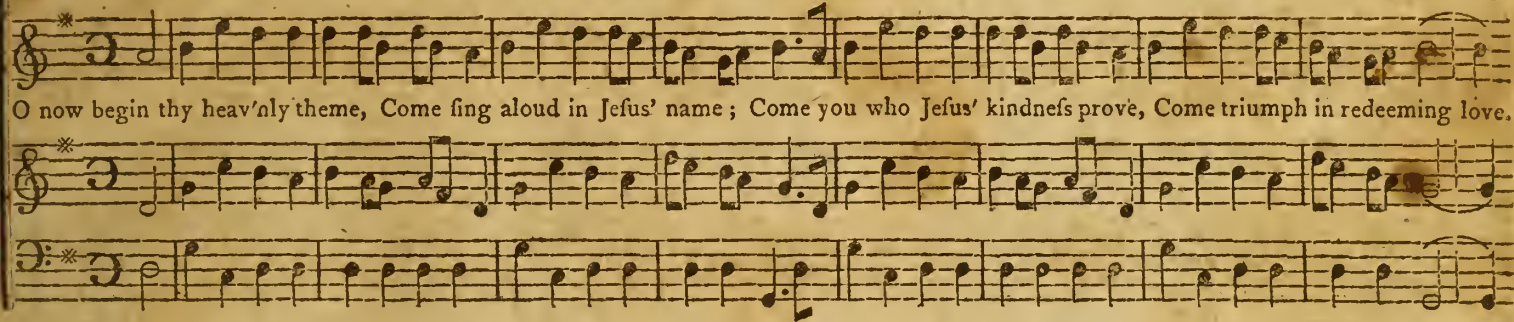
5 Look unto him, ye nations, own  
Your God, ye fallen race ;  
Look, and be sav'd thro' faith alone,  
Be justify'd by grace !

6 See all your sins on Jesus laid !  
The Lamb of God was slain,  
His soul was once an off'ring made,  
For every soul of man.

7 With me, your Chief ye then shall know,  
Shall feel your sins forgiv'n ;  
Anticipate your heav'n below,  
And own that love is heaven.

# Redeeming Love.

69



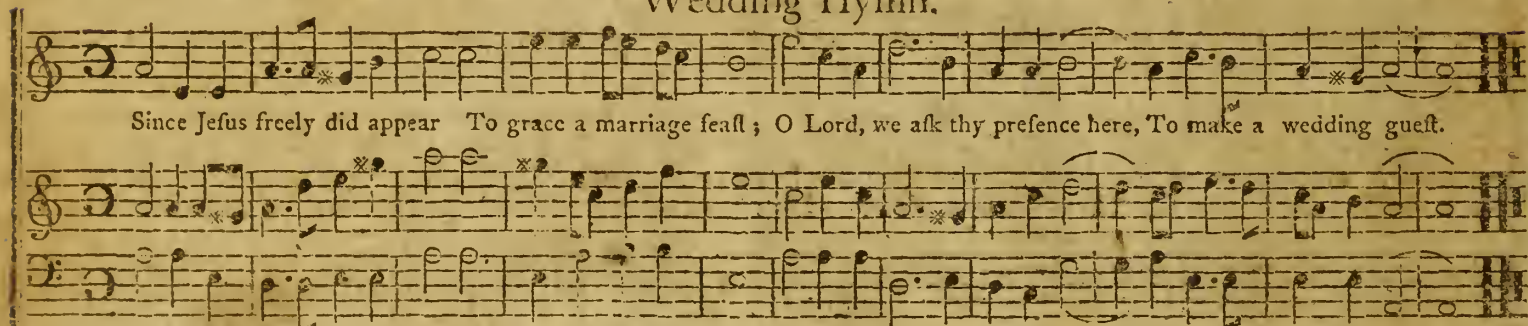
3 Come mourning souls, dry up your tears,  
And banish all your guilty fears ;  
And see the guilt secure remov'd,  
'Tis cancell'd by redeeming love.

4 Come welcome all by sin oppress'd,  
Come welcome to this sacred rest ;  
There's nothing bro't him from above,  
Nothing but true redeeming love.

5 'Tis he subdues th' internal pow'rs,  
And his tremendous foes are ours :  
Our foes are from his empire drove,  
He's mighty in redeeming love.

- 6 Come hither and your music bring,  
Come strike aloud your joyful string;  
Come mortals join the praise above!  
He's mighty in redeeming love.
- 7 Come you who live in Babylon,  
Come hear the voice of Christ the Son;  
Arise my fair one and my dove,  
O come and taste redeeming love.
- 8 The angels that before him stand,  
They go and come at his command;  
Though they are seated high above,  
Never will taste redeeming love.
- 9 O surely happy now they be,  
Our God and Christ they daily see;  
They all in shining ranks there move,  
But ne'er will sing redeeming love.
- 10 O ye bright angels it is true,  
That I shall surely out-do you;  
When I shall reign with him above,  
Then I shall sing redeeming love.

## Wedding Hymn.

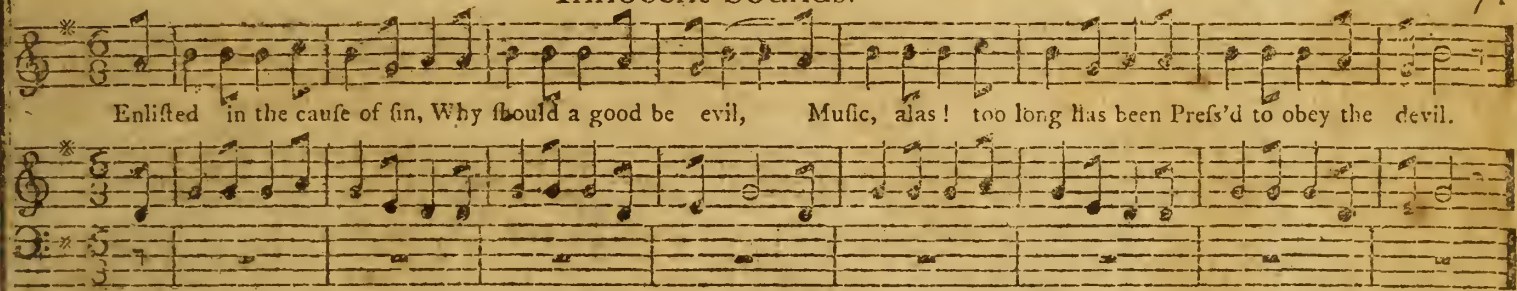


- 2 Upon the bridal pair look down,  
Who now have plighted hands,  
Their union with thy favour crown,  
And bless the nuptial bands.
- 3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,  
Of all rich dowries best!  
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,  
To sweeten all the rest.
- 4 In purest love their souls unite,  
That they with christian care,  
May make domestic burdens light,  
By taking each their share.
- 5 True helpers may they prove indeed,  
In pray'r and faith, and hope;  
And see with joy a godly seed,  
To build their household up.
- 6 As Isaac and Rebecca, give  
A pattern chaste and kind;  
So may this marry'd couple live,  
And die in friendship join'd.
- 7 On ev'ry soul assembled here,  
O make thy face to shine;  
Thy goodness more our hearts than cheer,  
Than richest food or wine.

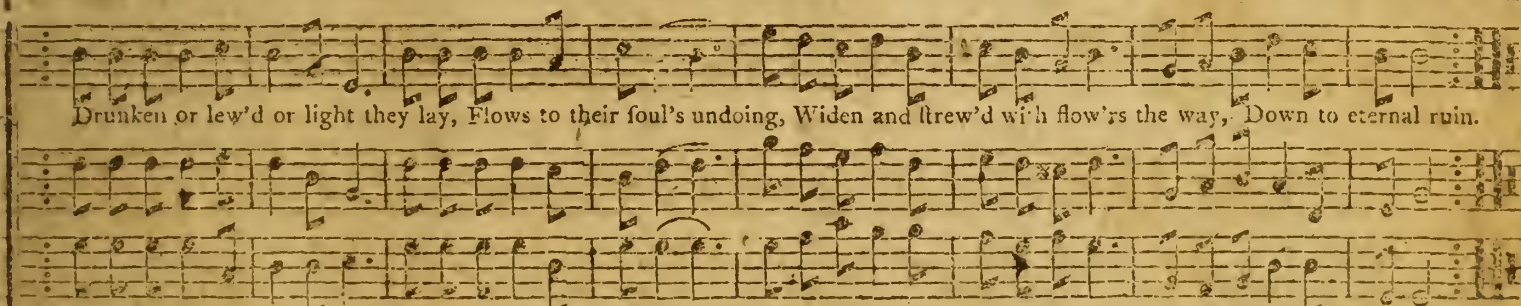


# Innocent Sounds.

71



Drunken or lew'd or light they lay, Flows to their soul's undoing, Widen and strew'd with flow'rs the way, Down to eternal ruin.



2 Who, on the part of God, will rise,  
Innocent sounds recover;  
Fly on the prey, and seize the prize,  
Plunder the carnal love:  
Snip him of every moving strain,  
Of every melting measure;  
Music in virtue's cause retain,  
Risk the holy pleasure.

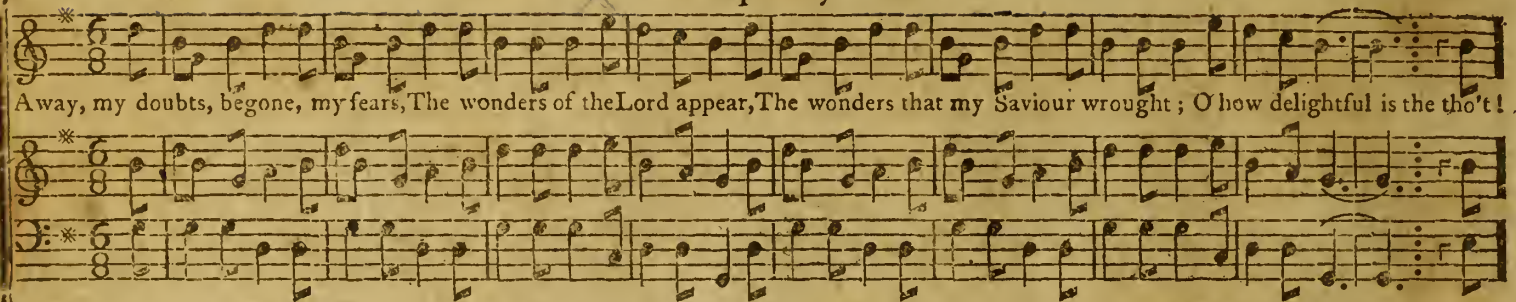
3 Come let us try if Jesus' love  
Will not as well inspire us;  
This is the theme of those above,  
This upon earth should fire us:  
Try if your hearts are tun'd to sing?  
Is there a subject greater?  
Harmony all its strains may we bring,  
Jesus' name is sweeter.

4 Jesus the soul of music is,  
His is the noblest passion;  
Jesus' name is life and peace,  
Happiness and salvation:  
Jesus' name the dead can raise,  
Show us our sins forgiven,  
Fill us with all the life of his grace,  
Carry us up to heaven.

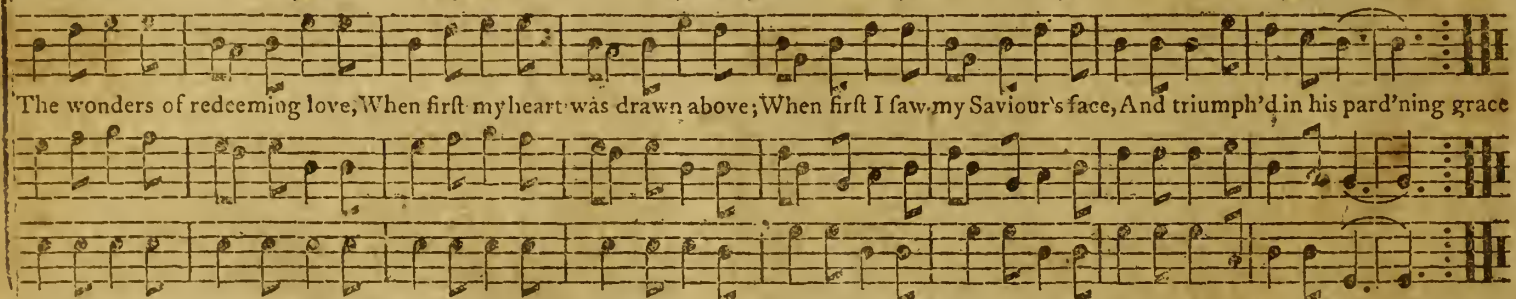
5 Then let us in his praises join, Triumph in his salvation;  
Glory ascribe to love divine, Worship and adoration.

Heaven already is begun, Open'd to each believer,  
Only believe, and still sing on, Heaven is ours for ever.

# Tranquility.



The wonders of redeeming love, When first my heart was drawn above; When first I saw my Saviour's face, And triumph'd in his pard'ning grace



3 Pursue my thoughts, this pleasing theme,  
'Twas not a fancy nor a dream;  
'Twas grace descending from the skies,  
And shall be marvellous in my eyes.

4 Long had I mourn'd, like one forgot,  
Long had my soul for comfort sought,  
Jesus was witness to my tears,  
And Jesus sweetly calm'd my fears.

5 The powers of hell in vain combin'd To tempt or interrupt my mind  
I saw, and sung in joyful strains, The monster Satan held in chains.

5 He cleans'd my soul, he chang'd my dress,  
And cloth'd me with his righteousness;  
He spoke at once my sins forgiven,  
And I rejoic'd as if in heav'n.

6 How was I struck with sweet surprise,  
While glory shone before my eyes!  
How did I sing from day to day,  
And wish'd to sing my soul away!

7 The world with all its pomp withdrew,  
'Twas less than nothing in my view;  
Redeeming love was all my theme,  
And life appear'd an idle dream.

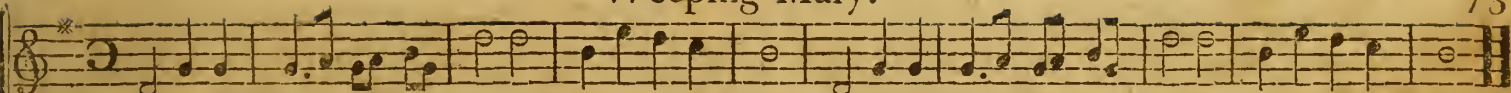
8 I gloried in my Saviour's grace;  
I sang my great Redeemer's praise;  
My soul now long'd to soar away,  
And leave her tenement of clay.

10 These are the wonders I record, The marvellous goodness of the Lord  
O for a tongue to speak his praise, To tell the triumphs of his grace!

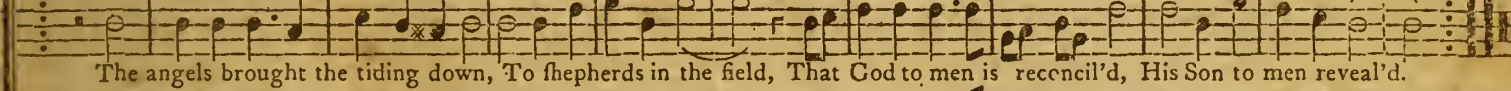
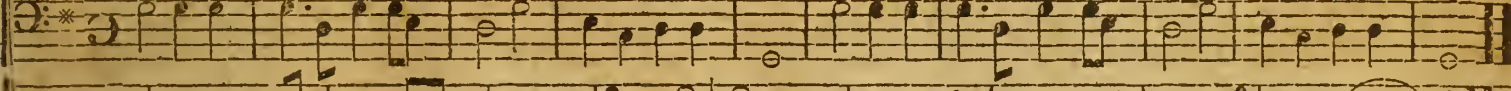
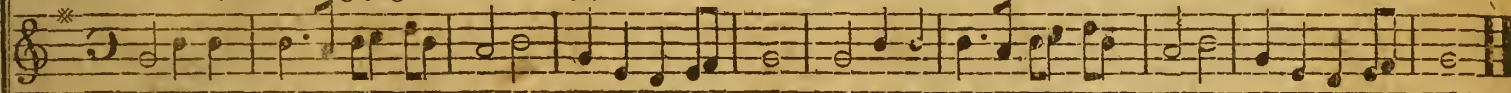


# Weeping Mary.

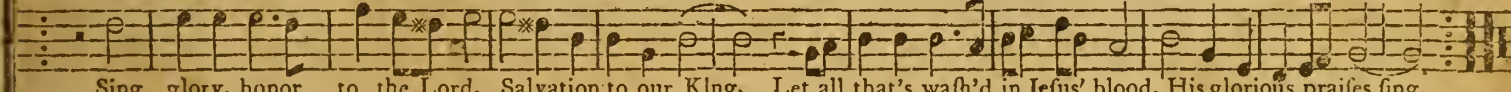
73



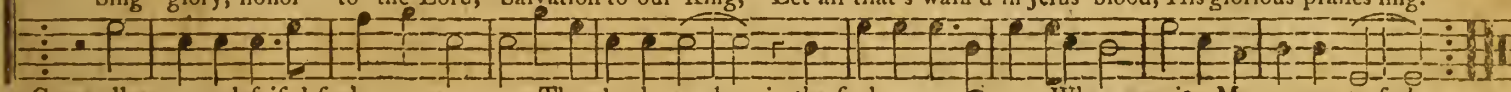
Come all ye mourning pilgrims now, The joyful news I'll tell, The Lord hath sent salvation down, To save our souls from hell.



The angels brought the tiding down, To shepherds in the field, That God to men is reconcil'd, His Son to men reveal'd.



Sing glory, honor to the Lord, Salvation to our King, Let all that's wash'd in Jesus' blood, His glorious praises sing.



3 Come all ye poor despised souls,  
Unto his fields repair ;  
When God his boundless love unfolds,  
And says he'll meet us there.

CHORUS....Sing glory, honor, &c.

4 His glorious praises fill our souls  
With songs of loudest praise ;  
Let all that want a Saviour dear,  
Their hearts and voices raise.

CHORUS....Sing glory, honor, &c.

5 There's glory, glory in the soul,  
It came from heav'n above,  
Which makes me praise my God so bold,  
And his dear children love.

CHORUS....Sing glory, honor, &c.

6 I'll serve the bleeding Lamb of God,  
I love his ways so well ;  
Because his precious blood was spilt,  
To save my soul from hell.

CHORUS....Sing glory, honor, &c.

7 When weeping Mary came to seek  
Her Lord with a perfume ;  
The napkin and the sheet she found,  
Together in the tomb.

CHORUS....Sing glory, honor, &c.

8 The angels said, He is not here ;  
He's risen from the dead ;  
And streams of grace to sinners flow,  
As free as did his blood.

CHORUS....Sing glory, honor, &c.



## Ransom.

The God I trust, is true and just, His mercy hath no end :      Himself hath said, my ransom's paid, And I on him depend.

Himself, &c.

Himself, &c.

2 Then why so sad, my soul ? though bad,  
 Thou hast a friend that's good,  
 He bought thee dear, abandon fear,  
 He bought thee with his blood.

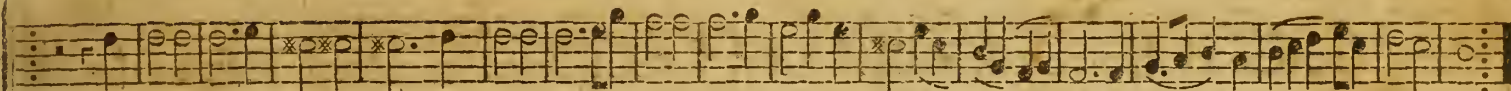
3 So rich a cost can ne'er be lost,  
 Though faith be try'd by fire :  
 Keep Christ in view, let God be true,  
 And ev'ry man a liar.

## Ode to Science.

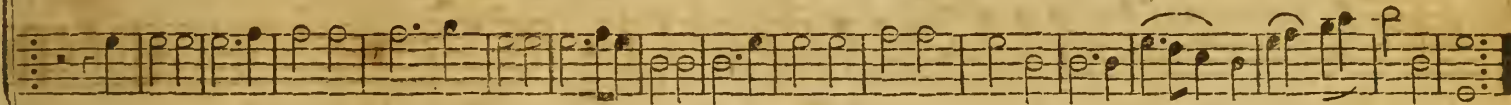
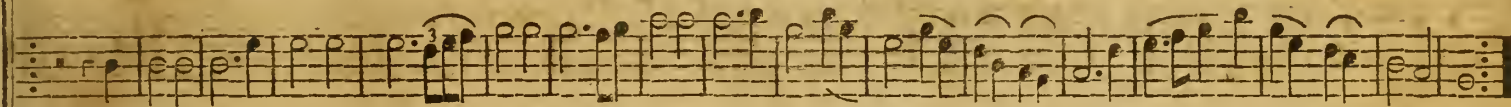
The morning sun shines from the east, And spreads her glories to the west, All nations with her beams are blest, Where'er his radiant light appears.

# Ode to Science. *Continued.*

75



So science spreads her lighted ray, O'er lands which long in darkness lay, She visits fair Columbia, And sets her sons among the stars.

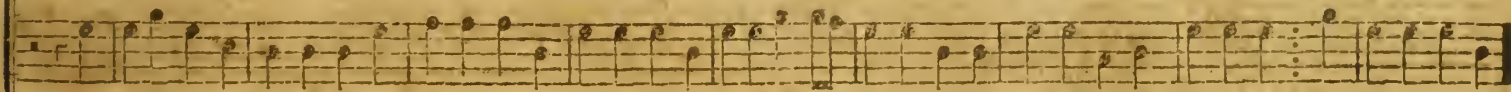
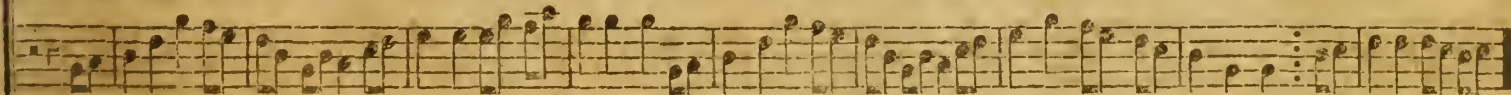


*Quick and Lively.*

*Brisk.*



Fair freedom her attendant, waits To bless the portals of her gates, To crown the young & rising states, With laurels of immortal day; The British yoke, the



Ode to Science. *Continued.*

galic chain, Was urg'd upon our sons in vain ; All haughty tyrants we disdain, And shout long live America. America.

## A Parting Blessing.

Jesus, grant us all a blessing, Send it down, Lord, from above ; May we all go home a praying, And



# A Parting Blessing. Continued.

77

## CHORUS.

rejoicing in thy love. Farewel, brethren, farewel, sisters, Till we all shall meet again.

The musical notation consists of three staves. The first staff contains the melody with lyrics underneath. The second and third staves provide harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

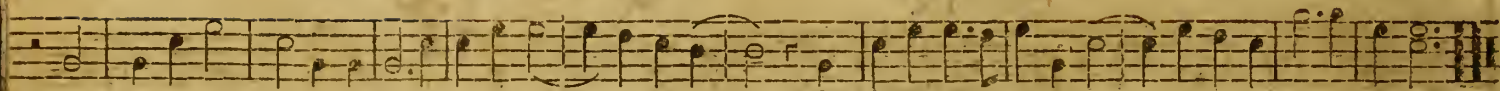
2 Jesus, pardon all our follies, Since together we have been ;  
Make us humble, make us holy, Cleanse us all from ev'ry sin.  
CHORUS....Farewell, Brethren, &c.

3 May thy blessing, Lord, go with us, To each one's respective home ;  
And the presence of our Jesus Rest upon us ev'ry one.  
CHORUS....Farewell, Brethren, &c.

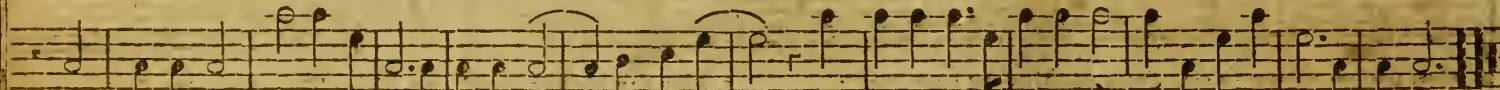
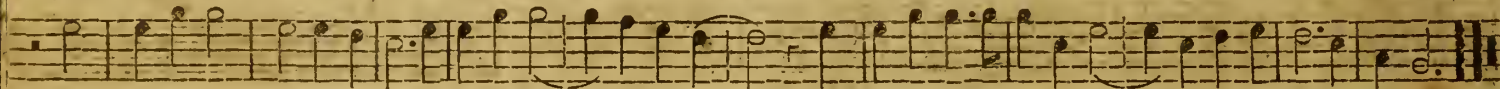
## Mourning Souls.

Poor mourning souls in deep distress, Making sad lamentation, Find themselves dead in wickedness, And under condemnation ;

The musical notation consists of three staves. The first staff contains the melody with lyrics underneath. The second and third staves provide harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.



While thunder bolts from Sinai's mount, Do sound with loudest terror, And they as not'd in God's account, Are drown'd in grief & sorrow.



2 Ah ! woe is me that I was born, Or ever had beginning ;  
I would have had untimely birth, Or had no future being ;  
Or else had dy'd when I was young, I might have been forgiven,  
And might, like babes, with harmless tongues been praising God in heav'n.

3 But here I am in deep distress, Most worn away with trouble ;  
Day after day I seek for peace, But find my sorrows double.  
Saith satan, fatal is your state, Times past you might repented,  
But now you see it is too late, So make yourself contented.

4 How can I live, how can I breathe Under this sore temptation,  
Conclude my day of grace is o'er ? Lord, hear my lamentation :  
For I am weary of my life, Of pains and bitter crying ;  
My wants are great, my mind's in strait, My spirit's almost dying.

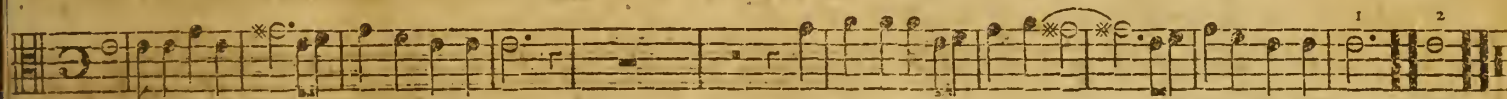
5 But who is he that looketh forth, Sweet as the blooming morning,  
Fair as the moon, clear as the sun, 'Tis Jesus Christ adorning.  
Jesus can clothe my naked soul ; Jesus for me hath died ;  
And now I can with pleasure sing, My wants are all supplied.

6 How can I stay, God calls await, And I must now be holy,  
See Jesus comes to close my eyes, Soon I shall go to glory.  
My Jesus calls and I must go ; Farewell to all things earthly,  
I must be gone, God calls me home, To sing to him more sweetly.

7 Farewell, vain world, I bid adieu ; My Jesus is most holy ;  
Fain would I be with Christ above, Singing to him in glory.  
My trust is now in Jesus' name, And in his arms is pleasure ;  
Say, will you trust in Jesus' name, When he's the bleeding Saviour.

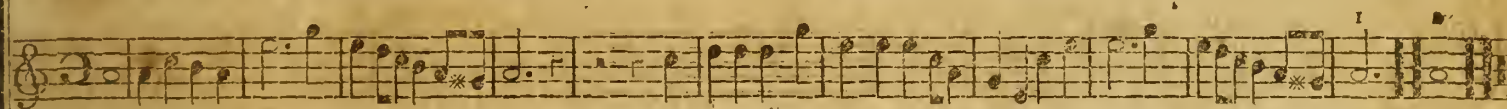


I ran the roads of sin and death, With rash impetuous haste.

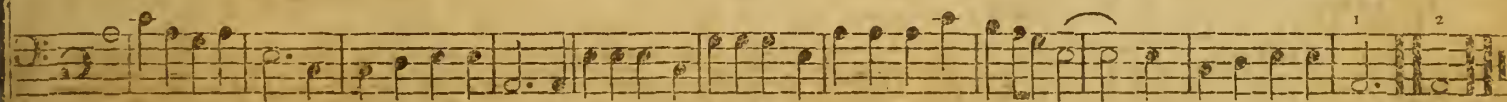


My God, when I reflect, How all my life time past

I ran the roads of sin and death, With rash impetuous haste.



I ran the roads of sin and death With rash impetuous haste, With rash, &c.



I ran the roads of sin and death, I ran the roads of sin and death With rash, &c.

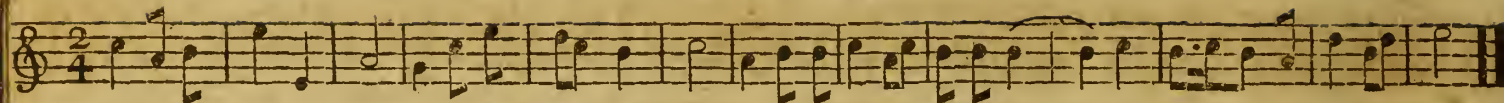
2 My foolishness I hate,  
My filthiness I loath;  
A view, with sharp remorse and shame,  
My guilt and folly both.  
3 With some the tempter takes  
Much pains to make them mad;  
But he he found, and always held,  
The easiest fool he had.

4 His deep and dang'rous lies  
So grossly I believ'd;  
He was not readier to deceive,  
Than I to be deceiv'd.  
5 His light aerial dreams  
I took for solid good;  
And thought his base, adulterate coin  
The riches of thy blood.

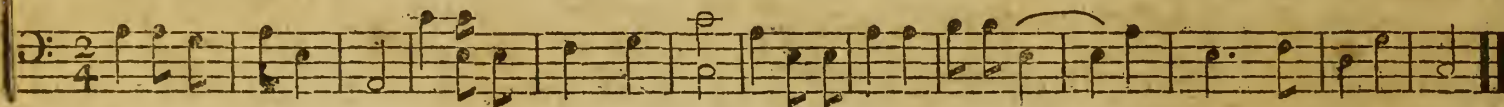
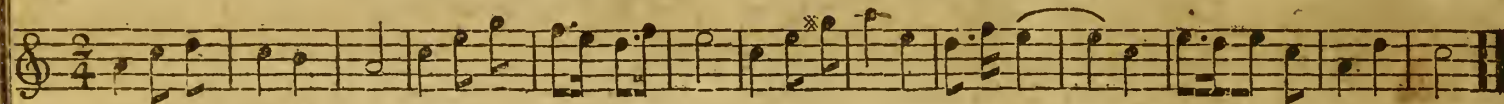
6 And dost thou still regard,  
And cast a gracious eye  
On one so foul, so base, so blind,  
So dead, so lost, as I?  
7 Then sinners black, as hell,  
May hence for hope have ground,  
For who of mercy need despair,  
Since I have mercy found?



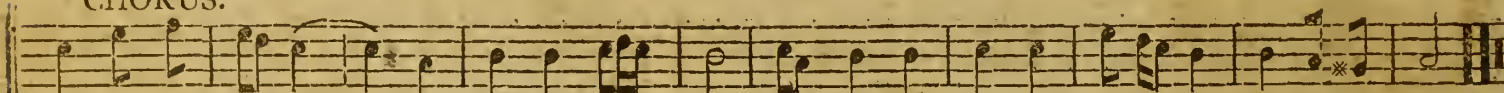
## Golden Streets.



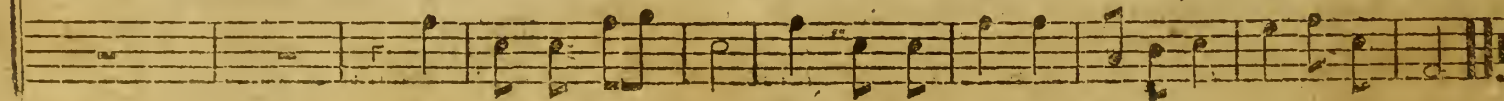
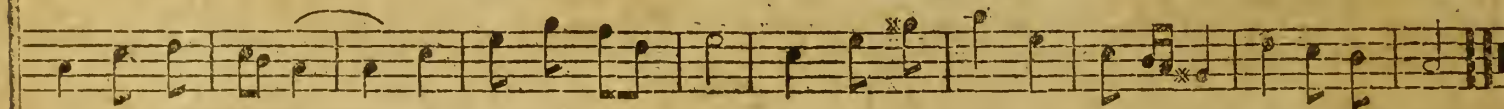
Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song ~~v~~ sweet accord, And thus surround the throne.



## CHORUS.



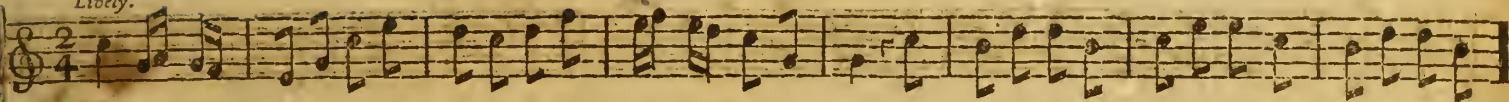
O! helle - lujah, O! halle - lu - jah. O! halle - lujah, We are on our journey home.



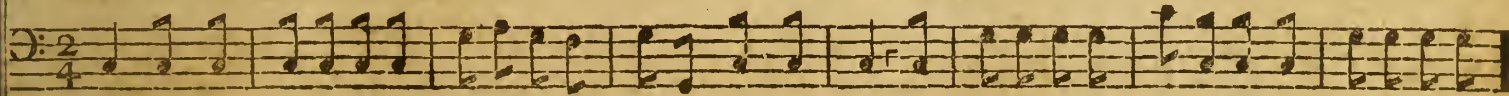
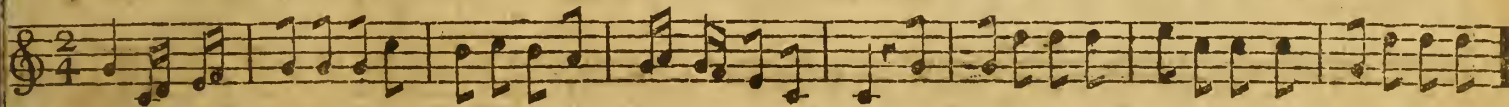
# The Appletree.

81

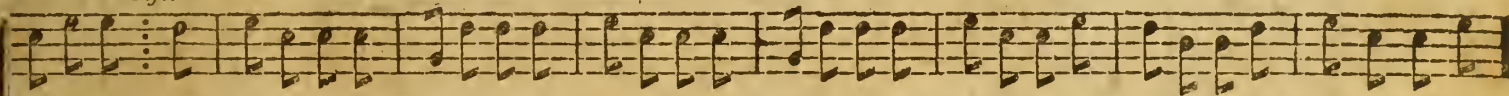
*Lively.*



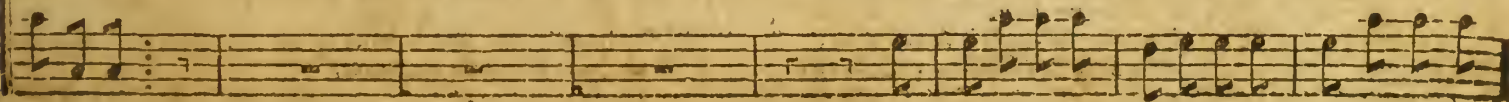
The tree of life, my soul hath seen, Laden with fruit and always green; The trees of nature fruitless be, Compar'd with Christ the



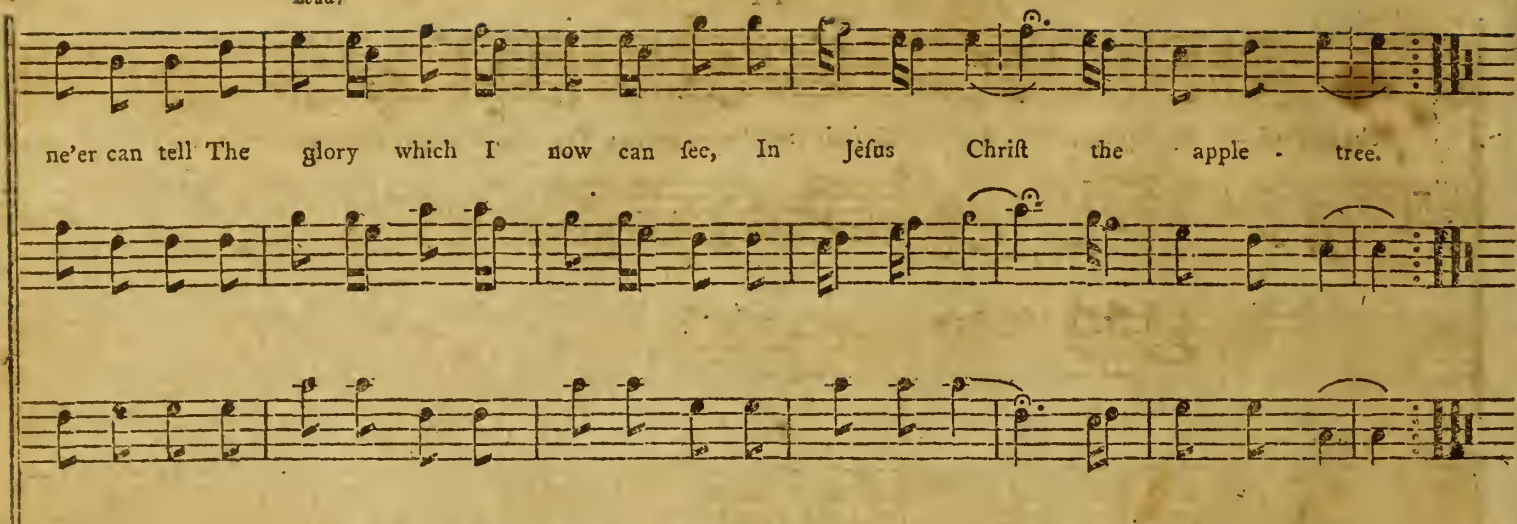
*Soft.*



appletree. This beauty doth all things excel, By faith I know, but ne'er can tell, This beauty doth all things excel, By faith I know, but



I.

The Appletree. *Continued.**Loud.*

3 For happiness I long have sought,  
And pleasure dearly I have bought ;  
I mis'd of all, but now I see  
'Tis found in Christ the appletree.

4 I'm weary'd with my former toil,  
Here I shall set and rest a while ;  
Under the shadow I will be,  
Of Jesus Christ the appletree.

5 With great delight I'll make my stay,  
There's none shall fright my soul away ;  
Among the sons of men I see,  
There's none like Christ the appletree.

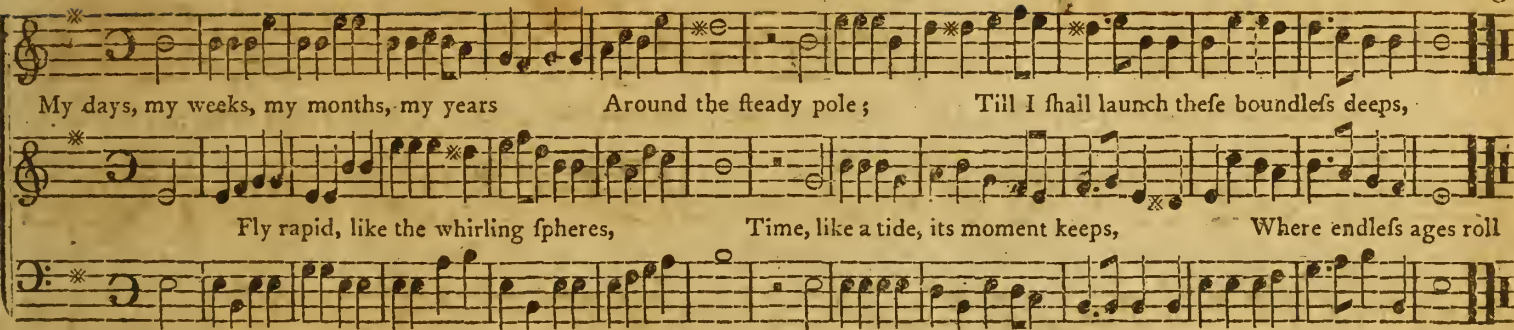
6 I'll sit and eat this fruit divine,  
It cheers my heart like spir'tual wine ;  
And now this fruit is sweet to me,  
That grows on Christ the appletree.

7 This fruit doth make my soul to thrive,  
It keeps my dying faith alive ;  
Which makes my soul in haste to be  
With Jesus Christ the appletree.



# The Swiftmess of Time.

83



My days, my weeks, my months, my years

Around the steady pole;

Till I shall launch these boundless deeps,

Fly rapid, like the whirling spheres,

Time, like a tide, its moment keeps,

Where endless ages roll

2 The grave is near the cradle seen;  
How swift the moments pass between,  
And whisper as they fly:

Unthinking man! remember this,  
Thou, 'midst thy sublunary bliss,  
Must groan, and gasp, and die!

3 My soul attend the solemn call;  
Thine earthly tent must quickly fall,  
And thou must take thy flight  
Beyond the vast extensive blue,  
To love and sing as angels do,  
Or sink in endless night.

4 Eternal bliss, eternal woe  
Hangs on this inch of time below—  
On this precarious breath:  
The God of nature only knows,  
Whether another year shall close,  
Ere I expire in death.

5 Long ere the sun shall run its round,  
I may be bury'd under ground,  
And there in silence rot!  
Alas! one hour may close the scene,  
And ere twelve months may roll between,  
My name be quite forgot.

6 But shall my soul be then extinct,  
Or cease to live, or cease to think?  
It cannot, cannot be;  
Thou my immortal, cannot die,  
What wilt thou do, or whither fly,  
When death shall set thee free?

7 Will mercy then its arm extend,  
Will Jesus be thy guardian friend,  
And heav'n thy dwelling place?  
Or shall insulting fiends appear  
To drag thee down to dark despair,  
Beyond the reach of grace?

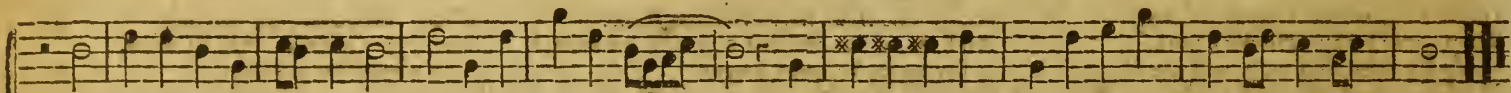
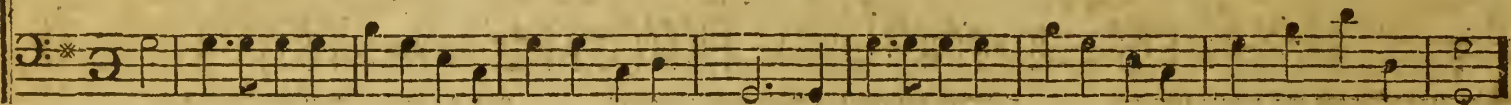
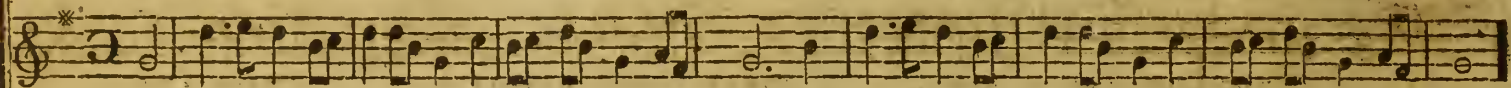
8 A heaven or hell or these alone,  
Beyond this mortal life are known—  
There is no middle state;  
To-day attend the call divine,  
To-morrow may be none of thine,  
Or it may be too late.

9 O! do not pass this life in dreams,  
Vast is the change, whate'er it seems,  
To poor unthinking men;  
Lord, at thy footstool I would bow,  
Bid conscience tell me plainly now,  
What it will tell me then.

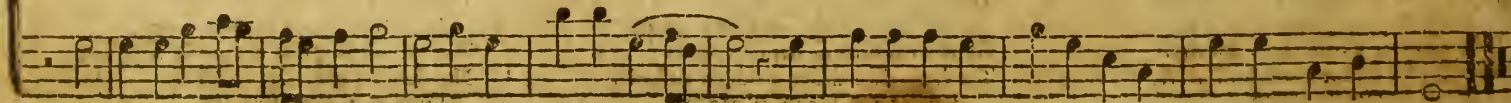
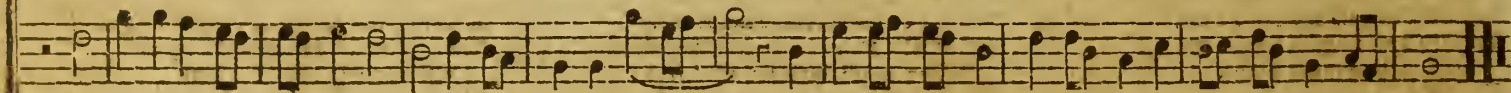
10 If in destruction's road I stray,  
Help me to choose that better way,  
Which leads to joys on high;  
Thy grace impart, my guilt forgive,  
Nor let me ever dare to live  
Such as I dare not die.



The glorious day is drawing near, When Zion's light shall come ; She shall arise and shine on high, Bright as the morning sun.



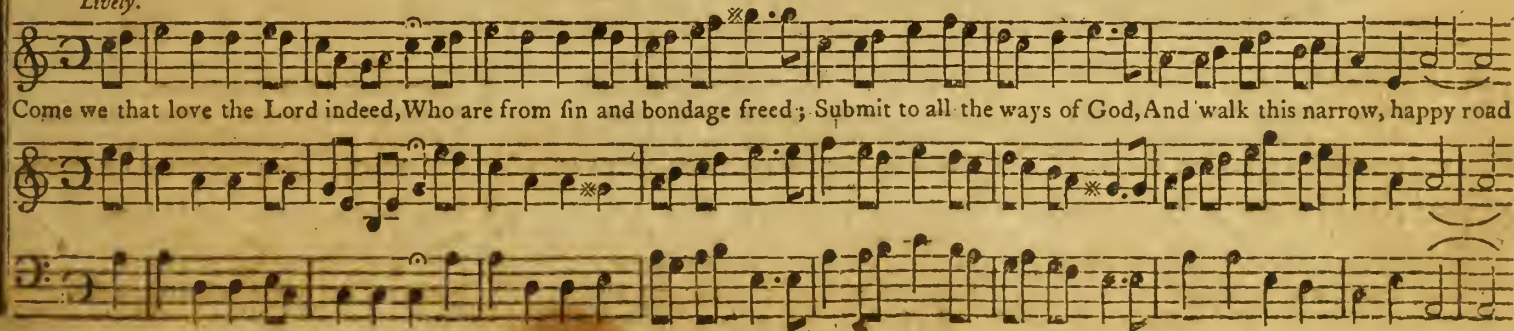
The North and South their suns resign, And earth's foundation bend, Deck'd as a bride, Jerusalem, All glorious shall descend.



- 3 The King who bears the glory's come,  
Where is his flaming bow?  
The holy city shall come down,  
To bless the church below.
- 4 Then Zion's bleeding, conquering King  
Shall sin and death destroy;  
The different stars together sing,  
And Zion shouts for joy.
- 5 The holy, bright musician band,  
Who sing on harps of gold,  
Just by the court along they stand,  
Where gentle numbers roll.
- 6 Descending on such gentle strains,  
Jehovah they'll adore;  
Such shouts thro' earth's extensive plains,  
Was never heard before.
- 7 Let satan boast and rage no more,  
Nor think his reign is long;  
Tho' saints are feeble, weak, and poor,  
Their great Redeemer's strong.
- 8 In storms, he is their hiding place,  
A covert from the wind;  
Streams from the rock, in th' wilderness  
Runs down this desert land.
- 9 This glorious stream runs down from heav'n  
It issues from the throne;  
The floods of strife away are driven,  
The church becomes but one.
- 10 A thousand years shall roll around,  
The church shall be complete;  
Led by the glorious trumpet's sound,  
Their Saviour then to meet.
- 11 They'll mount with joy, they'll rise on high  
They'll fly to Jesus' arms,  
And gaze with wonder and delight,  
On their Beloved's charms.
- 12 Like apples fair, their beauties are, To feed and cheer the mind,  
Not earthly fruit, such like doth bear, Nor flaggons full of wine.
- 13 Their trouble's o'er, they'll grieve no more, But sing on harps of joy  
In raptures sweet, in bliss complete, And feast, and never cloy.

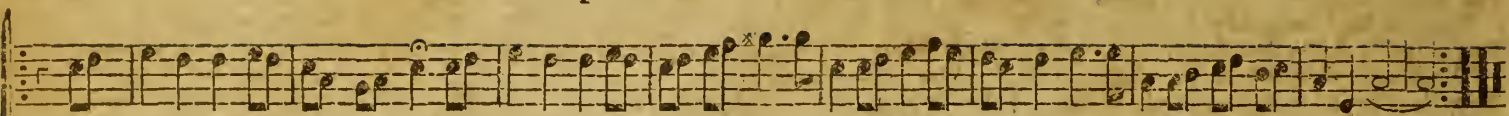
### Separation.

*Lively.*

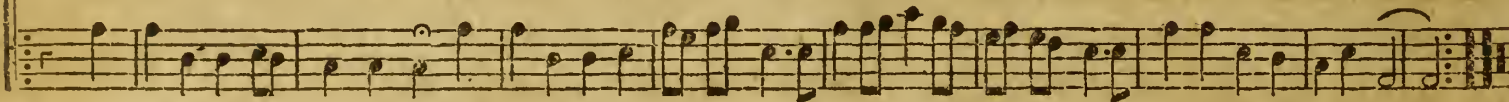
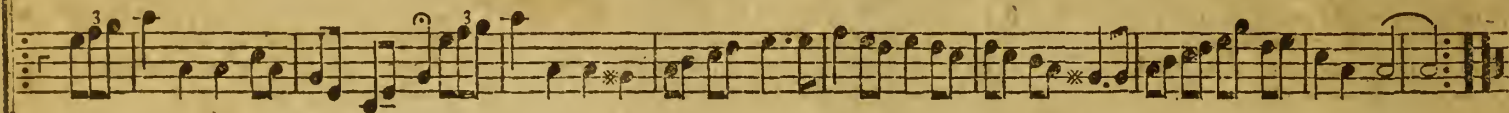




## Separation. Continued.



Great tribulation you shall meet, But soon shall walk the golden street, Tho' hell may rage & vent her spite, Yet Christ will save his heart's delight



3 The happy day will soon appear,  
When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear,  
Sound thro' the earth, yea, down to hell,  
To call the nations great and small.

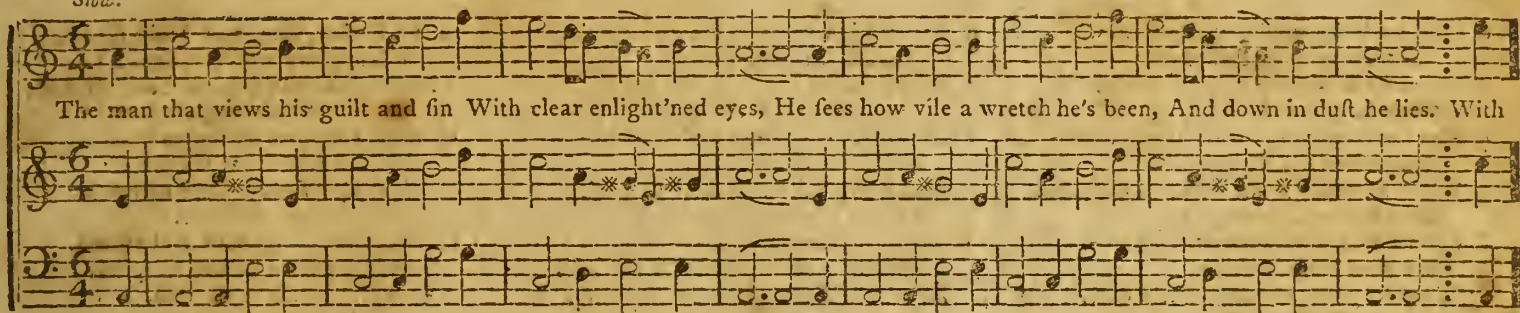
4 Behold the skies in burning flame,  
The trumpets louder still proclaim.  
The world must hear and know their doom,  
The separation now is come.

5 Behold the righteous marching home,  
And all the angels bid them come;  
Whilst Christ the Judge their joy proclaims  
Here comes my saints, I own their names.

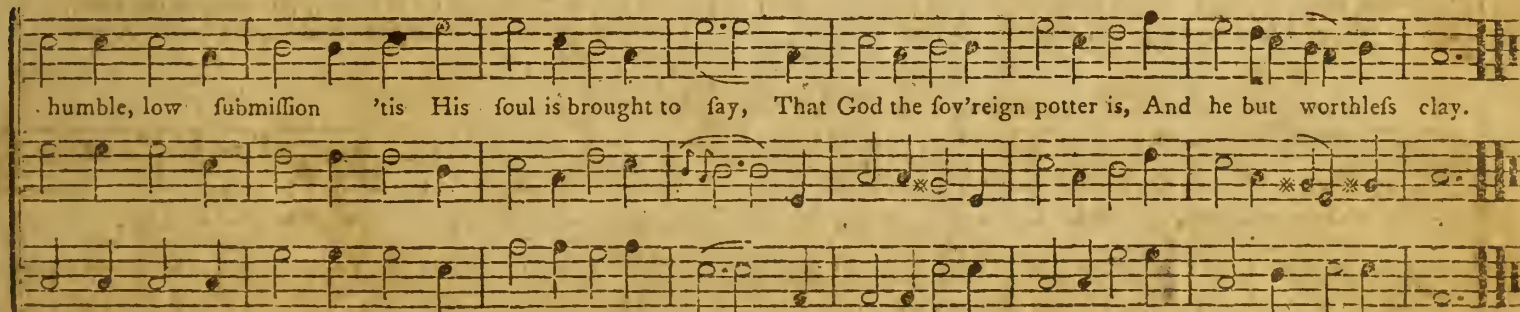
6 Ye everlasting doors fly wide,  
Make room for to receive my bride;  
Ye harps of heav'n, come sound aloud,  
Here comes the purchase of my blood.

7 In grandeur see the royal lines,  
Whose glit'ring robes the sun outshines;  
See saints and angels join in one,  
And march in splendour round the throne.

8 They stand in wonder and look on,  
And join in one eternal song;  
Their great Redeemer to admire,  
While rapture sets their hearts on fire.

*Slow.*

The man that views his guilt and sin With clear enlight'ned eyes, He sees how vile a wretch he's been, And down in dust he lies. With



humble, low submission 'tis His soul is brought to say, That God the sov'reign potter is, And he but worthless clay.

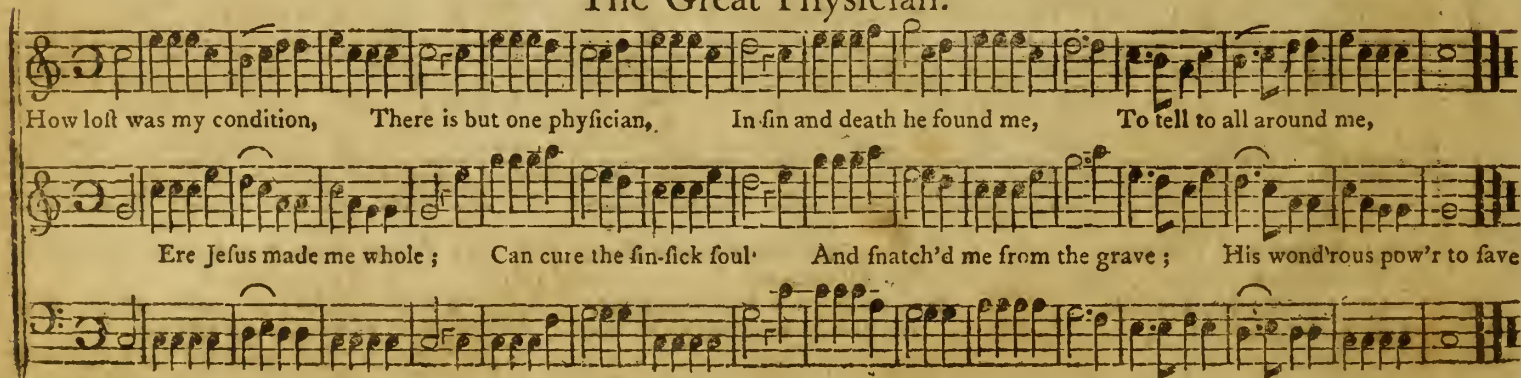
3 His views are just and adequate,  
He sees it would be right  
If God should fix his future state  
In black, eternal night.

4 He gives it in both free and frank,  
His all he then resigns ;  
He's willing now to sign a blank,  
And God should write the lines.

5 But yet he can't despair of grace,  
He wrestles with his God,  
And begs his precious soul might taste,  
The merits of his blood.

- 6 He pleads the merits of the Lamb,  
That his poor soul might live;  
He can't be willing to be damn'd,  
Such language he doth give.
- 7 The souls condemn'd to endless flames,  
Blasphe'me the God above,  
While heav'nly fairs on highest strains,  
Do praise redeeming love.
- 8 Should I be doom'd to endless woe,  
To burn forever more,  
'Twould never pay the debt I owe,  
Nor cancel all the score.
- 9 Ten million years in fire and smoke,  
Amidst the livid flames,  
Will gain no credit on the book,  
The debt is still the same.
- 10 But if by Christ my soul is freed,  
He will my surety stand,  
And every mite will then be paid,  
Which justice can demand.
- 11 If such a brand of fire as I  
Should now be pluck'd from hell,  
How would the winged seraphs fly,  
Such blessed news to tell.
- 12 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
What glory would redound !  
How would the spotless, heav'nly host,  
Their golden trumpets sound !
- 13 Must I despair of future bliss,  
And so withdraw my suit ?  
No, God forbid, since mercy is  
Thy darling attribute.
- 14 My ardent cries shall still ascend,  
While I have power to speak,  
And if I perish in the end,  
I'll die beneath thy feet.
- 15 The man that's brought to such a case, God won't his suit deny ;  
But he will give him saving grace, And lift his soul on high.
- 16 The one in three, and three in one, All glory is their due,  
From beings far above the sun, And human creatures too.

### The Great Physician.



How lost was my condition,      There is but one physician,      In sin and death he found me,      To tell to all around me,

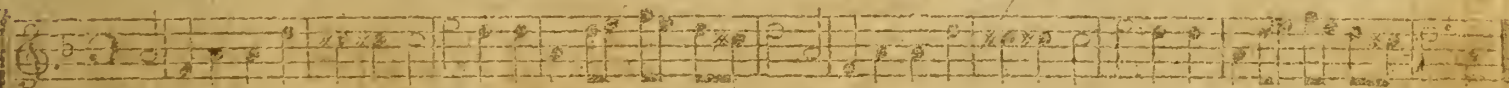
Ere Jesus made me whole ;      Can cure the sin-sick soul      And snatch'd me from the grave ;      His wond'rous pow'r to save



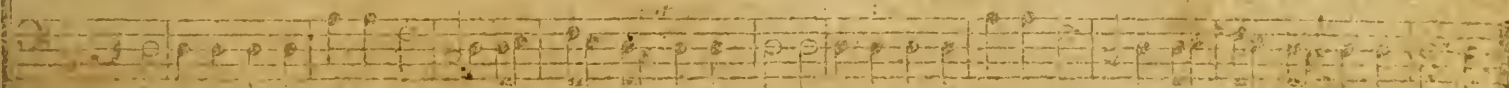
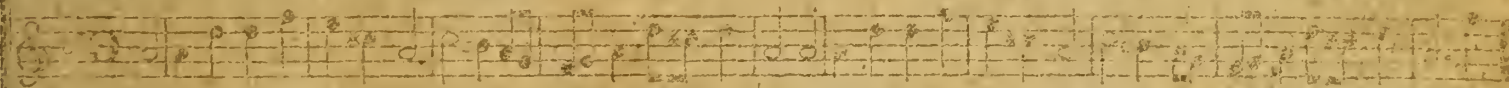
- 2 The worst of all diseases is light, compar'd with sin;  
On ev'ry part it seizes, but rages moit within.  
Tis palsy, plague, and fever, and madness all combin'd,  
There's none but a believer the least relief can find.
- 3 From men's great skill professing, I thought relief to gain,  
But this my woe increased, and added to my pain.  
Some said that nothing ail'd me, some gave me up for lost,  
Thus ev'ry refuge fail'd me, and all my hopes were cross'd.
- 4 At length this great Physician, how matchless is his grace,  
Accepted my petition, and undertook my cause.  
First gave me sight to view him, for sin my eyes had seal'd;  
Then bid me look unto him, I look'd, and I was heal'd.
- 5 A dying, risen Jesus, seen by an eye of faith:  
At once from danger freed me, and sav'd a soul from death!

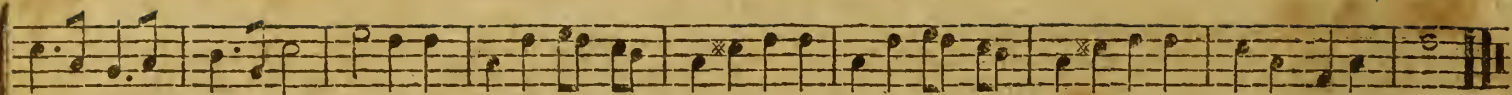
- Come then to this Physician, his help he'll freely give;  
He makes no hard condition, tis only look and live.
- 6 I found my soul deliver'd, my joys are from on high;  
By Christ I'm highly favour'd, I feel his coming nigh.  
He's brought me from destruction, and undertook my cause;  
From sin, death and affliction, my ransom'd soul he draws.
- 7 He draws me where or whither, I feel a warm desire,  
My soul aspires thither, wrapt in a car of fire:  
I see my foes a falling, my God he goes before;  
I hear his spirit calling, come tread the peaceful shore.
- 8 I see all heaven engaged, and God within me reigns,  
Which makes my soul enraged, that I have left their chains.  
O sinners, come, go with me, unto the realms above,  
To sing with shining millions, and praise redeeming love.

## Experience.

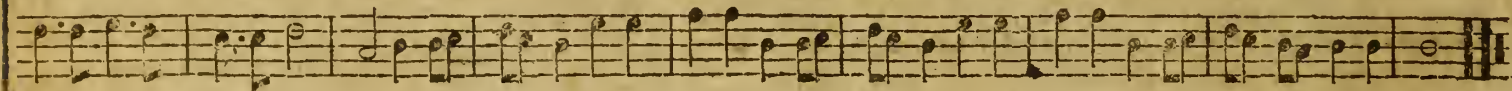
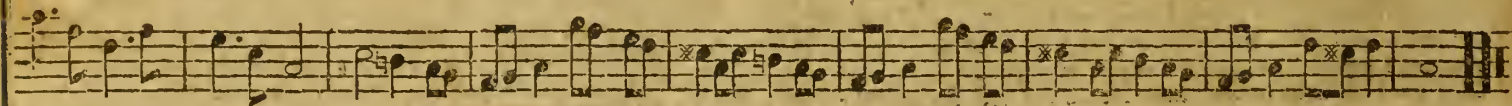


Come all ye saints and sinners near, Come listen a while and you shall hear The wonders of Almighty grace, Which see me free to sing his praise. Our





glorious Jesus, from the sky, He sa to me as he pass'd by, Awake, arise, depart and fly, Go hence, or you will surely die.



3 Mine eyes he open'd to behold  
The wonders I have never told ;  
Heaven and hell I thought I saw,  
And my poor soul in ruin lay.

4 I heard of Jesus, who they say,  
Could wash a sinner's sins away :  
How to find him I did not know,  
Nor how to meet with him below.

9 This glorious news I did believe,  
My sins and sorrows did me leave :  
My soul enraptur'd in his love,  
In hopes to go with him above—

5 My flesh did war against my soul,  
Temptation did me much controul ;  
The weeping saints I could not slight.  
Who fought their Jesus day and night.

6 The scandal of his cross I see,  
That scandal it would fall on me :  
But still I thought I did behold,  
I wanted Jesus more than gold.

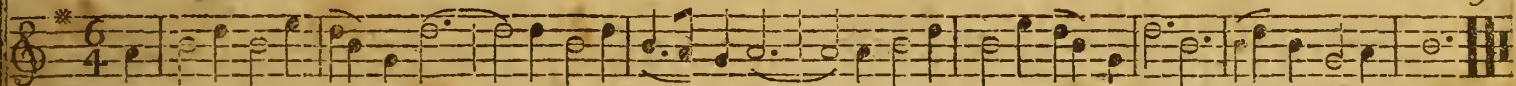
7 I laid me down to take my rest,  
Bemoaning of my dreadful case :  
I thought I would for mercy wait,  
But then I fear'd I'd come too late.

8 I little thought he'd been so nigh,  
His speaking made me smile and cry :  
He said, I'm come to you, my love,  
I have a place for you above.

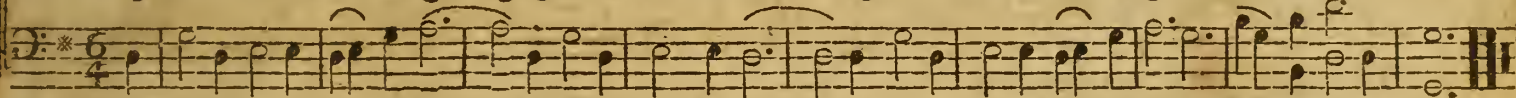
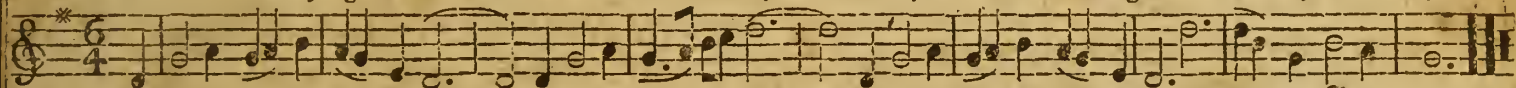
10 There for to set and sing and tell  
The wonders of Immanuel,  
While we shall join in songs divine,  
To praise him all his saints combine.

# The Tribunal.

91



And must I be to judgment bro't, And answer in that day, For ev'ry vain and idle thought, And ev'ry word I say?



2 Yes, ev'ry secret of my heart,  
Shall shortly be made known;  
And I receive my just desert,  
For all that I have done.

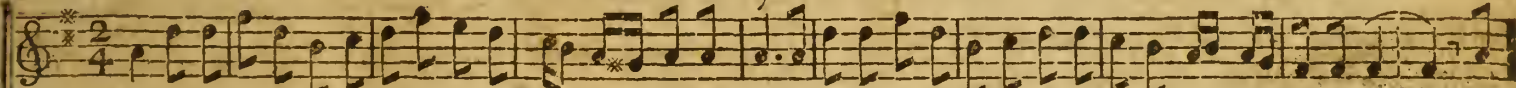
3 How careful then ought I to live;  
With what religious fear;  
Who such a strict account must give  
For my behaviour here?

4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,  
The watchful pow'r bestow!  
So shall I to my ways take heed,  
To all I speak or do.

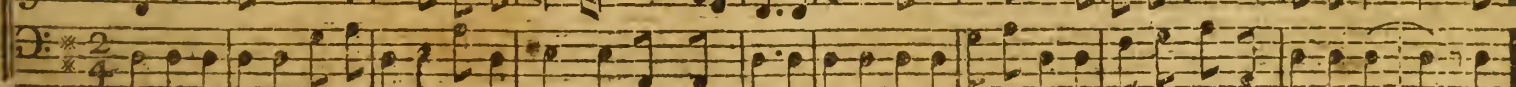
5 If now thou standest at the door, O let me feel thee near!

And make my peace with God, before I at thy bar appear.

# The Heavenly Contention.

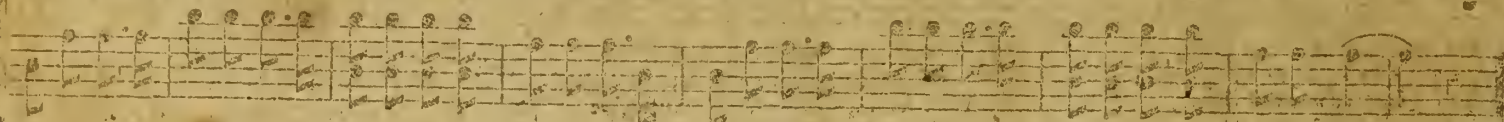
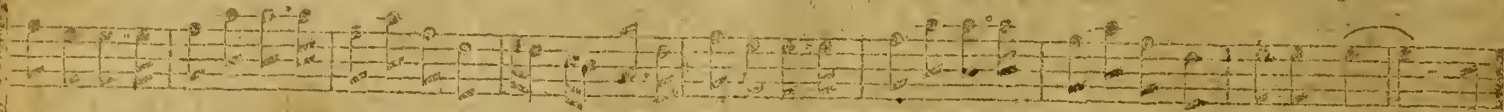
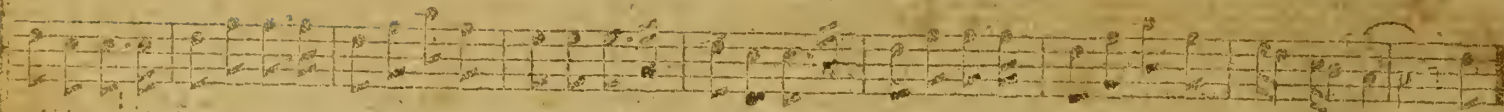


In heav'nly choirs a question rose, That stir'd up strife will never close, What rank of all the ransom'd race, Owes highest praise to sov'reign grace? Babes

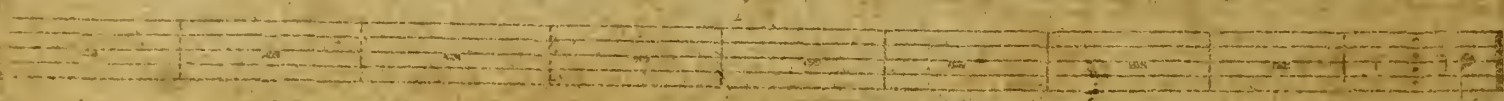
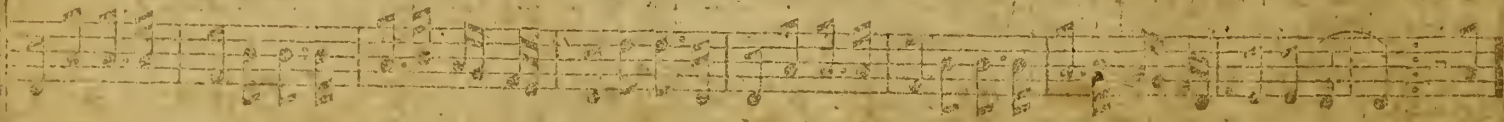




## The Heavenly Contention: Continued.



that arriv'd at riper age, Before they left the dusky stage, Thought grace deserv'd yet higher praise, That wash'd the blots of numerous days.





non, the war more close began, What praising harp should lead the van ; And which of grace's heav'nly peers Was deepest run in her arrears.



5 'Tis I, said one, 'bove all my race,  
Am debtor chief to glorious grace.  
Nay, said another, hark, I trow  
I'm more oblig'd to grace than you.

6 Stay, said a third, I deepest there  
In owing praise beyond compare ;  
The chief of singers, you'll allow,  
Must be the chief of singers now,  
7 Hold, said a fourth, I here protest  
My praise must outvie the rest ;  
For 'tis of all the human race  
The least mirage of grace.

8 Stop, said a fifth, these notes forbear,  
Lo ! 'tis the greatest wonder here ;  
For I of all the race that tell,  
I should the lowest place in hell.

9 I'll yield to none in this debate ;  
I'm run so deep in grace's debt,  
That sure I am, I boldly can  
Compare with all the heav'nly clan.

10 Quick o'er their heads a trump awoke,  
Your songs my very heart have spoke ;  
But ev'ry note you here propel,  
Belongs to me beyond you all.

11 The list'ning millions round about,  
With sweet resentment loudly shout ;  
What voice, is this, comparing notes,  
That to their song chief place allots ?

12 We can't allow of such a sound,  
That you alone have highest ground,  
To share the royalties of grace ;  
We claim the same adoring place.

13 What ! will no rival singer yield  
He has a match upon the field ?  
Come then, and let us all agree  
To praise upon the highest key.

14 Then jointly all the harpers' round,  
In mind unite, with solemn sound ;  
And strokes upon the highest string  
Made all the heav'nly arches ring.

15 Ring loud with hallelujahs high,  
To him who sent his Son to die ;  
And to the worthy Lamb of God,  
That took man's nature in his blood.

16 Free grace was sovereign empress crown'd  
In pomp, with joyful shouts around ;  
Assuming angels clad their wings,  
And it ruled grace on all their strings.

## Rejoice in thy Youth.

Young man, indulge thy passion, And lavish out thy youth, In ev'ry sinful fashon, And don't regard the truth; Nor

fear God's threat'ning ensigns, But what you list, that do, But know that this is seed time, There comes a harvest too.

The musical score is written on three systems of staves. The first system has two treble staves and one bass staff. The second system has one treble staff and one bass staff. The third system has one treble staff and one bass staff. The music is in a common time signature (C) and features various musical notations including notes, rests, and accidentals.

- 2 When God shall send his angels to reap his harvest down,  
The tares he'll bind in bundles, and flames shall clasp them round;  
The pit will close upon them, shut up in keen despair,  
And not a ray of sunbeam, shall ever reach them there!
- 3 Or are you at agreement, in league with death and hell,  
And by thy great achievements are sure that all is well?  
If you, like God, can thunder, and hast the keys of hell,  
I'll own we need not wonder if all at last is well.
- 4 But yet your glass is running, and vengeance yet doth wait,  
But soon the day is coming, when it will be too late;

- The jubilee is sounding, then don't be found, at last,  
God's holy spirit wounding, and you in darkness cast.
- 5 Wisdom has spread her table, a dying Saviour's love,  
The feast is not a fable, by coming we may prove;  
It leads to living fountains of overflowing grace,  
To Zion's fragrant mountains, where God unveils his face.
- 6 Then come receive instruction, ye children, and be wise,  
Before the threat'ning storm comes and sweeps away your lives,  
Lest you have this lamenting, when in a damned state,  
I have delay'd repenting, and now it is too late.

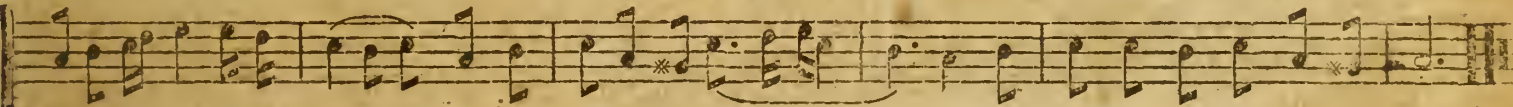
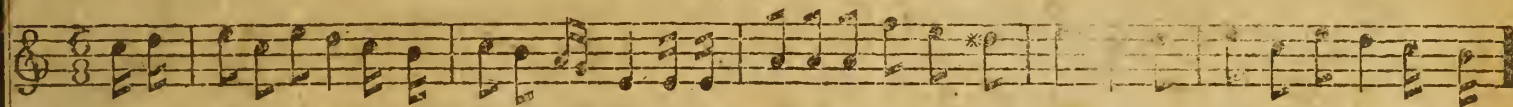


# Fellowship.

95



'Come away to the skies, My beloved, arise, And rejoice in the day thou wast born: On this festival day, Come ex-



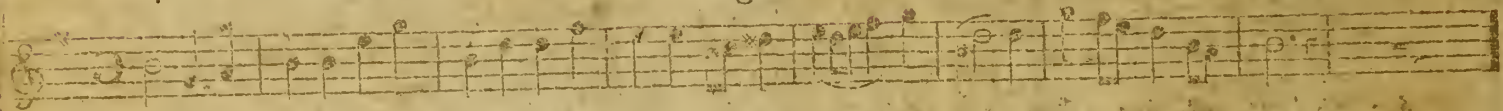
ulting away, And with sing - ing to Sion return - - - . And with singing to Sion return.



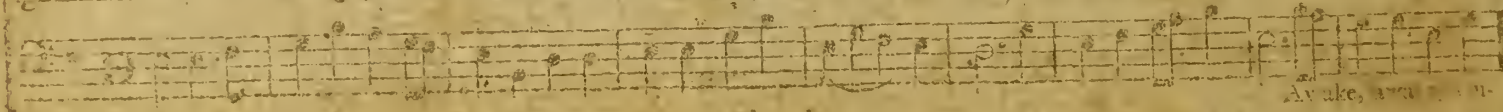
- 2 We have laid up our love and treasure above,  
Thou' our trials continue below;  
The redemption of the Lord, We remember his word,  
And with singing to paradise go.
- 3 With singing we praise the original grace,  
By our heavenly Father bestow'd:  
Our being receive from his bounty, and live  
To the honour and glory of God.
- 4 For thy glory we are created to share,  
Both the nature and kingdom divine;  
Created again, that our souls may remain  
In dirt and eternity shine.
- 5 With thanks we approve the design of thy love,  
Which hath join'd us in Jesus's name:

- So united in heart, that we never can part,  
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.
- 6 There, there at his feet, we shall suddenly meet,  
And be parted in body no more!  
We shall sing to our lyres, with the heavenly choir,  
And our Saviour in glory adore.
  - 7 Hallelujah we sing to our Father and King,  
And his rapturous praises repeat;  
To the Lamb that was slain, hallelujah again,  
Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet.
  - 8 In assurance of hope, we to Jesus look up,  
Till his banner unfurl'd in the air;  
From our graves we shall see, and cry out, It is He,  
And fly up to acknowledge him there.

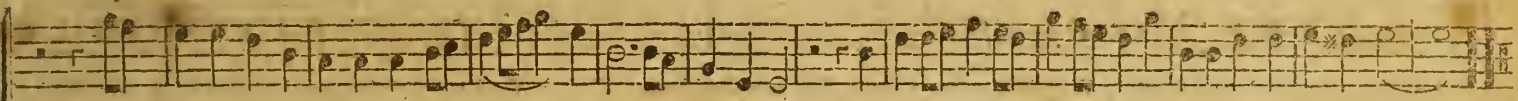
### Delight.



The triune God above, And Lord of all below, To sinners shews his love, Displays his justice too,



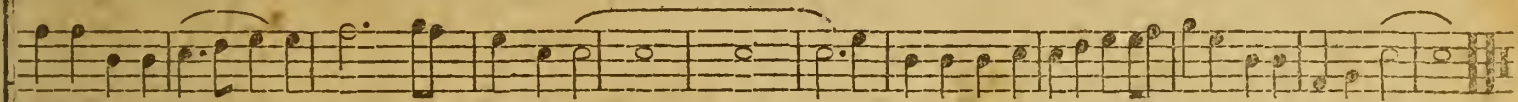
Awake, awake



A wake, awake, vindictive sword, Against my fellow, faith the Lord, Awake, awake, vindictive sword, against my fellow, &c.



wake, awake, vindictive sword, Against my fellow, faith the Lord, Awake,



dictive sword, Against my fellow, - faith the Lord, - - - - - Awake

2 Awake against the man,  
Omnipotent in pow'r,  
To execute my plan,  
Loft mortals to restore :  
Man has a load of guilt fo great,  
None but my Son can bear the weight.  
3 Him vengeance shall purfue,  
For man he muft atone ;  
To juftice what is due,  
His blood can pay alone.  
He fhall my righteous law fulfil ;  
He fhall accomplifh all my will.

N

4 The Lord of hofts commands,  
Th' eternal Father fpoke ;  
All heaven in f Silence ftands,  
While Jefus bears the ftroke.  
See guilty mortals ! fee, his fide  
For you was pierc'd ! for you he dy'd.  
5 Draw near th' accursed tree,  
In wonder loft, that love  
Could rife to that degree,  
Your fentence to remove !  
With weeping eyes his sorrows view,  
He groan'd, he bled, he dy'd for you.

6 O let me have your hearts,  
Your bleffings fhall increafe :  
To his he ftill imparts  
Both righteousnefs and peace.  
His grace fhall all your fins fubdue,  
He groan'd, he bled, he dy'd for you.  
7 Bought by his precious blood,  
You are no more your own ;  
Give up yourfelves to God,  
And live to him alone :  
Jefus will bear you conq'rors through,  
He groan'd, he bled, he dy'd for you.

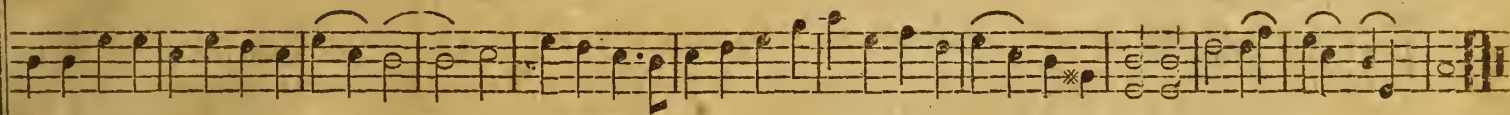


The reason why we love friendship, We will deny to no man, For how shall, how shall, how shall we be, Who are thus form'd for happiness, E'er

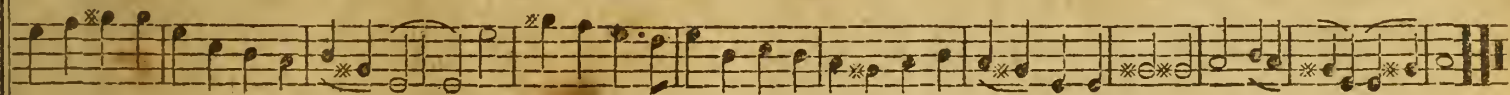
This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a common time signature (C). The middle and bottom staves are in bass clef. The music is written in a style typical of 18th-century hymnals, featuring various note values, rests, and repeat signs.

flight a loving christian, Since Jesus, Jesus dy'd on the tree, For to deliver men from violence and treason, That we might love each

This musical system also consists of three staves, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It maintains the same musical notation and structure.



other's voice and seek our soul's salvation, 'Twas love that mov'd the mighty God for to redeem the nations, That happy, happy we might be.



- 2 On the feast days, in ancient times,  
Our Jesus stood thus crying,  
That whoso thirsteth, let ev'ry man  
Come unto me and freely drink,  
And thus be sav'd from dying ;  
For surely there is none else that can

Quench the immortal thirst which in your hearts is glowing ;  
Then come and taste the streams of grace which are so freely flowing,  
Say'ng, drink my love, my only dove, for you it is a flowing,  
Then happy, happy you shall be.

- 3 Let us who have began to taste  
The sweets of this salvation,  
Come follow, follow, we'll follow on,  
Believe, and we shall overcome,  
Resisting all temptation ;  
Since Jesus, Jesus, Jesus was born.

Jesus with out-stretch'd arms, and voice that's so inviting,  
To pearly streams of purest joys, is thus our souls exciting ;  
Let us impart to him our hearts, with faith and love uniting,  
Then happy, happy we shall be.

4 Come, fellow pilgrims, let us run,  
 And follow our dear Saviour,  
 For he is, he is, he is the way,  
 That leadeth to immortal life,  
 Where he now sits in glory,  
 A waiting, waiting for his dear bride,  
 Who is a coming up through much sore tribulation,  
 Not loving of this present life unto its dissolution,  
 And then shall shine in robes divine, pure as the gold of ophir,  
 Then happy, happy we shall be.

5 Come let us sit our hearts above,  
 Where he is gone before us,  
 To prepare, prepare, prepare the way;  
 And trusting in the Lord of lords,  
 And throw our cares upon him,  
 For he is, he is Lord over all;  
 And God will freely give him unto them that love him,  
 How much more freely will he give to those that seek and serve him;  
 O trust my friends he'll not deceive, nor turn you away empty,  
 Then happy, happy we shall be.

6 Then let us lean upon his breast,  
 And work out our salvation,  
 And then we, then we never shall fall;  
 For so we enter into rest,  
 That glorious heav'nly kingdom,  
 Where pleasures, pleasures never shall cease.  
 Out of a pure heart do hear the word and keep it;  
 O then be careful not to turn from him who speaks from heav'n,  
 Who will appear in flames of fire, and will receive his children,  
 Then happy, happy we shall be.

7 Come, let us join in heart and hand,  
 And sing of our salvation,  
 Since Jesus, Jesus dy'd on the cross,  
 That we might drink the streams of love,  
 That's flowing from this fountain,  
 Of glory, glory, glory above.  
 Come, let us praise the hand that brought salvation to us,  
 While we were also great strangers to this our glorious Saviour;  
 O was there ever love like this, that he's bestow'd upon us?  
 How happy, happy we are made.

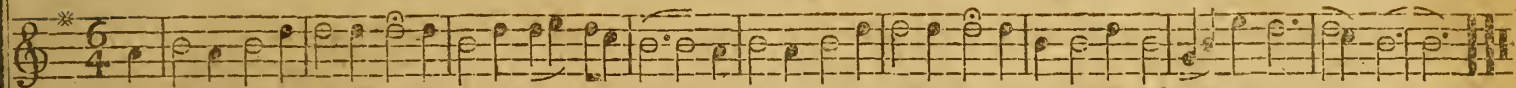
8 O shall we ever let this world,  
 Or nakedness or hunger,  
 To part us, part us, part us from him?  
 Nay, rather let us live to Christ,  
 And die for one another  
 Than ever, ever turn from our God,  
 Who's done so much for us, and also will protect us;  
 If always we do trust in him, he never will forsake us:  
 O put on courage, face the field, and he will fight the battle,  
 How happy, happy, happy we.

9 The time is short we have to fight,  
 Come let us put on courage;  
 Believe, believe and we shall overcome  
 And gain that glorious world of light,  
 Which is prepar'd for all that  
 Are waiting, waiting for Christ to come.  
 Then the Bridegroom will say, come hither ye beloved,  
 All ye that suffer'd for my sake, receive a crown of glory:  
 All this I bought with my own blood for to bestow upon you,  
 That happy, happy you might be.

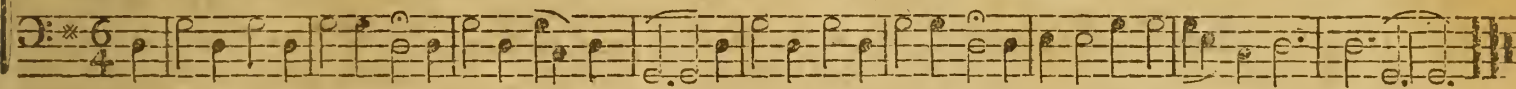
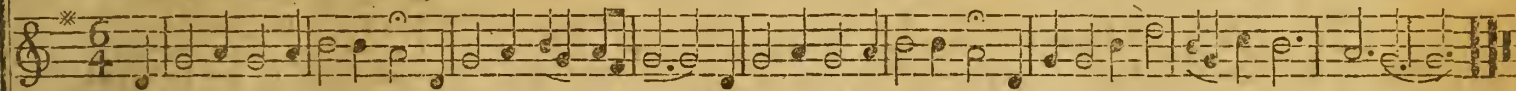


# Pleasure.

101



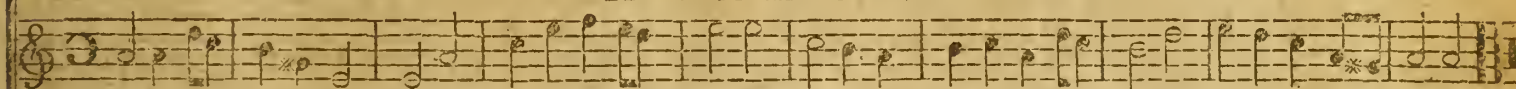
There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign, Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.



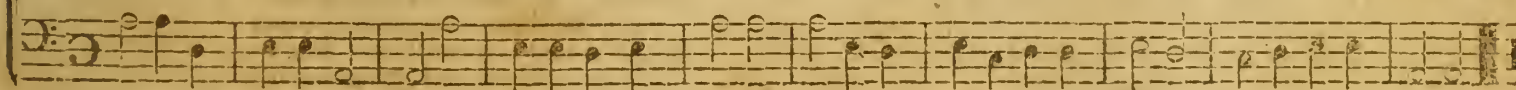
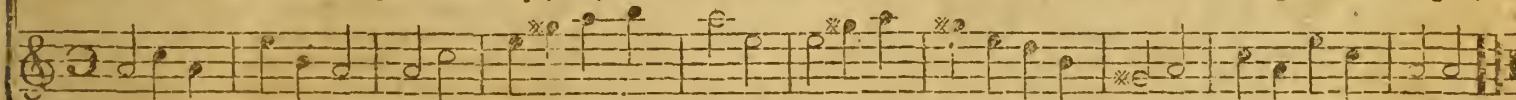
2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,  
Stand dress'd in living green ;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan roll'd between.

3 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er ;  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

# Head of the Church.

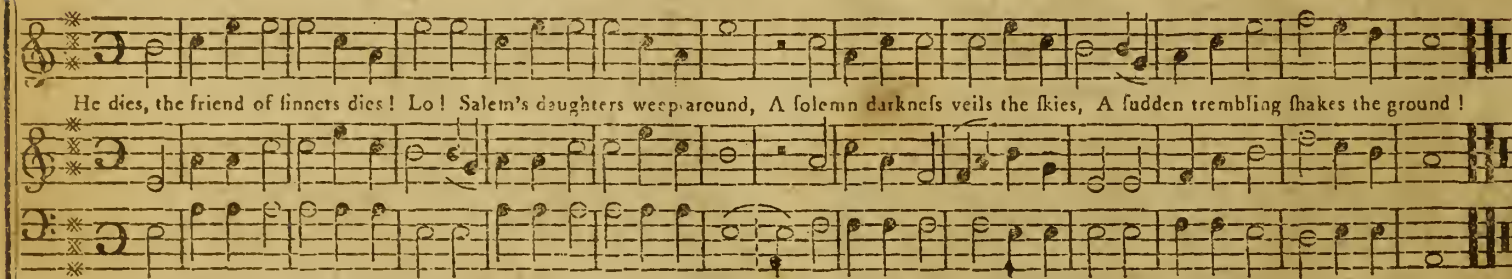


Head of the church triumphant, We joyfully adore thee : Till thou appear, Thy members here, Shall sing like those in glory.



- 2 We lift our hearts and voices,  
With blest anticipation ;  
And cry aloud, and give to God  
The praise of our salvation.
- 3 While in affliction's furnace,  
And passing through the fire,  
Thy love we praise, which knows no days,  
And ever brings us nigher :
- 8 And if thou count us worthy,  
We each as dying Stephen,
- 4 We clap our hands exulting  
In thine almighty favour ;  
The love divine which made us thine,  
Can keep us thine for ever.
- 5 Thou dost conduct thy people  
Through torrents of temptation :  
Nor will we fear, while thou art near,  
The fire of tribulation ;
- 6 The world, with sin and Satan,  
In vain our march opposes ;  
By thee we shall break thro' them all,  
And sing the song of Moses.
- 7 By faith we see the glory  
To which thou shalt restore us,  
The cross despise for that high prize  
Which thou hast set before us :
- Shall see the stand at God's right hand,  
To take us up to heaven.

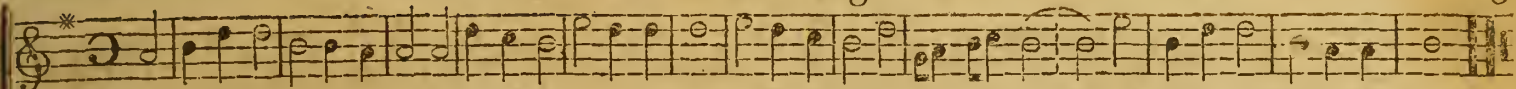
## Salem.



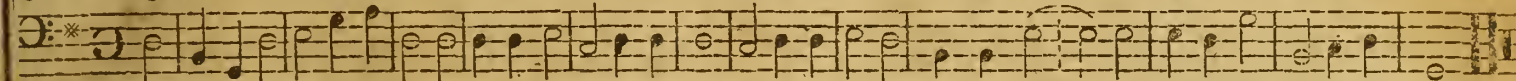
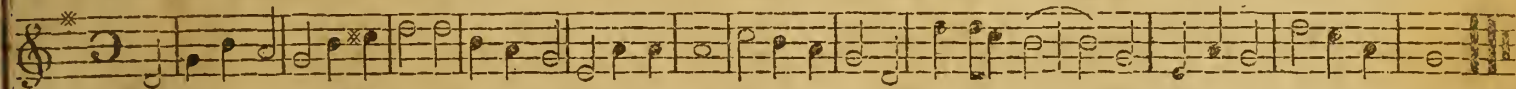
- 2 Come, saints and drop a tear or too  
For him who groan'd beneath your load :  
He shed a thousand drops for you,  
A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,  
The Lord of glory dies for man ;  
But lo ! what sudden joys we see,  
Jesus, the dead revives again !
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb :  
In vain the tomb forbids his rise,
- Cherubic legions guard him home,  
And shout him welcome to the skies.
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell,  
How high your great Deliv'rer reigns ;  
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,  
And led the monster death in chains !
- 6 Say, Live for ever, wond'rous King !  
Born to redeem, and strong to save !  
Then ask the monster—Where's thy sting !  
And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave !

# Think and Sing.

103



Of him who did salvation bring, I could for ever think and sing ; Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive ; Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve.



2 Ask but his grace, and lo ! 'tis giv'n ;  
Ask, and he turns your hell to heav'n ;  
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,  
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

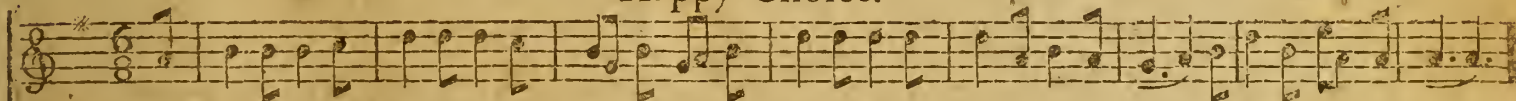
3 To shame our sins he blush'd in blood,  
He clos'd his eyes to shew us God ;  
Let all the world fall down and know,  
That none but God such love can show.

4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone  
I shed my tears and make my moan ;  
Where'er I am, where'er I move,  
I meet the object of my love.

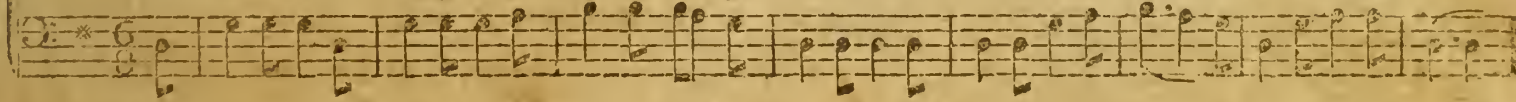
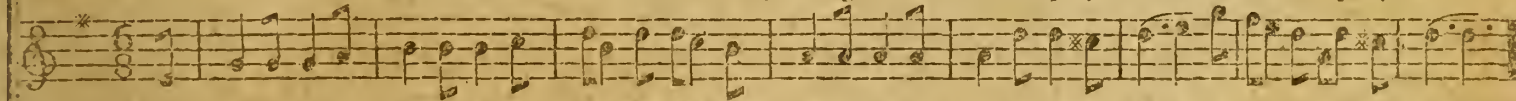
5 Insatiate to this spring I fly ;  
I drink, and yet am very dry ;

Ah ! who against thy charms is proof ?  
Ah ! who that loves, can love enough ?

## Happy Choice.

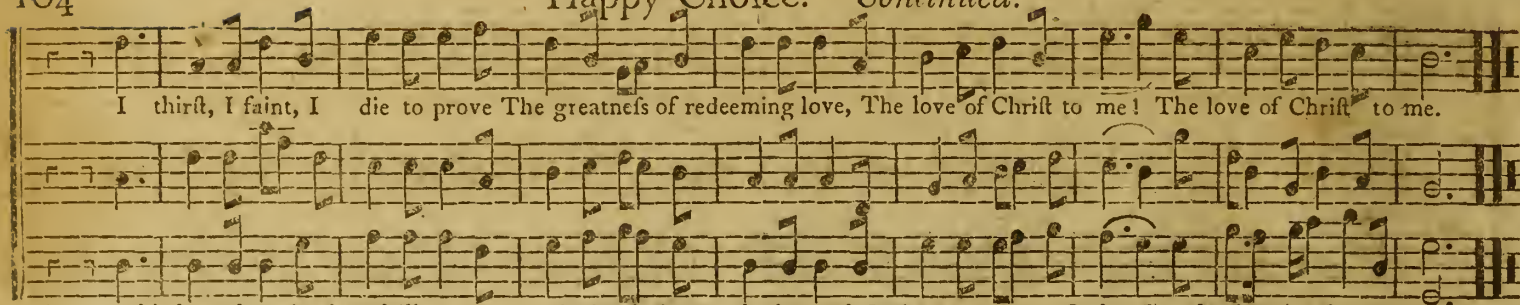


O love divine, how sweet thou art, When shall I find my willing heart All taken up by thee ? All taken up by thee ?





## Happy Choice. Continued.



I thirst, I faint, I die to prove The greatness of redeeming love, The love of Christ to me! The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell :  
Its riches are unfathomable :

The first born sons of light  
Desire in vain its depth to see ;  
They cannot reach the mystery,  
The length, the breadth, and height.

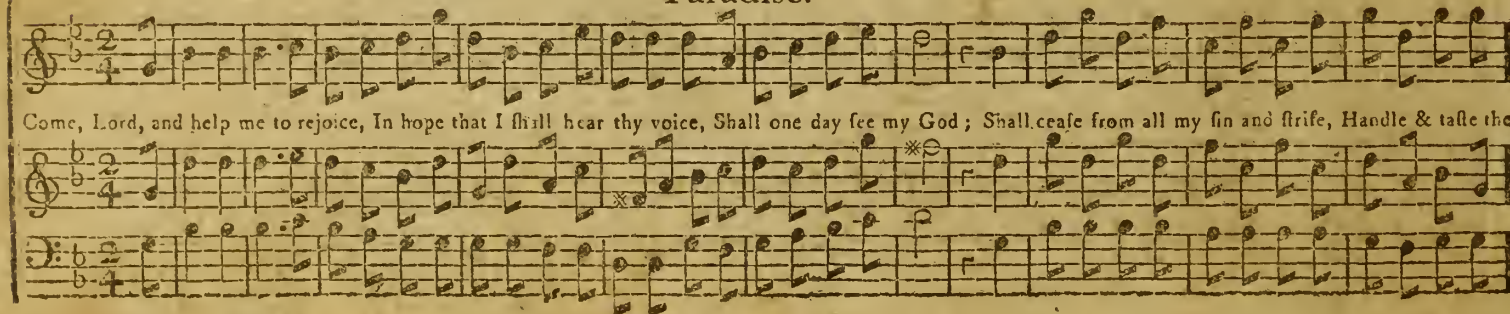
5 O that I could, with favour'd John,  
Recline my weary head upon  
The dear Redeemer's breast !

3 God only knows the love of God :  
O that it now were shed abroad  
In this poor stony heart !  
For love I sigh, for love I pine ;  
This only portion, Lord, be mine !  
Be mine this better part !

4 O that I could for ever sit,  
With Mary, at the Master's feet !  
Be this my happy choice ;  
My only care, delight, and bliss,  
My joy, my heav'n on earth be this,  
To hear the Bridegroom's voice !

From care and sin, and sorrow free,  
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee  
My everlasting rest !

## Paradise.



Come, Lord, and help me to rejoice, In hope that I shall hear thy voice, Shall one day see my God ; Shall cease from all my sin and strife, Handle & taste the

# Paradise. Continued.

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word of life, And feel the sprinkled blood. I shall not always make my moan, Nor worship thee a God unknown, But I shall,

live to prove Thy people's rest and saints delight, The length, and breadth, and depth, and height Of thy redeeming love.

3 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,  
I stand, and from the mountain-top  
See all the land below :  
Rivers of milk and honey rise,  
And all the fruit of paradise  
In endless plenty grow :

4 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,  
Favor'd with God's peculiar smile,

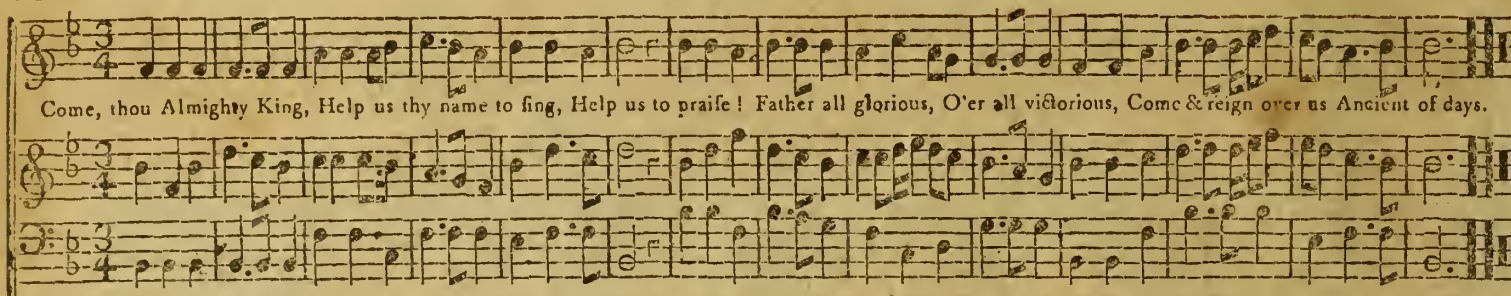
With ev'ry blessing blest ;  
'There dwells the Lord, our righteousness,  
And keeps his own in perfect peace,  
And everlasting rest.

5 O that I might at once go up,  
No more on this side Jordan sit,  
But now the land possess ;  
This moment end my legal years,

Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,  
And howling wilderness !

6 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in,  
Cast out thy foes, the inbred sin,  
The carnal mind remove ;  
The purchase of thy death divide,  
And O, with all the sanctify'd,  
Give me a lot of love !





Come, thou Almighty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise ! Father all glorious, O'er all victorious, Come & reign over us Ancient of days.

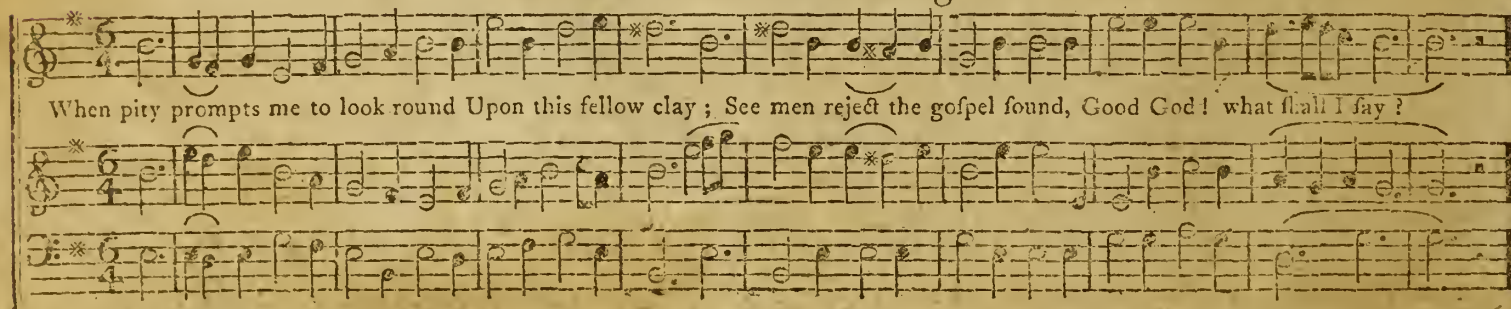
2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,  
Scatter our enemies,  
And make them fall ;  
Let thy Almighty aid,  
Our sure defence be made,  
Our souls on thee be stay'd ;  
Lord hear our call.

3 Come, thou incarnate word,  
Gird on thy mighty sword,  
Our pray'r attend :  
Come, and thy people blest,  
And give thy word success ;  
Spirit of holiness,  
On us descend.

4 Come, holy Comforter,  
Thy sacred witness bear  
In this glad hour ;  
Thou who almighty art,  
Now rule in ev'ry heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of pow'r.

5 To the great One in Three  
Eternal praises be,  
Hence—evermore !  
His sov'reign Majesty  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity,  
Love and adore.

### The Sinner's Warning.

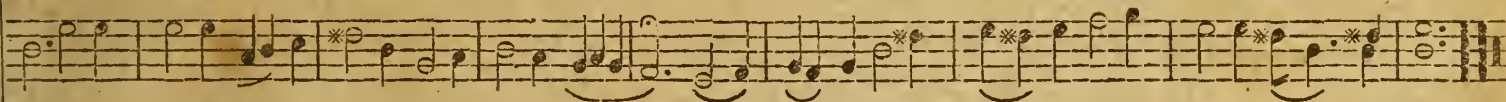


When pity prompts me to look round Upon this fellow clay ; See men reject the gospel sound, Good God ! what shall I say ?

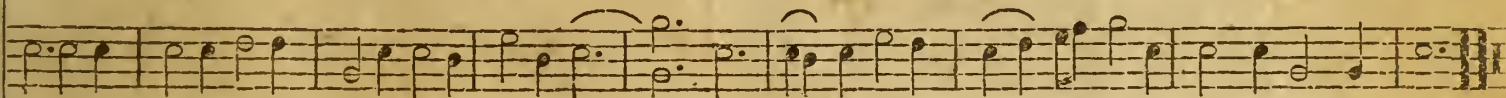
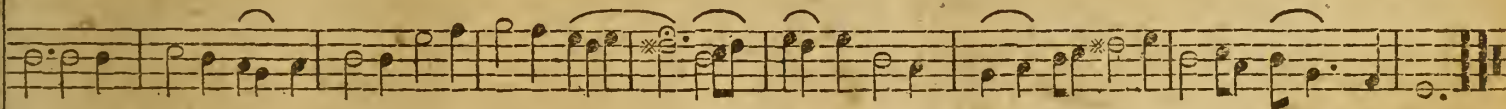


# The Sinner's Warning. Continued.

107



My bowels yearn for dying men, Doom'd to eternal woe ; Fain would I speak, but 'tis in vain, If God does not speak too.



3 O ! sinners, sinners, won't you hear,  
When in God's name I come ?  
Upon your peril don't forbear,  
Lest hell should be your doom.

5 O ! don't refuse to give him room,  
Lest mercy should withdraw ;  
He'll then in robes of vengeance come  
To execute his law.

7 O ! could you shun that dreadful sight  
How would you wish to fly  
To the dark shades of endless night  
From that all searching eye ?

4 Now is the time, th' accepted hour,  
O ! sinners, come away ;  
The Saviour's knocking at your door,  
Arise without delay.

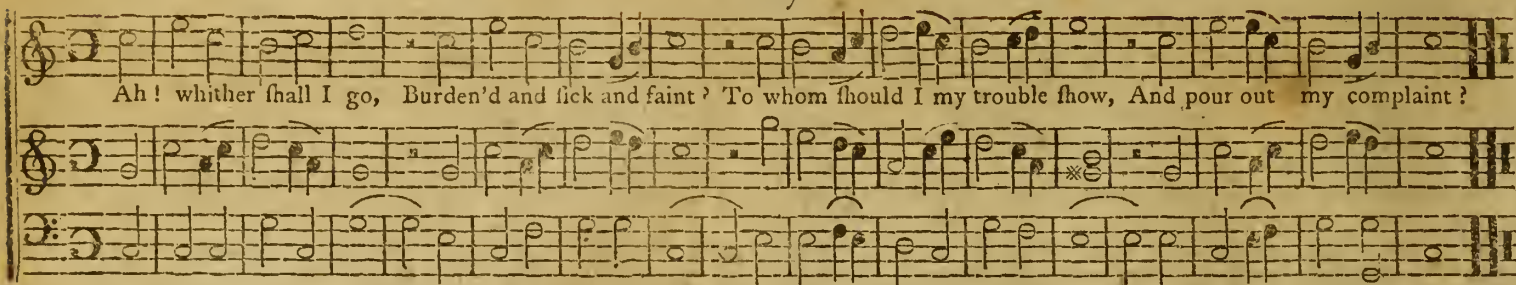
6 Then where, poor mortals, will you be  
If destitute of grace,  
When you your injur'd Judge shall see,  
And stand before his face ?

8 But death and hell must all appear,  
And you among them stand ;  
Before the great impartial bar,  
Arraign'd at Christ's left hand.

9 No yearning bowels, pity then Shall not affect my heart ;  
No, I shall surely say amen When Christ bids you depart.

10 Let not these warnings be in vain, But lend a list'ning ear ;  
Lest you should meet them all again, When wrapt in keen despair.

## Delay.

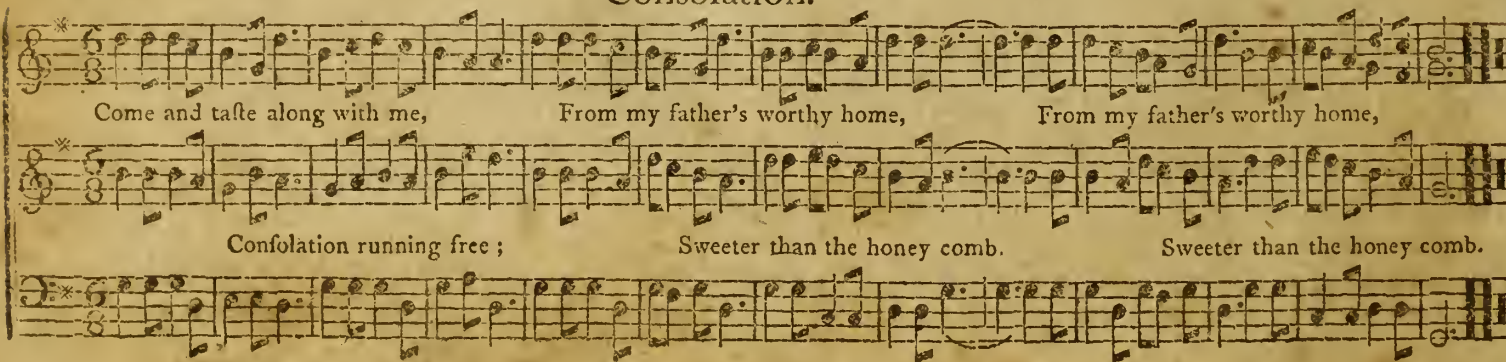


Ah ! whither shall I go, Burden'd and sick and faint ? To whom should I my trouble show, And pour out my complaint ?

- 2 My Saviour bids me come, Ah ! why do I delay ?  
He calls the weary sinner home, And yet from him I stay.
- 3 What is it keeps me back, From which I cannot part ?  
Which will not let my Saviour take Possession of my heart ?
- 4 Some curst thing unknown Must surely lurk within ;  
Some idol, which I will not own, Some secret, bosom sin.
- 5 Jesus, the hinderance show, Which I have fear'd to see ;

- Yet let me now consent to know What keeps me out of thee.
- 6 Searcher of hearts, in mine Thy trying pow'r display :  
Into its darkest corners shine, And take the veil away.
- 7 I now believe, in thee Compassion reigns alone :  
According to my faith, to me O let it, Lord, be thine !
- 8 In me is all the bar, Which thou would'st fain remove ;  
Remove it, and I shall declare That God is only love.

## Consolation.



Come and taste along with me,

From my father's worthy home,

From my father's worthy home,

Consolation running free ;

Sweeter than the honey comb.

Sweeter than the honey comb.

2 Goodness here, and goodness there,  
Comforts flowing every where ;  
By his constant breaking forth,  
Gladdens earth and heav'n both.

3 Though my body doth its best,  
For to keep me off from Christ,  
Drawn by grace I'll run to him,  
Who alone can pardon sin.

8 Heaven's here and heaven's there,  
Comforts flowing every where ;

4 Now I'll go to heaven's door,  
Asking for a little more ;  
Jesus gives a double share,  
Calling me a gleaner there.

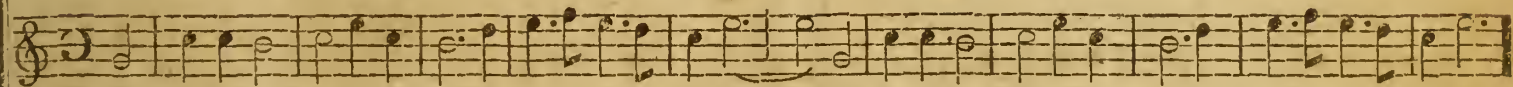
5 Sinful nature lurks in vice,  
Cannot stop the works of grace ;  
While there is a God to give,  
And a sinner to receive.

This I boldly can protest,  
For my soul has got a taste.

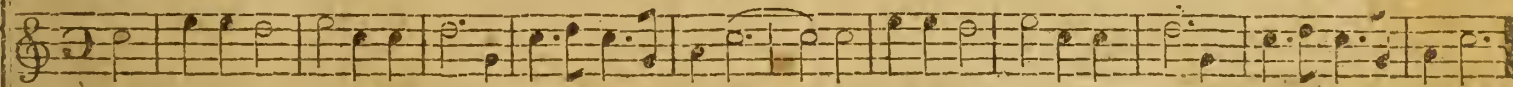
6 Now I'll go rejoicing home,  
From the banquet of perfume ;  
Gleaning many on the road,  
Dropping from the mouth of God.

7 Goodness running like a stream,  
Through the new Jerusalem ;  
By his constant breaking forth,  
Gladdens earth and heaven both.

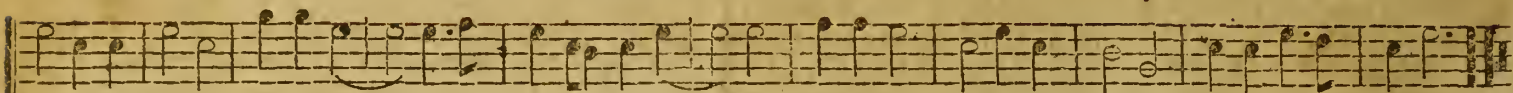
### Renown.



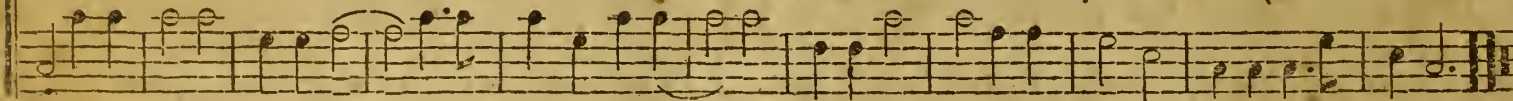
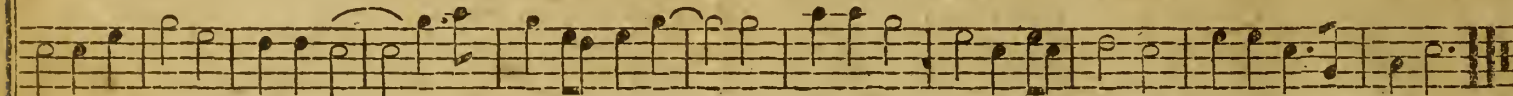
All glory to the Father be, O halle, halle - lujah, He sent his son to die for me, O halle, hallelujah,





Renown. *Continued.*

All glory be unto his name, halle, halle - lujah, For he is worthy of the fame, O glory, halle - lujah.



2 I long to be in realms above,  
Where there is naught but praise and love,  
I long in Jesus to be wed,  
And on his breast recline my head.

3 Come, come, poor sinners, come away,  
Why from your Jesus will you stay?  
Come, come, poor sinners, come, behold  
His face is brighter than the gold.

4 O come, poor sinners, come and see  
Your mangled Saviour on the tree!  
He groan'd and dy'd for you and me,  
That happy, happy we might be.

5 Farewel, vain world, I bid adieu, For only Jesus I'll pursue;

My Jesus took me by the hand, And bro't me to the promis'd land.

## Jerico.

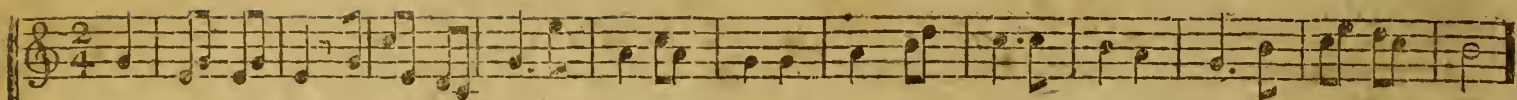
III

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a 2/4 time signature. The bottom two staves are in bass clef, also with a 2/4 time signature. The music is written in a single melodic line across all staves, with various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

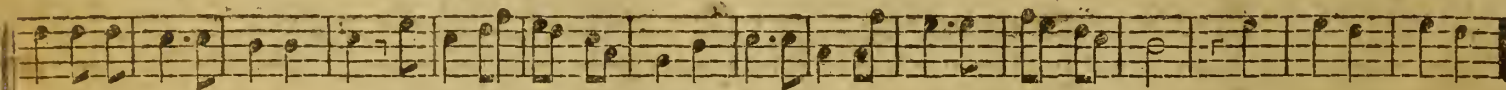
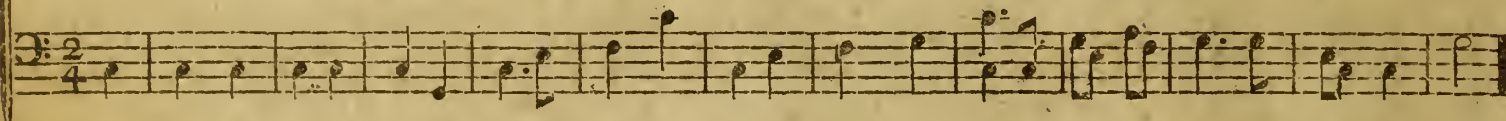
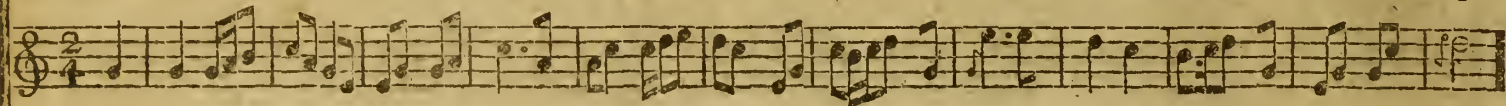
To God the Father, God the Son, And God the Spirit, Three in One, Be honor, praise, & glory giv'n, By all on earth, & all in heav'n. All glory to the

The second system of the musical score continues the melody from the first system. It also consists of four staves in treble and bass clefs with a 2/4 time signature. The notation follows the same pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The system ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

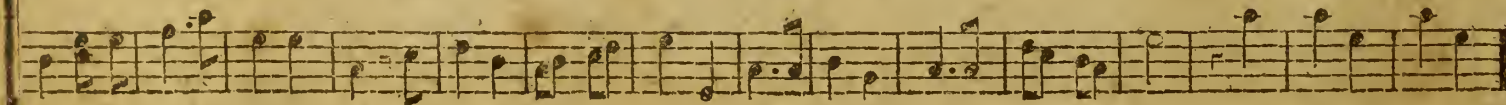
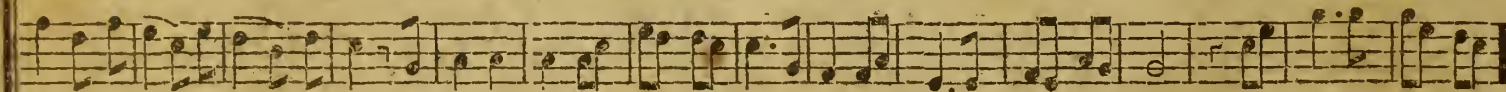
wond'rous name, Father of mercy, God of love ; Thus we exalt the Lord, the Lamb, And thus we praise the heav'nly dove, And thus we praise the heav'nly dove.



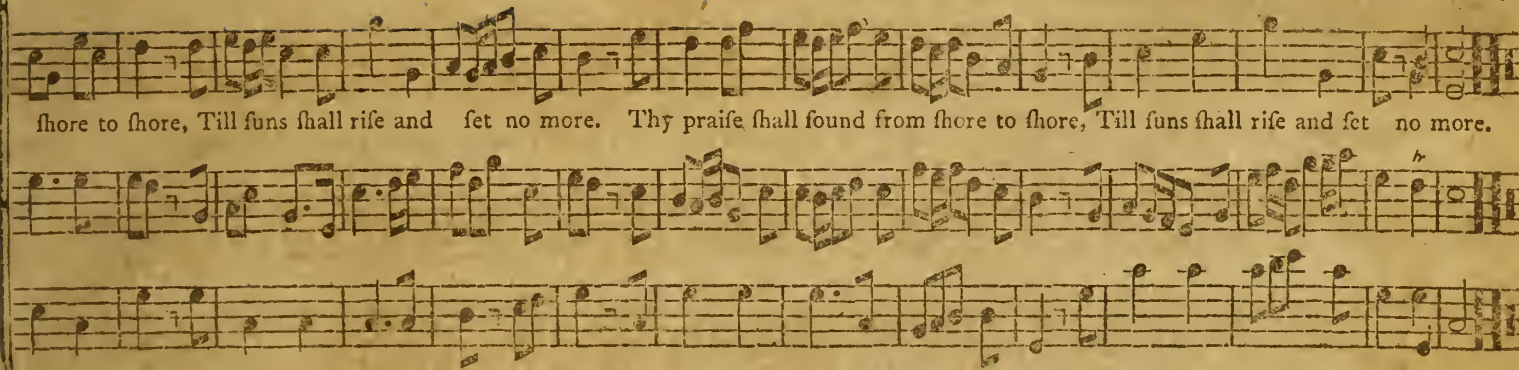
From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Creator's praise arise ; Let the Redeemer's name be sung,



Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue. Eternal are thy mercies, Lord, Eternal truth attends thy word : Thy praise shall sound from





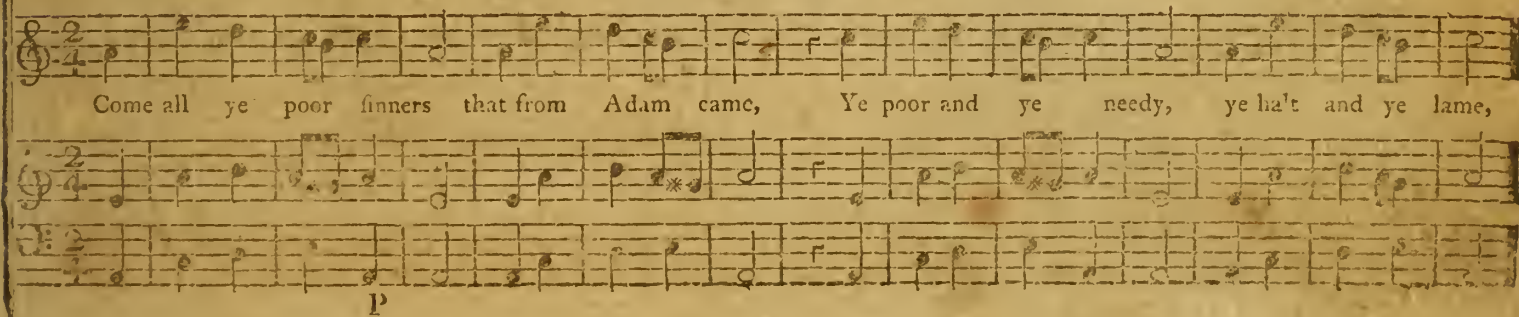


shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more. Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

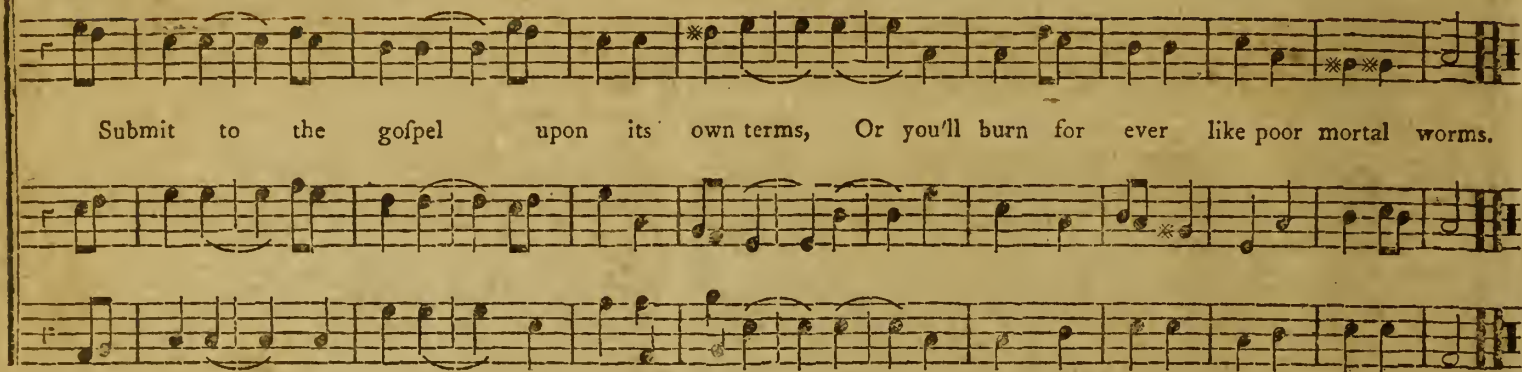
2 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,  
In songs of praise divinely sing;  
The great salvation loud proclaim,  
And shout for joy the Saviour's name:

In ev'ry land begin the song,  
To ev'ry land the strains belong:  
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,  
And fill the world with loudest praise.

### The Rich Man.



Come all ye poor sinners that from Adam came, Ye poor and ye needy, ye ha't and ye lame,

The Rich Man. *Continued.*

Submit to the gospel upon its own terms, Or you'll burn for ever like poor mortal worms.

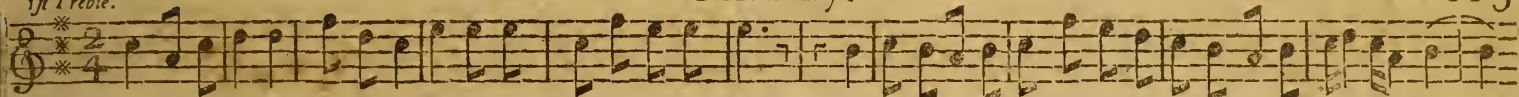
- 2 We read of a rich man, a beggar likewise,  
The beggar he dy'd, and attain'd to a prize ;  
The rich man he dy'd, and to his sad surprize,  
In hell he awaked, and lift up his eyes—
- 3 See'ng Abram a far off, in mansions above,  
And Laz'rus in his bosom in raptures of love,  
He cries, Father Abram, send to my relief,  
For I am tormented in pains and in grief.
- 4 He said, Son, remember when you liv'd so bold,  
Drest'd in your fine linen, and boasted of gold ;  
The beggar lay at your door, wounded and poor,  
The dogs had compassion, and licked his fore.
- 5 Besides, there's a gulph fix'd between us, you see,  
That those who would, cannot pass from thence to me ;

- Therefore you must lie, and lament your sad state,  
For now you are sending your cries up too late.
- 6 He cries, Father Abram, I pray you provide,  
Send one from the dead, I've five brothers beside,  
In hearing from me, and believing my state,  
Perhaps they will repent, before it's too late.
  - 7 They have a rich gospel that spreads far and wide,  
They've Moses, the prophets, and 'postles beside ;  
If they don't adhear unto them, and repent,  
They will not believe, tho' one from the dead went.
  - 8 Now therefore, dear sinners, take warning by this,  
Since death will soon fix your unchangeable state ;  
Prepare to meet Jesus, and give him your love,  
So when he appears, he'll receive you above.

# Germany.

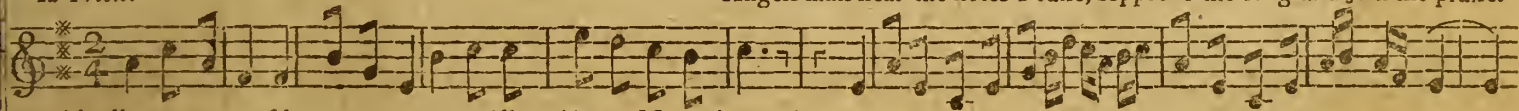
115

1st Treble.

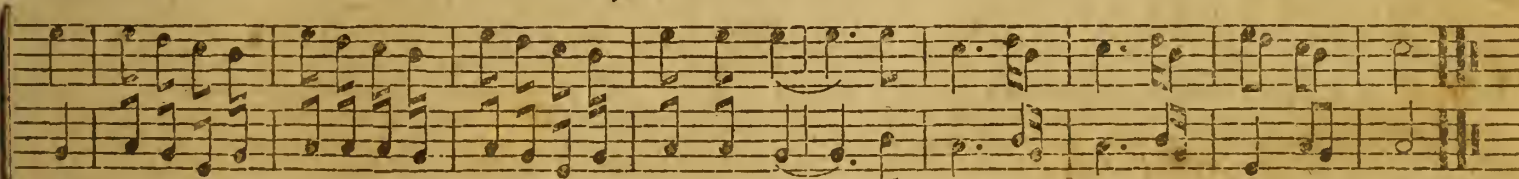


2d Treble.

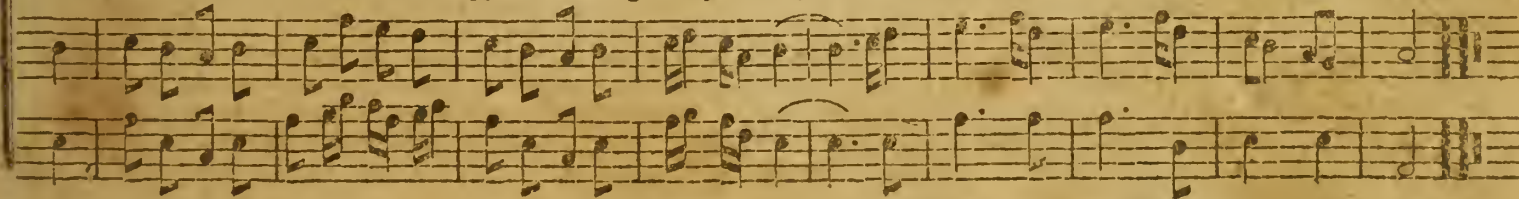
Angels shall hear the notes I raise, Approve the song and join the praise.



With all my pow'rs of heart and tongue, I'll praise my Maker in my song ;

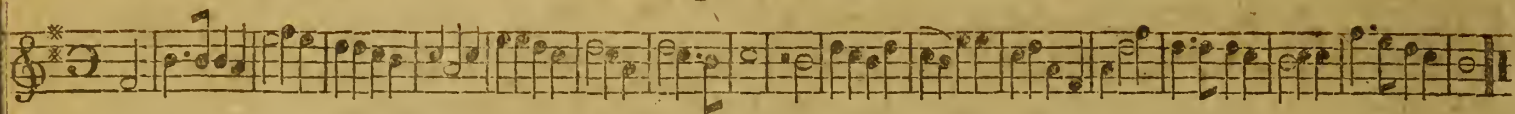


Angels shall hear the notes I raise, Approve the song, and join the praise. Approve the song, and join the praise.





## Song of Moses.



Almighty love inspires my heart with sacred fire,

I love the solemn praises on whom bright angels gazes,



And animates my soul with desire to renew;

Where sympathy increases above the arched blue.

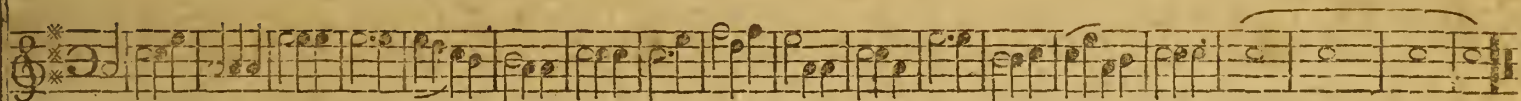


- 2 Thou tender hearted Saviour, thy love my soul amazes,  
Who died for to save us, when lost and undone ;  
No cherubim reliev'd us, no angel could redeem us,  
And nothing could have sav'd us, if Jesus had not come.
- 3 O thou the sinner's friend, all my simple prayers attend to,  
And save me to the end, from the evil to come ;  
Afford to me the favor, that issues from my Saviour,  
And O forsake me never, till all my toils are o'er.
- 4 While here on earth I stay, I will hope for that glad hour,  
When I am call'd away, to the mansions above,

- There to enjoy the pleasure of the unceasing treasure,  
And shout in highest measure hallelujahs of love.
- 5 In hopes of seeing Jesus, when all my conflicts ceases,  
My love to him increases, his name I'll adore ;  
Then O my blessed Saviour, vouchsafe to me the favour,  
To reign with thee forever, when time shall be no more.
- 6 There in the blooming garden, regained by free pardon,  
Upon the banks of Jordan, I'll worship the Lamb ;  
I'll sing the song of Moses, while Jesus sweet composes  
A song that never closes, in praises to his name.

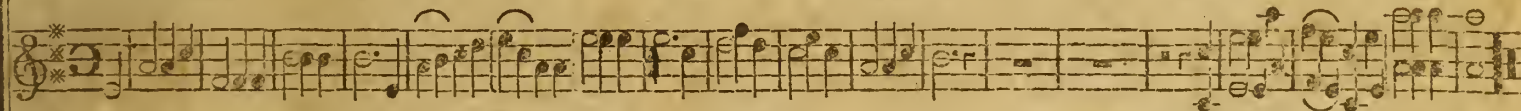
# Redemption Hymn.

117



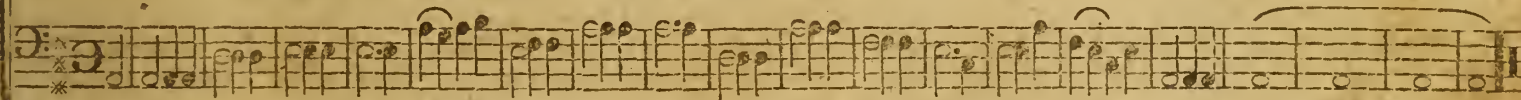
Come friends and relation's let's join heart & hand,

Let's all walk together, and follow the sound,



The voice of the Turtle is heard in our land ;

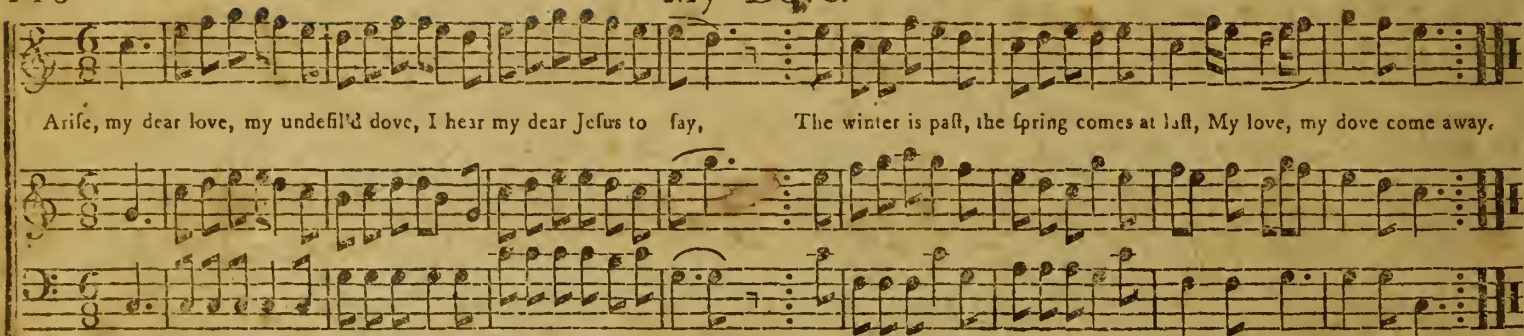
And march to the place where redemption is found,



- 2 The place it is hidden, the place is conceal'd,  
No mortal can know it until 'tis reveal'd ;  
The place is in Jesus, to Jesus we'll go,  
And there find redemption from sorrow and woe.
- 3 And you, my dear brethren, who love my dear Lord,  
Who've witness'd free pardon thro' faith in his word,  
Let patience attend you wherever you be,  
Your Saviour has purchas'd redemption for thee.
- 4 We read of commotions and signs in the skies,  
The sun and the moon shall be cloth'd in disguise ;  
And when you shall see all these tokens appear,  
Then lift up your heads, your redemption draws near.
- 5 Oh then the Archangel the trumpet shall sound,  
And wake all the saints that sleep under the ground !

- The sound of the trumpet shall bid you arise,  
To meet your redemption with joy and surprise.
- 6 And then loving Jesus our souls will receive,  
From bonds of corruption our bodies relieve ;  
Then we shall be perfect, and we shall be free,  
We'll sing of redemption wherever we be.
- 7 Redeemed from sin and redeemed from death,  
Redeem'd from corruption, redeem'd from the earth,  
Redeem'd from damnation, redeem'd from all woe,  
We'll sing of redemption wherever we go.
- 8 Redeemed from pain and redeem'd from distress,  
The fruits of redemption no tongue can express ;  
Redemption was purchas'd by Jesus' free love,  
We'll sing of redemption in heaven above.

## My Dove.

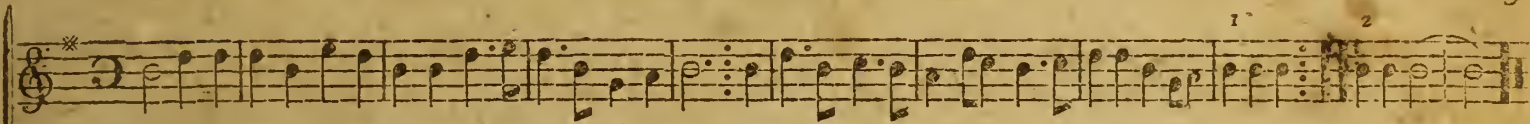


Arise, my dear love, my undefil'd dove, I hear my dear Jesus to say,

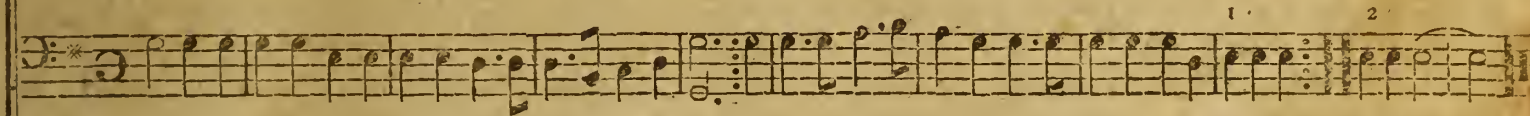
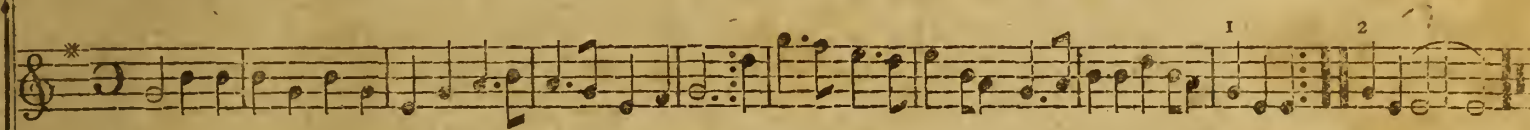
The winter is past, the spring comes at last, My love, my dove come away.

- |                                                                                                                                                                          |                                                                                                                                                                                            |                                                                                                                                                                                         |                                                                                                                                                                                          |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 2 The earth that is green<br>Is fair to be seen,<br>The little birds chirping do say,<br>That they do rejoice<br>In each other's voice,<br>My love, my dove, come away.  | 4 Come away from th'world's cares,<br>Those troublesome snares,<br>That follow you night and by day,<br>That you may be free<br>From the troubles that be,<br>My love, my dove, come away. | 6 Come away from all pride,<br>From that raging tide,<br>That makes you fall out by the way,<br>Come learn to be meek<br>And your Jesus to seek,<br>My love, my dove, come away.        | 8 As t' you that are young,<br>Your hearts they are strong,<br>Your Jesus invites you away,<br>From antichrist's charms<br>To Jesus' kind arms,<br>My love, my dove, come away.          |
| 3 All smiling in love<br>The young turtle dove,<br>The flowers appear in May,<br>All speak forth the praise<br>Of th' ancient of days,<br>My love, my dove, come away.   | 5 Come 'way from all fear<br>That troubles you here,<br>Come into my arms he doth say,<br>That you may be clear<br>From the troubles you fear,<br>My love, my dove, come away.             | 7 As t' you that are old,<br>And whose hearts are grown cold,<br>Your Jesus inviting doth say,<br>That he's heard your cries<br>In the north countries,<br>My love, my dove, come away. | 9 And as to the youth<br>That have known the truth,<br>Whose hearts they have led you astray<br>Come hear to his voice<br>And your hearts shall rejoice,<br>My love, my dove, come away. |
| 10 My dear children all<br>Come hear to my call,<br>Behold I stand knocking and say—<br>My head's wet with dew,<br>My children, for you,<br>My love, my dove, come away. | 11 My fatlings are kill'd,<br>My table is fill'd,<br>My maidens attending doth say,<br>There's wine on the lees<br>As much as you please,<br>My love, my dove, come away.                  | 12 Come travel the road<br>That leads you to God,<br>For it is a bright, shining way;<br>Come run up and down<br>My errands upon,<br>My love, my dove, come away.                       |                                                                                                                                                                                          |





Now in a song of grateful praise, To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise ; With all the saints I'll join to tell, My Jesus has done all things well.



2 All worlds his glorious pow'r confess,  
His wisdom all his works express ;  
But Oh ! his love, what tongue can tell,  
My Jesus has done all things well.

3 How sov'reign, merciful and free  
Has been his love to sinful me ;  
He pluck'd me from the jaws of hell,  
My Jesus has done all things well.

4 I spurn'd his grace, I broke his laws,  
And then he undertook my cause ;  
To save me though I did rebel,  
My Jesus has done all things well.

5 And since my soul has known his love,  
What blessings hath he made me prove ?  
Mercy, which doth all praise excel ;  
My Jesus has done all things well.

6 Whene'er my Saviour or my God,  
Hath on me laid his gentle rod ;  
I know in all that has befall,  
My Jesus has done all things well.

7 Though many flaming fiery darts,  
Attempt their level at my heart ;  
With this I all their rage repel—  
My Jesus has done all things well.

8 Sometimes the Lord his face doth hide,  
To make me pray, and kill my pride ;  
Yet on my heart it still doth dwell,  
My Jesus has done all things well.

9 Soon I shall pass this vale of death,  
And in his arms shall lose my breath ;  
Yet then my happy soul shall tell,  
My Jesus has done all things well.

10 And when to those bright worlds I rise,  
And join the anthems in the skies ;  
Above the rest, this note shall swell,  
My Jesus has done all things well.

## Pilgrim's Farewell.

Let us rise, let us rise, let us rise and go to Sion's hill, Where all the peace and glory dwells, And set and sing to

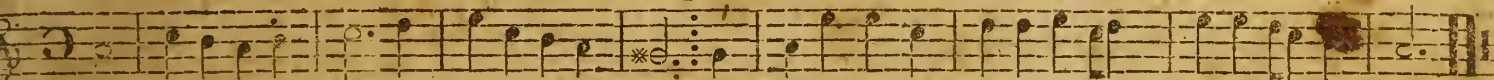
*Slow & Soft.* *Quick & Loud.*

God my king, And praise his name forevermore. I'll go, I'll go, I'll go and see what joy is there.

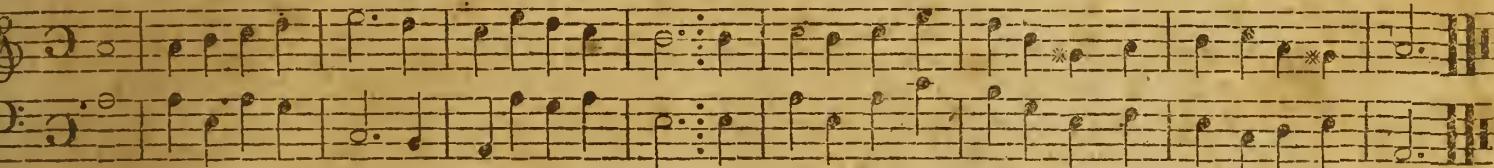
- |                                                                                                                                                                                                     |                                                                                                                                                                                                            |                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 2 Fare you well, my friends, I must be gone;<br>I have no home nor stay with you:<br>I'll take my staff, and travel on<br>Till I a better world can view.<br>Farewell, my loving friends, farewell. | 3 Happy soul, just gone from earth to heav'n,<br>He flies to distant worlds above;<br>No more in this poor house of clay,<br>He dwells with God around his throne,<br>Where pain and death can never come. | 4 We will go, like him, to see our God,<br>And change this earth for heav'n above:<br>Come dry your tears, Christ is our friend,<br>He came to save poor sinful men,<br>In him our sorrows soon will end. |
| 5 Travel on to blest eternity,<br>Where Jesus waits for us to come;<br>In death's dark gloom shout victory,<br>And rise to your eternal home<br>Where fear and change shall be no more.             | 6 Golden joys above where Jesus dwells,<br>His love is full for every saint;<br>Fountain of life immortal flow's,<br>Through heav'nly world without restraint.<br>All's mine, if faithful here below.      |                                                                                                                                                                                                           |

# Gospel Pool.

121



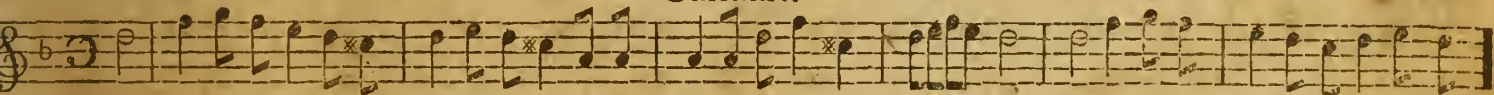
Beside the gospel pool, Appointed for the pool, From year to year, my helpless soul Has waited for a cure.



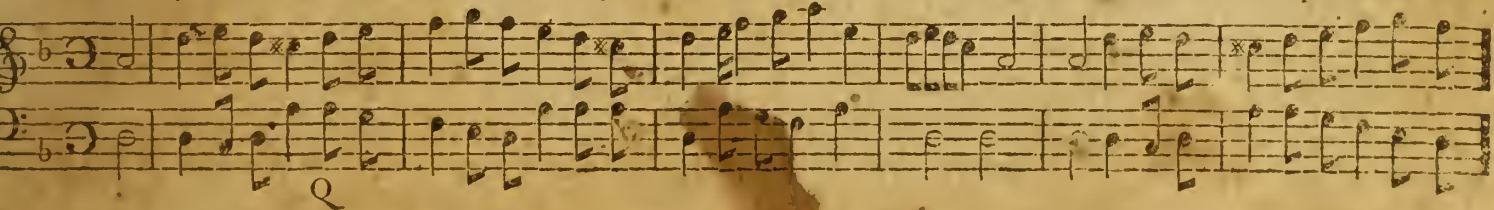
How often have I seen The healing waters move,  
And many round me, stepping in, Their efficacy prove.  
But my complaints remain, I feel the very same ;  
As full of guilt, and fear and pain, As when at first I came.  
O, would the Lord appear, My maladies to heal ;  
He knows how long I've waited here, And what distress I feel.  
How often have I thought, Why should I longer try ?

Surely the mercies I have sought, Are not for such as I.  
6 But whither shall I go ? There is no other pool,  
Where streams of sovereign mercy flow, To make a sinner whole.  
7 Here then, from day to day, I'll wait, and hope, and cry,  
Can't Jesus hear a sinner pray, And suffer him to die ?  
8 No, he is full of grace ; He never will permit  
The soul that fain would see his face To perish at his feet.

## Canaan.



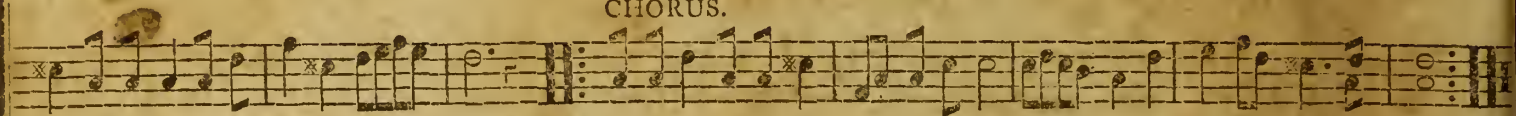
Come all ye dear souls, who are of Adam's loins, Join with me for to seek salvation ; With hearts full of friendship let us all com-





Canaan. *Continued.*

CHORUS.



bine, And seek the good land of Can'an.

Canaan, Canaan, my happy home, O how I long for Canaan.



2 We've a little sister, she's lately converted,  
 She brings us good news from Cana'n ;  
 Her soul's fill'd with Jesus, the world she's deserted,  
 And now she lives shouting 'nd praising.  
 Canaan, Canaan, my happy home, O how I long for Canaan.

3 So once I did mourn, but O ! now I can sing,  
 And will praise my great Lord and Saviour ;  
 And when in the realms of my heavenly King,  
 I will shout, and will sing forever.  
 Canaan, Canaan, my happy home, O when shall I see Canaan ?

4 But see the poor sinners, that stand at the bar,  
 And despair of the hope of heaven ;  
 They tremble, and shiver in doleful despair,  
 And from God's awful presence driven.  
 Canaan, Canaan, my happy home, O how I long for Canaan.

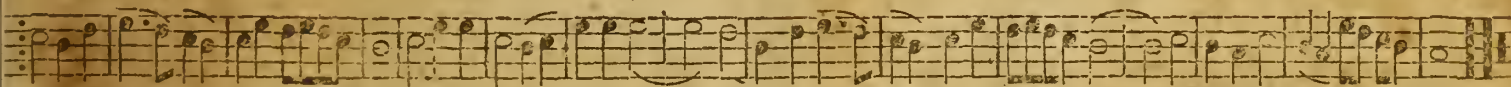
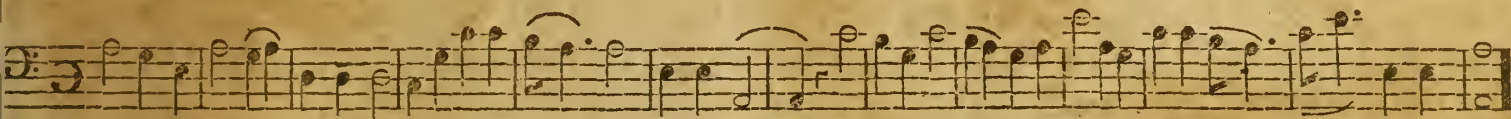
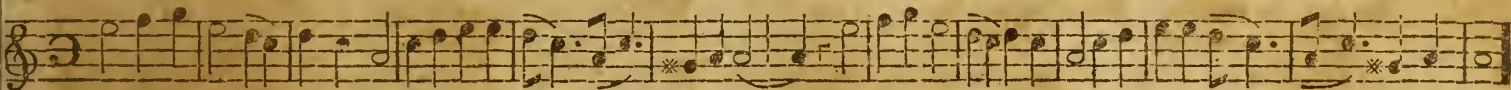
5 Come all my dear brethren, let us travel on,  
 Let us go to the land of Can'an ;  
 And when all our pilgrimage journey is done,  
 Then we'll shout, and we'll sing salvation.  
 Canaan, Canaan, my happy home, O how we'll shout for Canaan.

# Judgment Hymn.

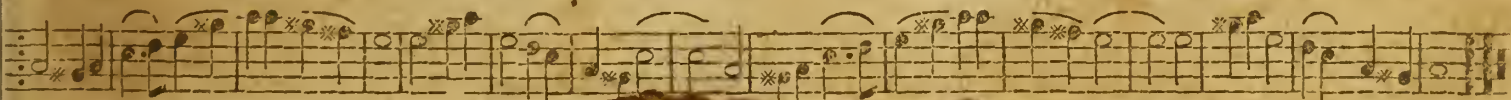
123



The great tremendous day's approaching, That awful scene is drawing nigh; Was long foretold by ancient prophets, Decreed from all eternity.



But O my soul reflect and wonder! That awful scene is drawing near, When you shall see that great transaction, When Christ in judgment shall appear.



3 See nature stand all in amazement,  
To hear the last loud trumpet sound,  
Arise ye dead and come to judgment !  
Ye nations of this world around.

4 Loud thunders rumbling thro' the concave;  
Bright forked lightnings part the skies;  
The heavens's a shaking, the earth a quaking,  
The gloomy sight attracts mine eyes.

5 The orbit lamps all veil'd in sackcloth,  
No more their shining circuits run;  
The wheel of time stop'd in a moment:  
Eternal things are now begun.

6 Huge massy rocks and tow'ring mountains  
Over their tumbling basis roar;  
The raging ocean all in commotion,  
Is hov'ring round her frighted shore.

7 Green turfy grave-yards & tombs of marble,  
Give up their dead both small and great;  
See the whole world both faints and sinners,  
Are coming to the judgment seat.

8 See Jesus on the throne of justice,  
Come thundering down the parted skies,  
With countless armies of shining angels,  
With hallelujahs, shout for joy.

9 Bright shining streams from his awful presence  
His face ten thousand suns outshine;  
Behold him coming in power and glory,  
To meet him all his saints combine.

10 Go forth ye heralds with speed like lightning  
Call in your saints from distant lands,  
Those that my blood from hell hath ransom'd,  
Whose names in life's fair book do stand.

11 O come ye blessed of my Father,  
The purchase of my dying love;  
Receive the crowns of life and glory,  
Which are laid up for you above.

12 For you dear souls who have continu'd,  
With me, and my temptations bore,  
I have provided for you a kingdom,  
To reign with me forever more.

13 There's flowing fountains of living water,  
No sickness, pain, nor death to fear;  
No sorrow, sighing, no tears or weeping  
Shall ever have admittance here.

14 But how will sinners stand and tremble,  
When justice calls them to the bar;  
Those that reject his offer'd mercy,  
Their everlasting doom to hear?

15 See justice now with indignation,  
Calling aloud for sinners' blood;  
Those that have slighted offer'd mercy,  
And crucify'd the Son of God.

16 Depart from me ye cursed sinner,  
My face you never more shall see:  
Be banish'd from my peaceful presence,  
To endless woe and misery.

17 Each guilty soul then struck with horror  
And anguish throbbing in their breasts,  
Forever doom'd to endless sorrow,  
And never more to hope for rest.

18 Come sinners here's a faithful warning,  
Return to Jesus while you may;

For he is ready to forgive you,  
Or else you must depart away.



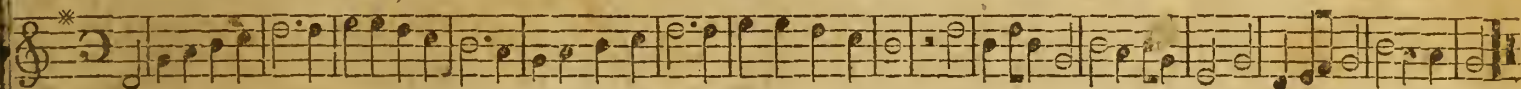
# Beggar's Prayer.

125



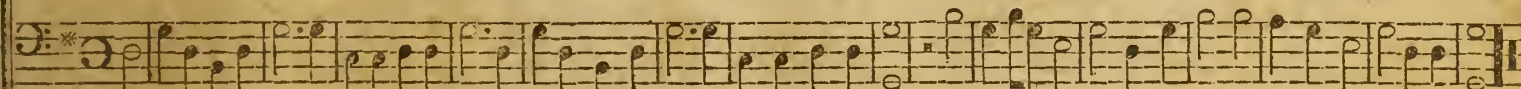
Encourag'd by thy word Of promise to the poor,

No hand, no heart, dear Lord, but thine,



Behold a beggar, Lord, Waits at thy mercy-door :

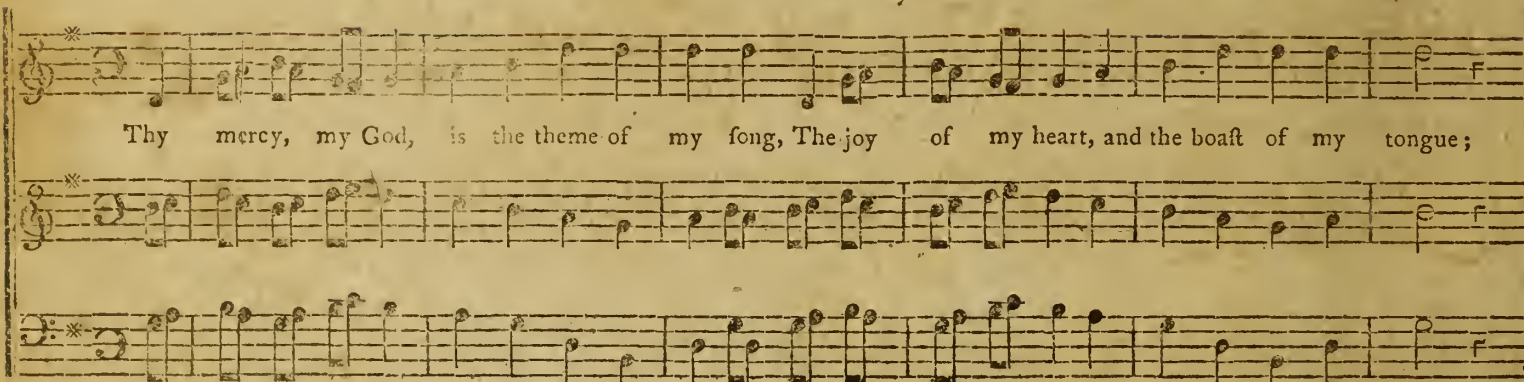
Can help or pity wants like mine.



- 2 The beggar's usual plea, relief from men to gain,  
If offer'd unto thee, I know thou wouldst disdain :  
But those which move thy gracious ear,  
Are such as men would scorn to hear.
- 3 I have no right to say that though I now am poor,  
Yet once there was a day when I possessed more ;  
Thou knowest from my very birth  
I've been the poorest wretch on earth.
- 4 Nor dare I to profess as beggars often do,  
Tho' great is my distress, my faults have been but few :  
If thou shouldst leave my soul to starve,  
It would be what I should deserve.
- 5 Nor dare I to pretend I never begg'd before,  
And if thou now befriend I'll trouble thee no more ;

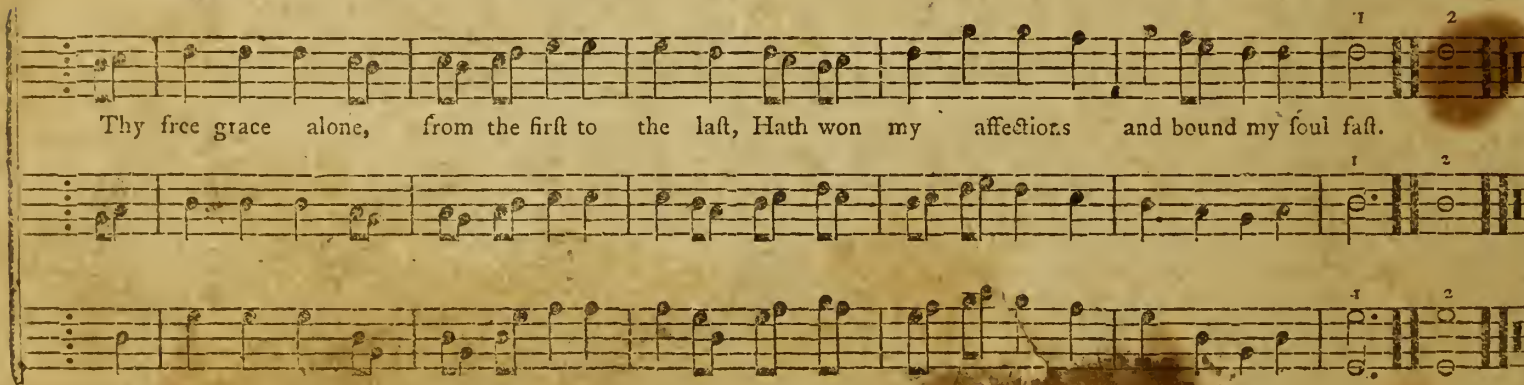
- Thou often hast reliev'd my pain,  
And often I must come again.
- 6 Tho' crumbs are much too good for such a wretch as I,  
No less than children's food my soul can satisfy :  
O do not frown and bid me go,  
I must have all thou canst bestow.
- 7 Nor can I willing be thy bounties to conceal  
From others, who like me, their wants and hunger feel ;  
I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,  
And try to send a thousand more.
- 8 Thy ways, thou only wise, our thoughts and ways transcend,  
Far as the arched skies above this earth extend :  
Such pleas as mine men would not bear,  
But God receives a beggar's prayer.

## Channel of Mercy.



Thy mercy, my God, is the theme of my song, The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue;

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The middle and bottom staves are in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the middle staff.



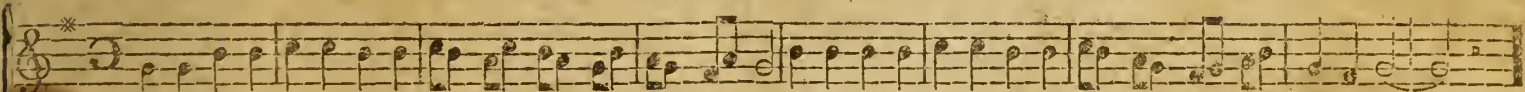
Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last, Hath won my affections and bound my soul fast.

The second system of musical notation also consists of three staves in the same key and time signature as the first. The lyrics are written below the middle staff. The system concludes with two endings, labeled '1' and '2', indicated by repeat signs and first/second ending brackets.

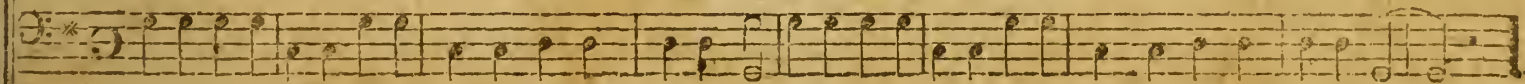
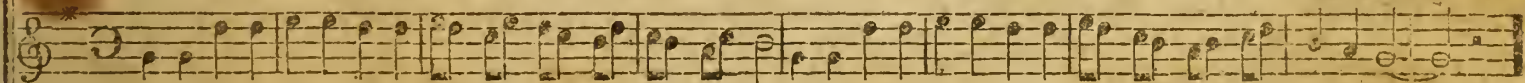
2. Without thy sweet mercy I could not live here,  
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair;  
But through thy free goodness, my spirits revive,  
And he that first made me, still keeps me alive.
3. Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,  
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart;  
Dissolv'd by thy goodness, I fall to the ground,  
And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.
4. The door of thy mercy stands open all day  
To th' poor and the needy, who knock by the way;

- No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,  
Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus's sake.
5. Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell;  
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell:  
'Twas Jesus my friend when he hung on the tree,  
Who open'd the channel of mercy for me.
6. Great Father of mercies, thy goodness I own,  
And the covenant love of thy crucify'd Son:  
All praise to the spirit, whose whisper divine,  
Seals mercy and pardon and righteousness mine.

### Dominion.



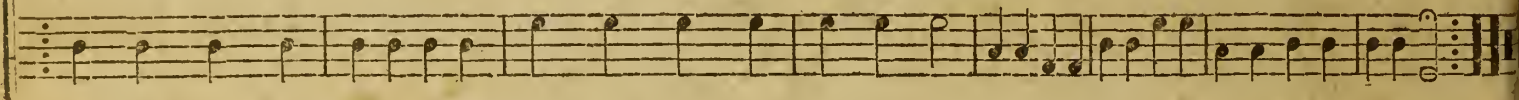
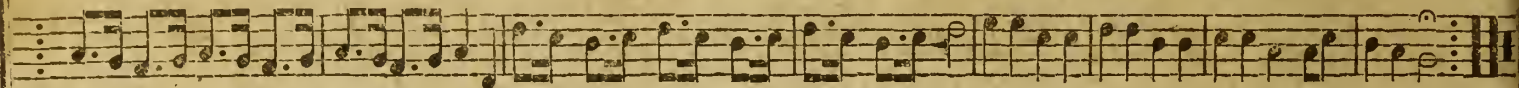
Come, ye christians, sing the praises Of your condescending God; Come, and hymn the holy Jesus, Who hath wash'd us in his blood.







We are poor. and weak, and silly, And to ev'ry evil prone ; Yet our Jesus loves us freely, And receives us for his own.



2 Though we're mean in man's opinion,  
He hath made us priests and kings,  
Pow'r, and glory, and dominion,  
To the Lamb the sinner sings.  
Leprous souls, unsound and filthy,  
Come before him as you are :  
'Tis the sick man, not the healthy,  
Needs the good Physician's care.

3 Hear the terms that never vary,  
To repent, and to believe ;  
Both of these are necessary,  
Both from Jesus we receive.  
Would-be christians, duly ponder,  
These in thine impartial mind ;  
And let no man put asunder  
What the Lord has wisely join'd.

4 Oh ! beware of fondly thinking  
God accepts thee for thy tears,  
Are the ship-wreck'd sav'd by sinking ?  
Can the ruin'd rise by fears ?  
Oh ! beware of trust ill-grounded ;  
'Tis but fancied faith at most,  
To be cur'd and not be wounded ;  
To be sav'd before you're lost.

5 No big words of ready talkers, No dry doctrine will suffice :  
Broken hearts, and humble walkers, These are dear in Jesus' eyes.

Tinkling sounds of disputation, Naked knowledge all are vain ;  
Ev'ry soul that gains salvations, Must and shall be born again.



Throughout our Saviour's life we trace

No per'od else was seen,

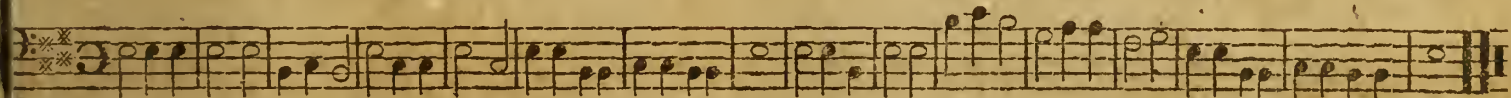
Tasting in soul a painful hell,



Nothing but shame and deep disgrace ;

Till he a spotless victim fell,

Caus'd by the creature sin.



On the cold ground methinks I see  
My Jesus kneel and pray for me ;  
For this I'll him adore ;  
Seiz'd with a chilly sweat throughout,  
Blood drops did force their passage out  
Through ev'ry opening pore.

3 A crown of thorns his temples bore,  
His back with lathes all was tore  
Till one the bones might see !  
Mocking they push'd him here and there,  
Marking his way with blood and tears,  
Press'd by sin's heavy tree.

4 Thus up the hill he painful came,  
Round him they mock'd & made their game,  
At length his cross they rear ;  
And can you see the mighty God  
Cry out beneath sin's heavy load  
Without one thankful tear ?

5 Thus veiled in humanity,  
He dies with anguish on the tree !  
What tongue his grief can tell ?  
The shuddering rocks their heads decline,  
The morning sun refus'd to shine  
When the Redeemer fell.

R

6 Shout, brethren, shout with songs divine,  
He drank the gall to give us wine  
To quench our parching thirst :  
Seraphs advance your voices high'r,  
Bride of the Lamb, unite the choir,  
To praise your precious Christ.

## Barnet.

Join in a song of sweet accord, And thus surround the throne, Join in, &c.

Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known ; Join in a song of sweet accord, And thus surround the throne, And thus, &c.

Join in a song of sweet accord, And thus surround the throne, And thus, &c. Join in a song of sweet accord, And thus, &c.

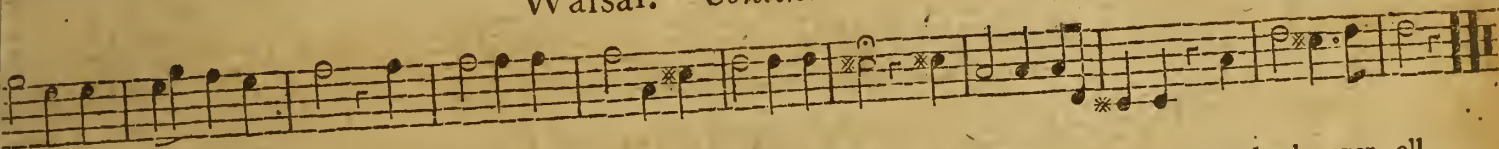
Join in a song, &c.

## Walsal.

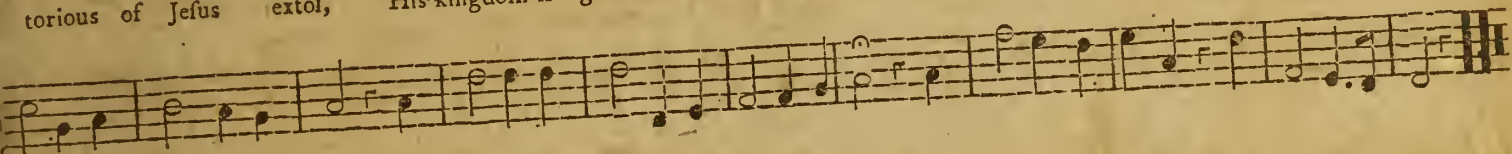
Ye servants of God, your master proclaim, And publish abroad his wonderful name ; The name all y



# Walsal. Continued.



torious of Jesus extol, His kingdom is glor'ous, and rules over all. His kingdom is glor'ous, and rules over all.



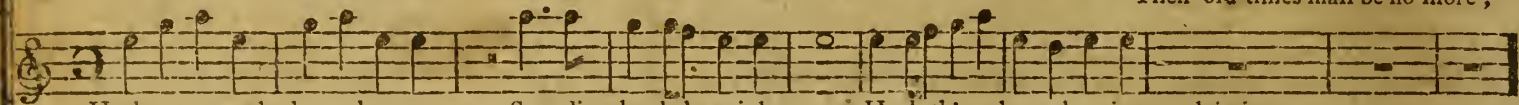
- 2 The waves of the sea Have lift up their voice,  
Sore troubled that we In Jesus rejoice ;  
The floods they are roaring, But Jesus is here ;  
While we are adoring He always is near.
- 3 Men devils engage ; The billows arise,  
And horribly rage, And threaten the skies :  
Their fury shall never Our stedfastness shock ;  
The weakest believer Is built on a rock.
- 4 God ruleth on high, Almighty to save,  
And still he is nigh ; His presence we have.

- The great congregation His triumph shall sing,  
Ascribing salvation To Jesus our King.
- 5 Salvation to God, Who sits on the throne ;  
Let all cry aloud, And honor the Son !  
Our Jesus's praises The angels proclaim,  
Fall down on their faces, And worship the Lamb.
- 6 Then let us adore, And give him his right,  
All glory and pow'r, And wisdom and might ;  
All honor and blessing With angels above,  
And thanks never ceasing, And infinite love.

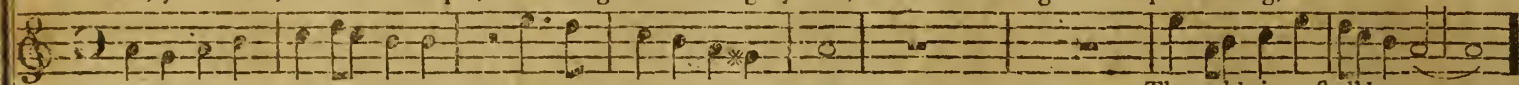
# Angel's Hymn.



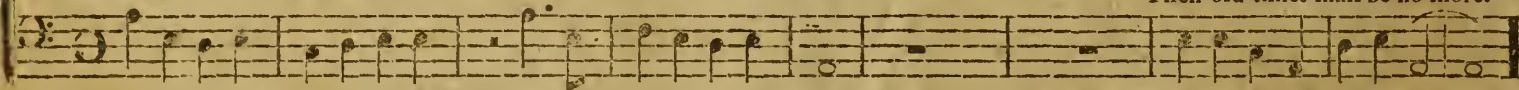
Then old times shall be no more ;



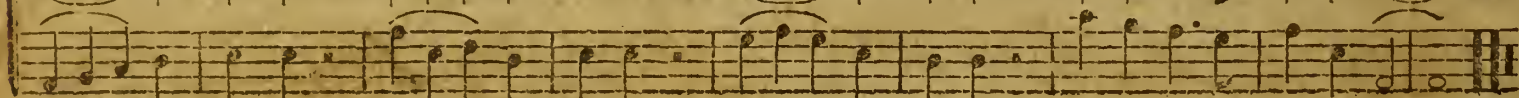
Hark, ye mortals, hear the trumpet, Sounding loud the mighty roar, Hark th' archangels voice proclaiming,



Then old times shall be no more.



Rolling ages, Rolling ages, Rolling ages, Now your solemn clofe appears.



- 2 This great rolling frame of nature, That huge mass of blazing day  
Yonder, arch'd expanse of heaven, Ye must all dissolve away.  
Hark, th' archangels, hark, th' archangels, hark, th' archangels  
Swell the solemn summons loud.
- 3 See the gloomy pris'ners rising, Hell's dark caverns gaping wide,  
Wild confusion seize the Christless, Horror fills the spacious void,  
Come ye mountains, come ye mountains, come ye mountains,  
Hide us from this dire revenge.
- 4 See the purple banners flying, Hear the judgment chariot roll,  
Hear the Saviour's word of mercy, Come ye ransom'd, heav'n born souls  
Judge these nations, judge these nations, judge these nations,  
Now they all shall feel my power.
- 5 Hurl'd in countless numbers downward, See in wild disorder driv'n  
Tortur'd with despair and anguish, Lost, and that forever, heav'n.  
How tremendous, how tremendous, how tremendous,  
Sounds their last decisive doom.
- 6 See the souls that earth despised, In celestial glories move,  
Hallelujahs, big with wonder, Praising Christ's eternal love.  
Hallelujahs, hallelujahs, hallelujahs  
Echo through the realms of light.
- 7 Joys extatic, hymns harmonious, In soft symphony resound,  
Angels, seraphs, harps & trumpets Swell the sweet angelic sound.  
Hail Almighty, hail Almighty, hail Almighty,  
Great eternal Lord. Amen.

## Lily.

Or crucify the Lord again, And opens all his wounds?

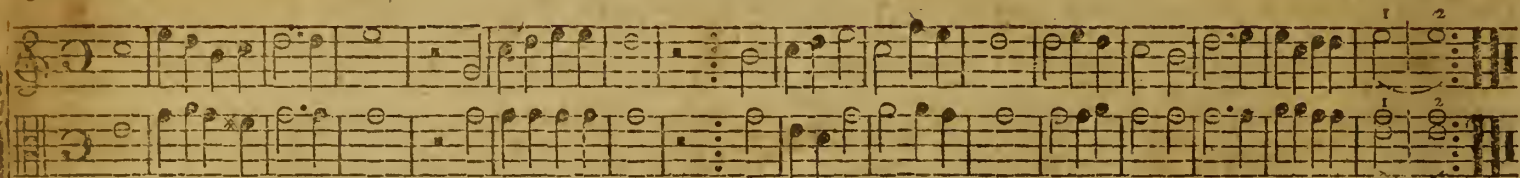
Shall we go on to sin, Because thy grace abounds? Or crucify the Lord again, And open all his wounds? And, &c.

Or crucify the Lord again, Or crucify the Lord again, And open, &c.

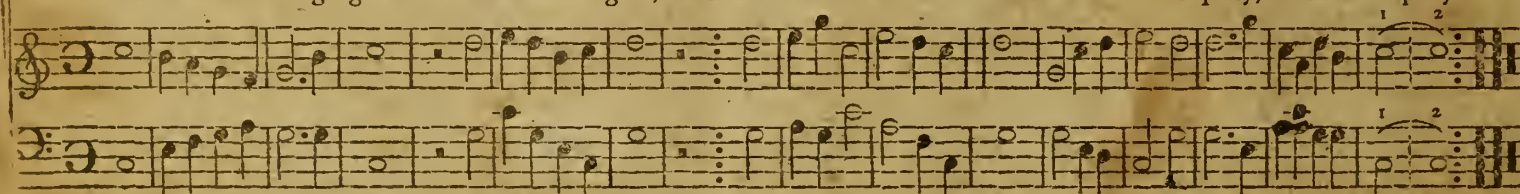
Or crucify the Lord again, Or crucify the Lord again, And open all his wounds.



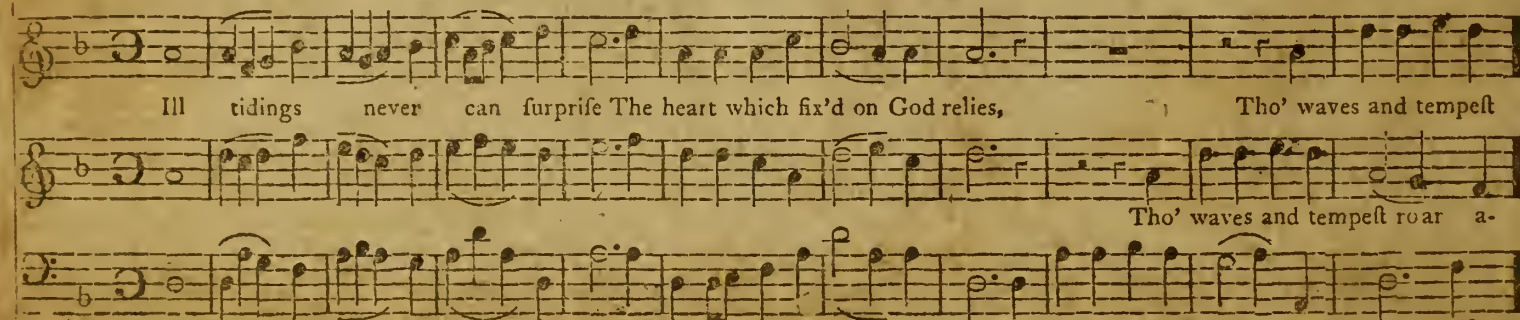
## Union.



Lord what an entertaining sight Are brethren who agree, Brethren whose cheerful hearts unite In bonds of piety, In bonds of piety.



## Danville.



Ill tidings never can surprise The heart which fix'd on God relies,

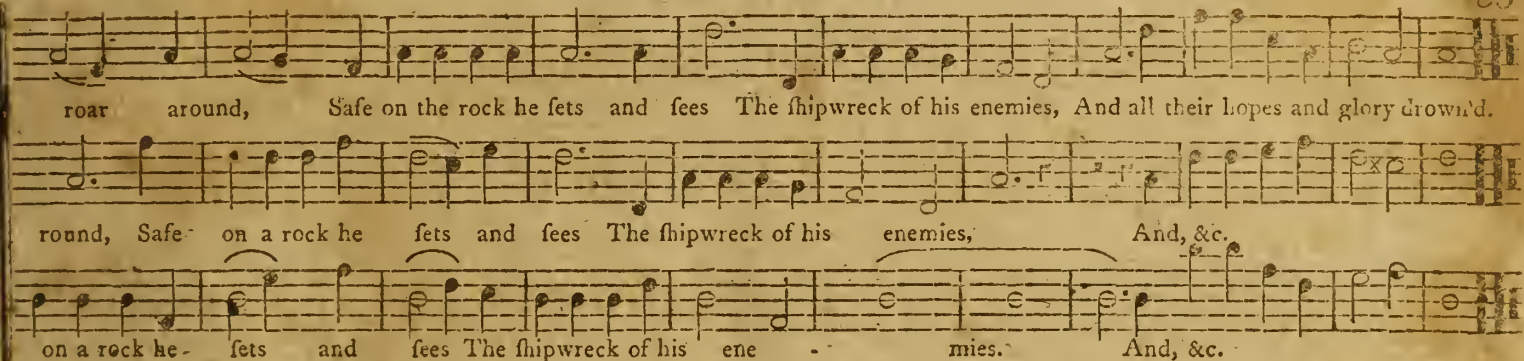
Tho' waves and tempest

Tho' waves and tempest roar a-

Tho' waves and tempests roar around. Safe

# Danville. Continued.

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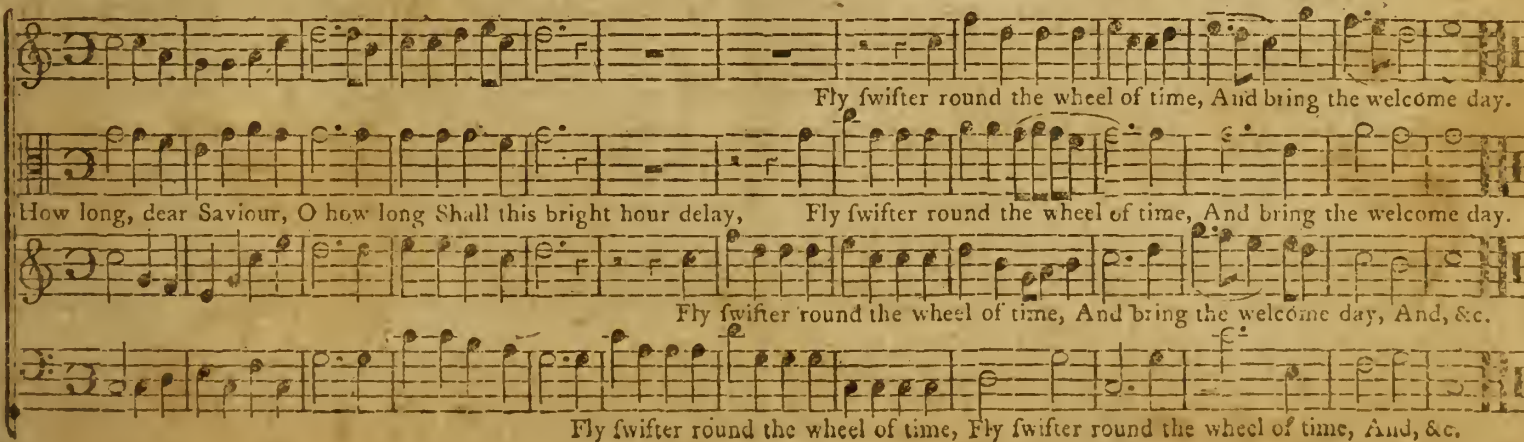


roar around, Safe on the rock he sets and sees The shipwreck of his enemies, And all their hopes and glory drown'd.

round, Safe on a rock he sets and sees The shipwreck of his enemies, And, &c.

on a rock he sets and sees The shipwreck of his enemies. And, &c.

# Northfield.



Fly swifter round the wheel of time, And bring the welcome day.

How long, dear Saviour, O how long Shall this bright hour delay, Fly swifter round the wheel of time, And bring the welcome day.

Fly swifter round the wheel of time, And bring the welcome day, And, &c.

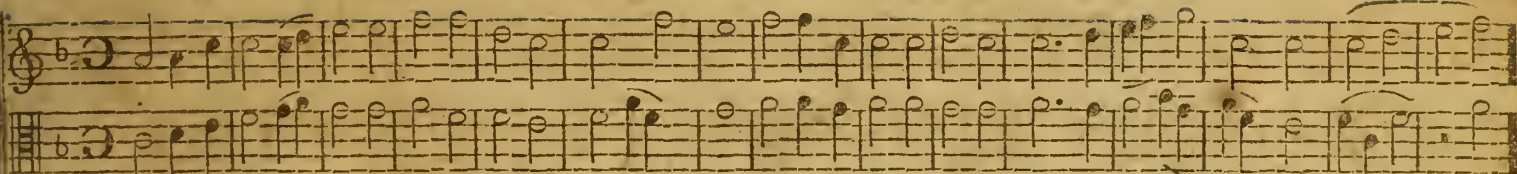
Fly swifter round the wheel of time, Fly swifter round the wheel of time, And, &c.

How pleas'd and blest was I, To hear the people cry, Come, let us seek our God to day, Come, let us seek our God to day, Come, let us seek our God to day, Yes, &c.

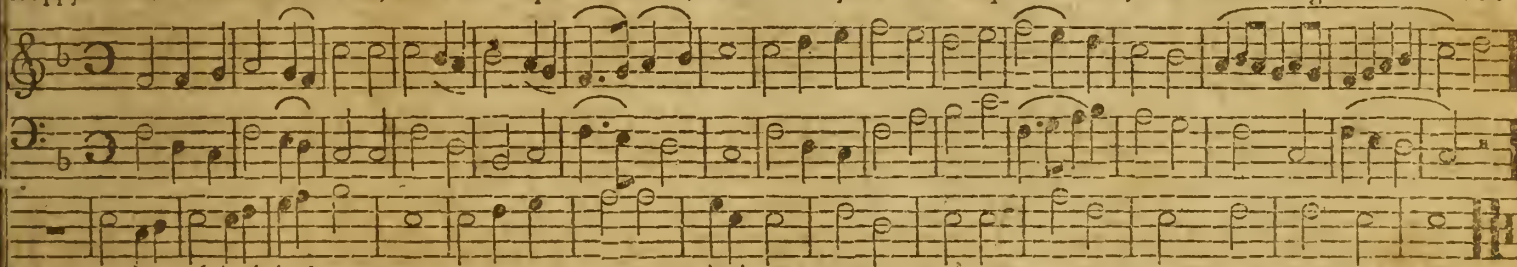
let us seek our God to day, Yes, with a cheerful zeal, We haste to Zion's hill, And there our vows and honors pay.

God to day, Yes, day, Come, let us seek our God to day, Yes,

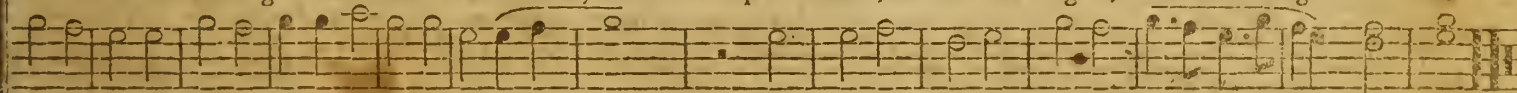




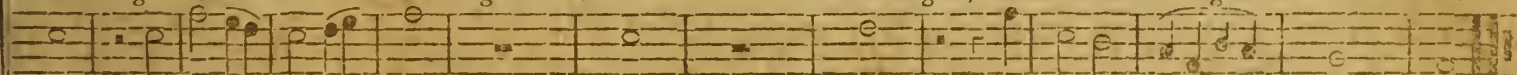
Happy the man whose tender care, Relieves the poor distress'd, When he's by troubles compass'd round, The Lord shall give him rest. The



The Lord shall give him rest. When he's by troubles compass'd round, The Lord shall give, The Lord shall give him rest.



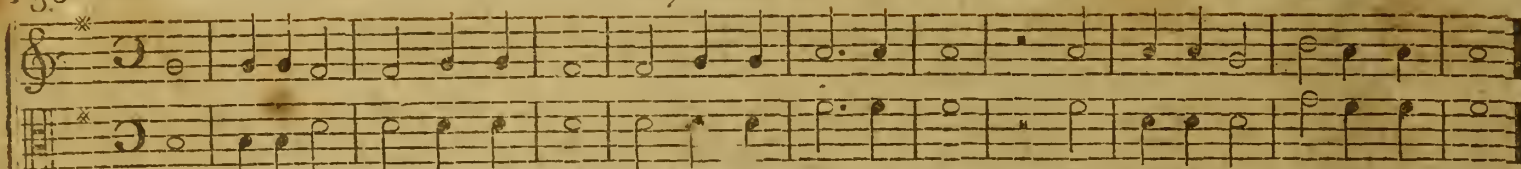
Lord shall give him rest. The Lord shall give him rest. The Lord shall give, The Lord shall give him rest.



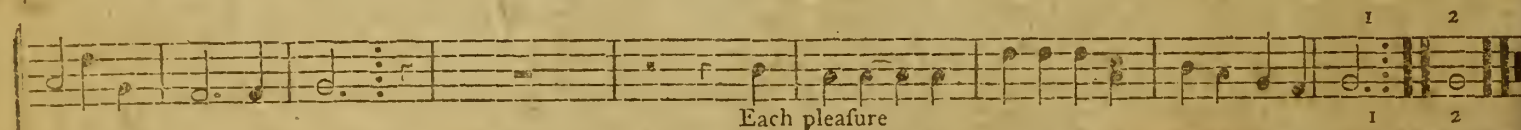
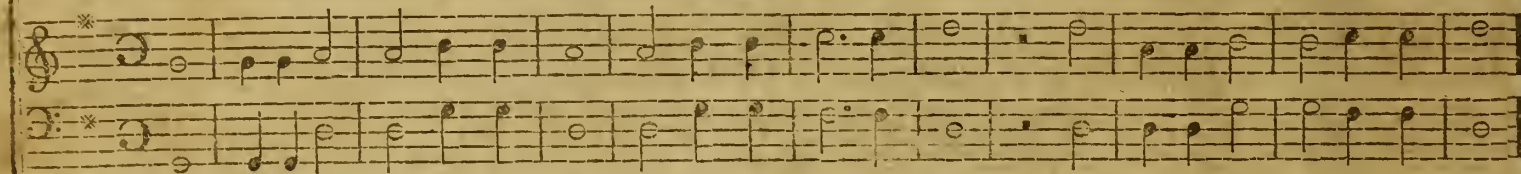
rest. The Lord shall give him rest. rest, rest, The Lord shall give him rest.



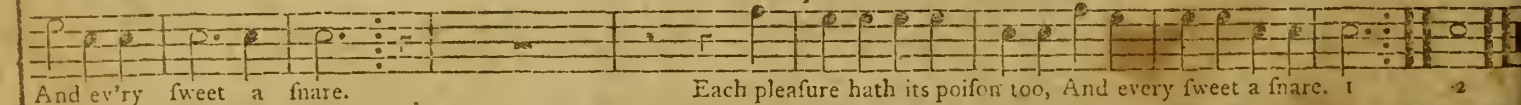
give him rest, The Lord shall give him rest, When he's by troubles compass's round, The Lord shall give, The Lord shall give him rest.



How vain are all things here below, How false, and yet how fair, Each pleasure hath its poison too,

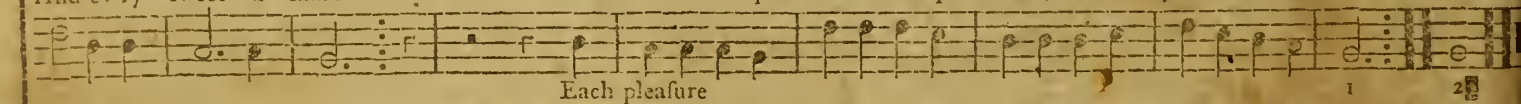


Each pleasure

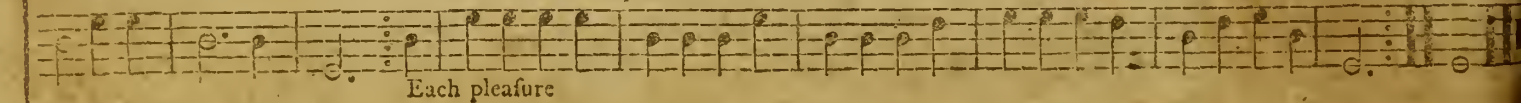


And ev'ry sweet a snare.

Each pleasure hath its poison too, And every sweet a snare.



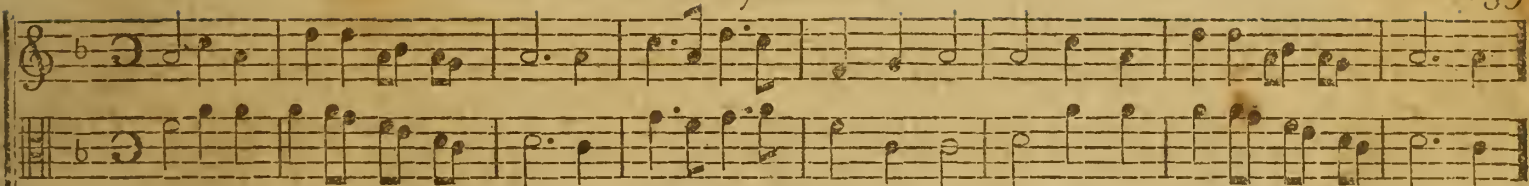
Each pleasure



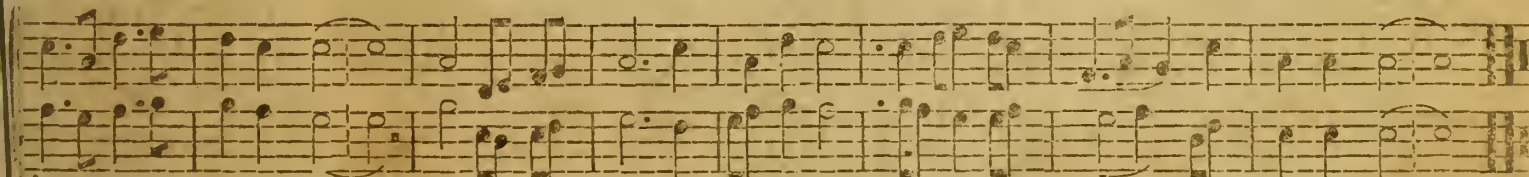
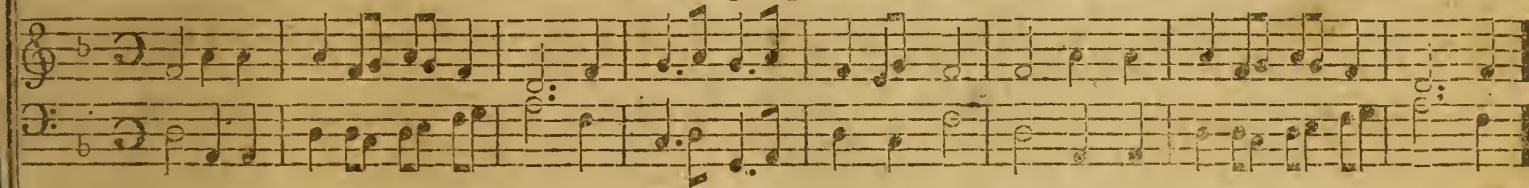
Each pleasure

# Farewell Hymn.

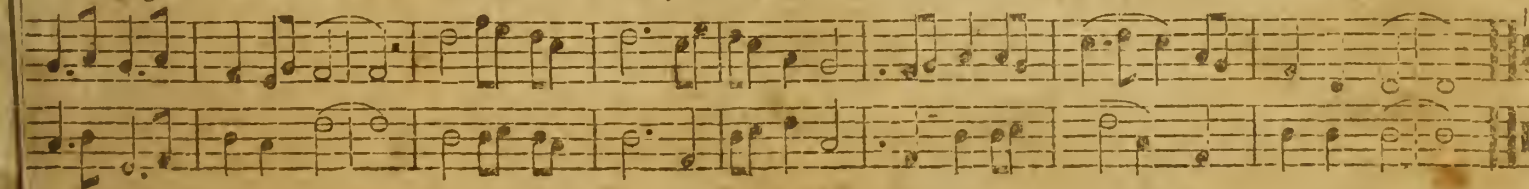
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Give ear to me ye sons of men, Why stand ye gazing round my bed, We all must die, the Lord knows when, And



lie among the silent dead; Tho' now in health, you all may die, And turn to dust as soon as I.





2 When from my Maker's hand I came,  
The seeds of death were in me sown ;  
Which will dissolve my mortal frame  
Soon as the bloom of life is blown ;  
Behold me on a dying bed,  
Forget me not, when I am dead.

3 The seeds of grace have since been sown,  
And rooted well within my soul ;  
Which being ripe and fully grown,  
How sweetly on the moments roll.  
Come, welcome death and set me free,  
My Saviour's face I long to see.

4 Farewell, my father, kind and dear,  
I wish you well with all my heart ;  
Farewell, my mother, fond and near,  
For you and I must shortly part,  
My Jesus calls, and I will go,  
And leave all earthly things below.

5 Farewell, my brothers, young and old,  
Farewell, my little sisters, too ;  
My cheeks are pale, my hands are cold,  
And I must bid you all adieu.  
My days are spent, my race is run,  
Remember me when dead and gone.

6 Farewell, my young companions, all,  
From death's arrest no age is free ;  
Remember this for warning calls,  
Prepare to follow after me.  
The wife, the foolish and the brave,  
Must try the cold and silent grave.

7 Farewell, my neighbors, kind and free,  
The happy hour is hast'ning on,  
What you will say concerning me,  
That Polly Gould is dead and gone.  
The like will soon be said of you,  
The way of virtue then pursue.

8 Adieu to all things here below,  
My treasure is above the sky ;  
My Saviour calls, and I will go,  
And take possession by and by.  
Dear Jesus, come, delay no more,  
I long to reach thy peaceful shore.

9 Now she is dead and cannot stir,  
Her cheeks are like the fading rose,  
Which of us next will follow her,  
The Lord Almighty only knows.  
But this you know as well as I,  
That we are mortals, born to die.

10 Cease, my beloved, to complain,  
Her soul is born of heav'nly birth,  
The dust returns to dust again,  
Her voice is heard no more on earth,  
But her immortal soul is gone  
To put eternal glory on.

11 The great Creator, wife and true,  
Has an undoubted right to reign ;  
He made and lent her unto you,  
Till he should call for her again.  
He has a right to take his own,  
O praise him for his blessed loan.

12 Remember this, ye mourning friends,  
Your loss is her eternal gain :  
With her all sin and sorrow ends,  
Then cease to murmur or complain.  
Her weary soul is gone to rest,  
Where sin and satan can't molest.

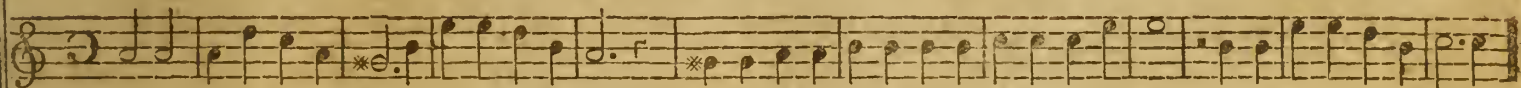
13 She was a blessing here below,  
A lovely, kind, and pleasant child ;  
Her soul, now free from sin and woe,  
Will serve its Maker undefil'd.  
Her sleeping dust shall rest in peace,  
Till sun and moon their courses cease.

14 How sweet and pleasant was the sound  
That thrill'd upon her mortal tongue ;  
Now she is gone where joys abound,  
And songs of nobler praise are sung ;  
Where peace, and love, and concord reigns,  
And Christ the Judge his throne maintains.

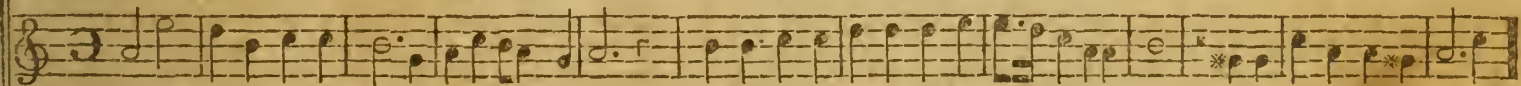
15 Rejoice ye mourners here below,  
That she is gone to worlds above ;  
Yet mourn your loss in parting so,  
For she is worthy of your love.  
Rejoice with grief, and mourn with joy,  
While solemn thoughts your minds employ.

16 Who can describe the joys of heav'n,  
Or comprehend the Lord of Hosts ?  
May honour, might, and praise be given  
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;  
All glory to the One in Three,  
And Three in One eternally.

### Salisbury.

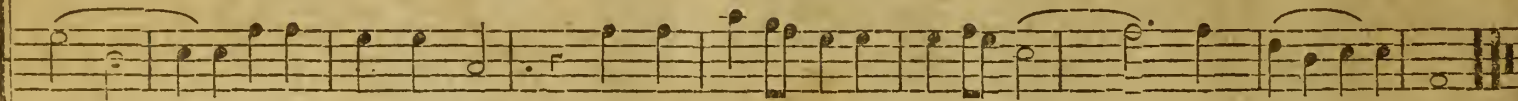


God of my salvation hear, And help me to believe ; Simply do I now draw near, Thy blessing to receive : Full of guilt, alas ! I am, But





to thy wounds for refuge flee: Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb, Thy blood was shed for me.



2 Standing now as newly slain, To thee I lift mine eye,  
Balm of all my grief and pain, Thy blood is always nigh:  
Now as yesterday, the same Thou art, and wilt for ever be:  
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb, Thy blood was shed for me.

3 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay, Nor can thy grace procure;  
Empty send me not away, For I, thou know'lt, am poor;  
Dust and ashes is my name, My all is sin and misery:  
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb, Thy blood was shed for me.

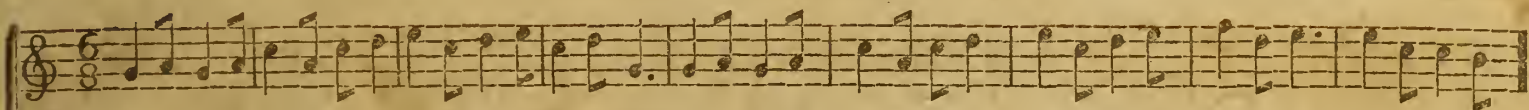
4 No good word, or work, or thought, Bring I to buy thy grace;  
Pardon I accept unbought, Thy proffer I embrace;  
Coming, as at first I came, To take, and not bestow on thee;  
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb, Thy blood was shed for me.

5 Saviour, from thy wounded side I never will depart,  
Here will I my spirit hide, When I am pure in heart:  
Till my place above I claim, This only shall be all my plea,  
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb, Thy blood was shed for me.



# The Saviour's Merits.

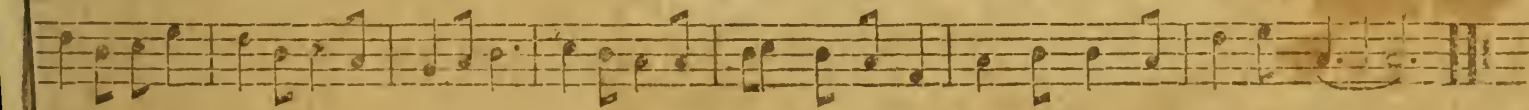
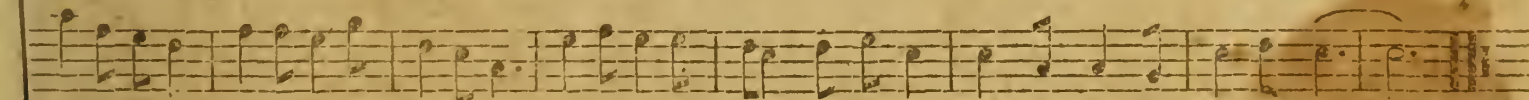
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Saviour, I do feel thy merit, Sprinkled with redeeming blood, And my weary troubled spirit, Now finds rest with thee, my God, I am safe, and



I am happy, While in thy dear arms I lie ; Sin nor Satan cannot hurt me, While my Saviour is so nigh.



2 Glory, glory, glory, glory,  
 Glory be to God on high,  
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,  
 Sing his praises thro' the sky ;  
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,  
 Glory to the Father give,  
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,  
 Sing his praises all that live !

3 Now I'll sing my Saviour's merit—  
 Tell the world of his dear name,  
 That if any wants his spirit,  
 He is still the very same ;  
 He that asketh, soon receiveth,  
 He that seeks is sure to find,  
 Whoso'er on him believeth,  
 He will never cast behind.

8 Glory, honor and thanksgiving,  
 Be unto the Lord our King ;  
 O let ev'ry creature living  
 The Redeemer's praises sing ;  
 Hallelujah ! hallelujah !  
 Now the Lord Jehovah reigns ;  
 Hallelujah ! hallelujah !  
 Sing his praise in highest strains.

4 Glory, glory, glory, glory,  
 Glorious Christ of heav'nly birth ;  
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,  
 Sing his praises thro' the earth ;  
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,  
 Glory to the Spirit be,  
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,  
 To the sacred One in Three.

5 Now our Advocate is pleading  
 With his Father, and our God ;  
 And for us is interceeding,  
 As the purchase of his blood ;  
 Now methinks I hear him praying,  
 Father ! save them—I have died ;  
 And the Father answers, saying,  
 They are freely justified.

6 Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy,  
 Worthy is the Lamb of God,  
 Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy,  
 Who lov'd and wash'd us in his blood.  
 Holy, holy, holy, holy.  
 Holy is the Lord of Hosts,  
 Holy, holy, holy, holy,  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

7 Soon we hope to sing most sweetly,  
 At the marriage of the Lamb,  
 When his bride is dress'd completely,  
 Fit to celebrate the same :  
 O what shouts shall then be ringing  
 Round the throne of God most high,  
 And what sweet, melod'ous singing  
 Then shall echo through the sky.

9 Blessed, blessed, blessed, blessed,  
 Blessed be the God of heav'n,  
 Blessed, blessed, blessed, blessed,  
 Who has all our sins forgiven :  
 Praised, praised, praised, praised,  
 Praised be his holy name,  
 Praised, praised, praised, praised,  
 Now and ever more. Amen.

# Marlborough.

145

'Tis finish'd, 'tis done! the spirit is fled, The pris'ner is gone, the christian is dead: The christian is living through. Jesus's

love, And gladly receiving a kingdom above: And gladly receiving a kingdom above.

All honor and praise are Jesus's due:  
supported by grace, he fought his way thro'  
triumphantly glorious thro' Jesus's zeal,  
and more than victorions o'er sin, death & hell.

3 Then let us record the conquering name;  
Our Captain & Lord with shoutings proclaim;  
Who trust in his passion and follow our Head;  
To certain salvation we all shall be led.

4 O Jesus, lead on, thy militant care,  
And give us the crown of righteousness there:  
Where dazzled with glory the seraphims gaze;  
Or prostrate adore thee, in silence of praise.

5 Come Lord, and display, thy sign in the sky, The kingdom be given, the purchase divine,  
And bear us away to mansions on high: And crown us in heaven eternally thine:



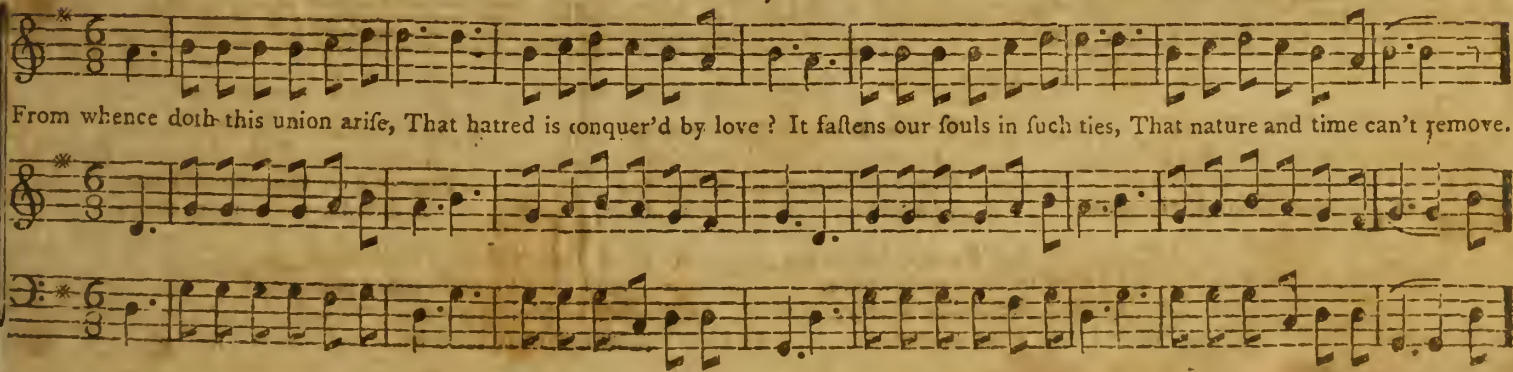
Come, let us ascend, My companion & friend, To taste of the banquet above! If thy heart be as mine, If for Jesus it pine, Come up into the chariot of

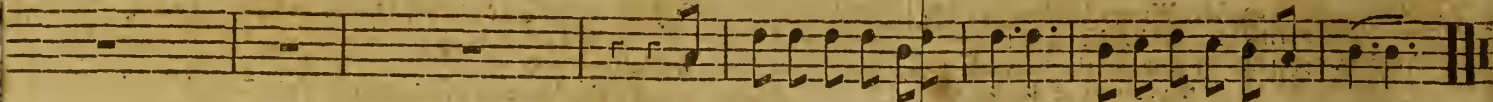
love. If thy heart be as mine, If for Jesus it pine, Come up into the chariot of love. Come up into the chariot of love.

- 2 Who in Jesus confide, We are bold to out-ride  
The storms of affliction beneath !  
With the prophet we soar To the heavenly shore,  
And out-fly all the arrows of death.
- 3 By faith we are come To our permanent home;  
By hope we the rapture improve ;  
By love we still rise, And look down on the skies,  
For the heaven of heavens is love.
- 4 Who on earth can conceive, How happy we lie  
In the palace of God, the great King !  
What a concert of praise, When our Jesus's grace  
The whole heavenly company sing !
- 5 What a rapturous song, When the glorify'd throng  
In the spirit of harmony join !

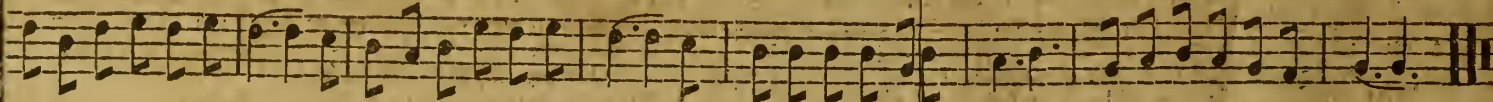
- Join all the glad choirs, Hearts, voices, and lyres,  
And the burden is mercy divine.
- 6 Hallelujah they cry, To the King of the sky,  
To the great everlasting I AM ;  
To the Lamb that was slain, And liveth again,  
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb.
- 7 The Lamb on the throne, Lo ! he dwells with his own,  
And to rivers of pleasure he leads ;  
With his mercy's full blaze, With the sight of his face,  
Our beautify'd spirits he feeds.
- 8 Our foreheads proclaim His ineffable name ;  
Our bodies his glory display ;  
A day without night We feast in his sight,  
And eternity seems as a day !

### Union Hymn.

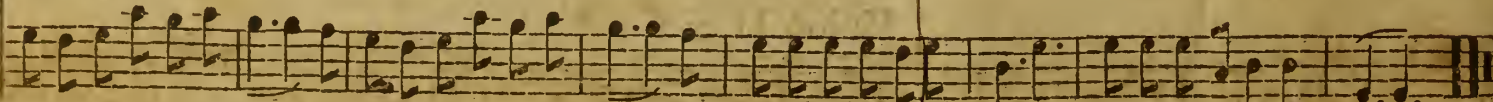


Union Hymn. *Continued,*


It fastens our souls in such ties, That nature and time can't remove.



fastens our souls in such ties, That nature and time can't remove. It fastens our souls in such ties, That nature and time can't remove.



3 It cannot in Eden be found,  
Nor yet in a paradise lost;  
It grows on Immanuel's ground,  
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.

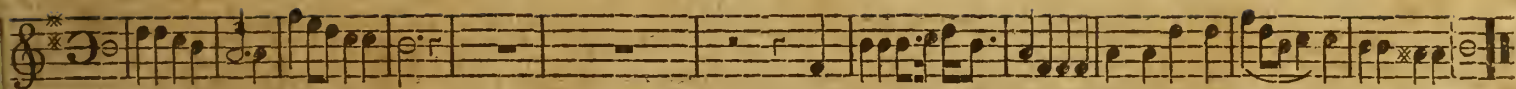
3 My friends are so dear unto me,  
Our hearts all united in love;  
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,  
In yonder blest mansions above.

4 O! why then so loth for to part,  
Since we shall ere long meet again,  
Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,  
A distance we cannot remain.

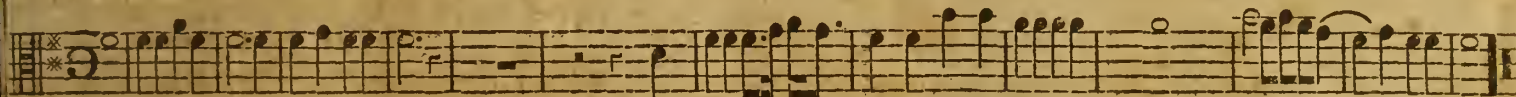
5 And when we shall see that bright day,  
And join with the angels above,  
Leaving these vile bodies of clay,  
United with Jesus in love.

6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,  
And all his bought glory shall see,  
Singing hallelujah, amen,  
Amen, even so let it be.

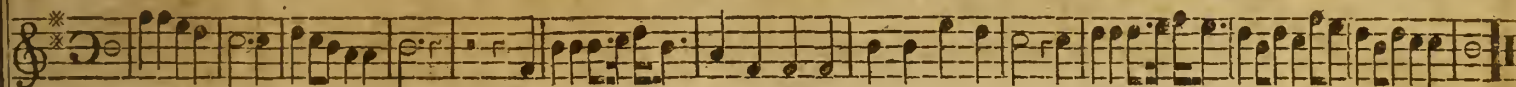




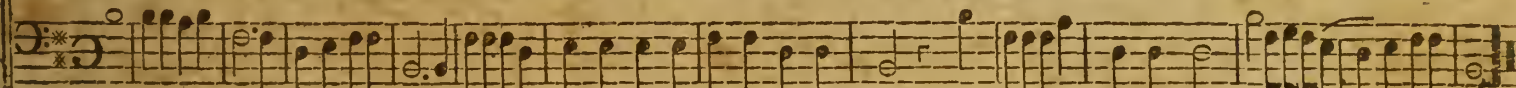
O may we all remember well The night of death draws near, The &c.



The day is past and gone, The ev'ning shades appear, O may we all remember well The night of death draws near, The, &c.



O may we all remember well The night of death draws near, O may, &c.



O may we all remember well The night of death draws near, O may, &c.

2 We lay our garments by,  
Upon our beds to rest ;  
So death will soon disrobe us all  
Of what we here possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,  
Secure from all our fears ;  
May angels guard us while we sleep,  
Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise,  
And view th' unweary'd sun,  
May we set out to win the prize,  
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,  
And we from time remove ;

O may we in thy bosom rest,  
The bosom of thy love.

## Jerusalem.

The new Jerusalem comes down adorn'd with

From the third heaven where God resides, that holy, happy place, The new Jerusalem comes down A -

The new Jerusalem comes down Adorn'd with shining grace.

The new Jerusalem come down A - dorn'd with shining grace. The

shining grace. The new Jerusalem comes down Adorn'd with shining grace. Adorn'd with shining grace. 1 2

dorn'd with shining grace. Adorn'd with shining grace. Adorn'd with shining grace. 1 2

The new Jerusalem comes down Adorn'd with shining grace. Adorn'd with shining grace. 1 2

new Jerusalem comes down Adorn'd with shining grace. Adorn'd with shining grace. Adorn'd with shining grace.



# The Heavenly Ode.

151

When will my sorrows  
 Jerusalem, my happy home, O how I long for thee! When will my sorrows have an end? When  
 When will my sorrows have an end? My joys, when shall I  
 have an end? When will my sorrows have an end? My joys, &c. When  
 will my sorrows have an end? My joys, when shall I see? When will my sorrows have an end? My joys, when shall I see?  
 shall I see? When.  
 When

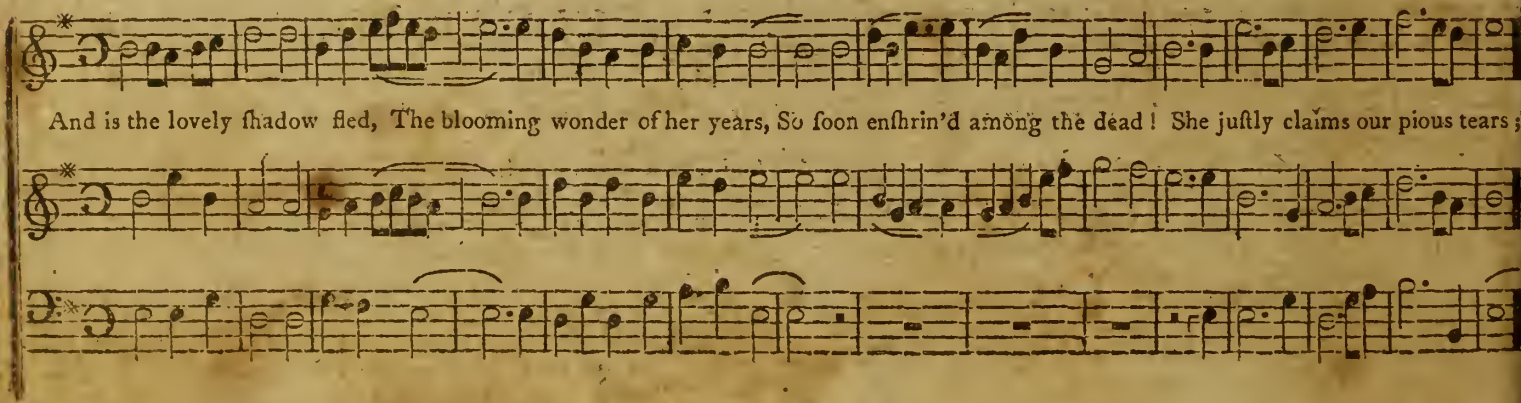


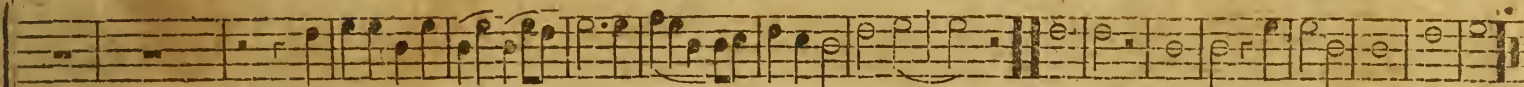
- 2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,  
Most glorious to behold;  
Thy gates are richly set with pearl;  
Thy streets are pav'd with gold.
- 3 Thy garden and thy pleasant green  
My study long have been:  
Such sparkling light, by human sight  
Has never yet been seen.
- 4 If heav'n be thus, glorious Lord,  
Why should I stay from thence?  
What folly 'tis that I should dread  
To die and go from hence.

- 5 Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace  
And cause me to ascend  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And sabbaths never end.
- 6 Jesus my love to glory's gone,  
Him will I go and see,  
And all my brethren here below  
Will soon come after me.
- 7 My friends, I bid you all adieu,  
I leave you in God's care;  
And if I never more see you,  
Go on, I'll meet you there.

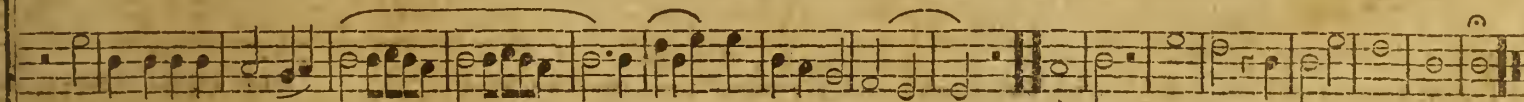
- 8 There we shall meet no more to part,  
And heav'n shall ring with praise:  
While Jesus' love in every heart  
Shall tune the song free grace.
- 9 Millions of years around me run,  
Our song shall still go on;  
To praise the father and the son,  
And spirit three in one.
- 10 When we've been there a thousand years,  
Bright shining as the sun,  
We've no less days to sing God's praise  
Than when we first begun.

## Columbia.

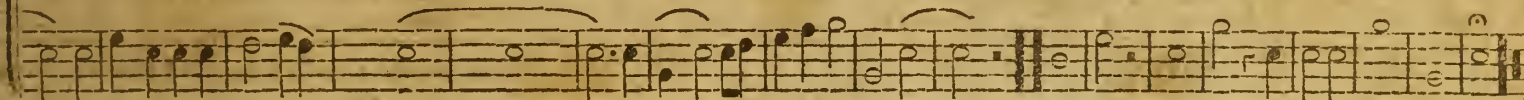




Who now to heav'nly spirits join'd, Hath left our wretched world behind. Farewell, farewell, a sad a long farewell.



Who now to heav'nly spirits join'd,



- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 Her early, short-liv'd excellence,<br/>With meek submission we bemoan,<br/>Snatch'd in a fatal moment hence,<br/>Gone, from our arms, to Jesus gone.<br/>To heighten by her swift remove,<br/>The grief below, and joy above.</p> | <p>3 In vain the dear departing faint,<br/>Forbids our gushing tears to flow ;<br/>Forbear, my friends, your fond complaint,<br/>From earth to heav'n I gladly go ;<br/>To glorious company above,<br/>Bright angels, and the God of love.</p>              | <p>4 O praise him, and rejoice for me,<br/>So happy, happy in my God !<br/>So soon from all my sins set free,<br/>And hasten to that blest abode ;<br/>With swift desire my steps pursue,<br/>And take the prize prepar'd for you.</p> |
| <p>5 Meet am I for the great reward,<br/>The great reward I know is mine ;<br/>Come, O my sweet redeeming Lord,<br/>Open those loving arms of thine,<br/>And take me up, thy face to see,<br/>And let me die to live with thee.</p>    | <p>6 The pray'r is seal'd, the soul is fled,<br/>And sees her Saviour face to face :<br/>But still she speaks to us, tho' dead,<br/>She call us to that heav'nly place,<br/>Where all the storms of life are o'er,<br/>And pain and parting is no more.</p> |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |

Come brethren and sisters that love my dear Lord, I pray give attention and ear to my word What wonder of mercy, be-  
 What wonders of mercy, behold I now see, What

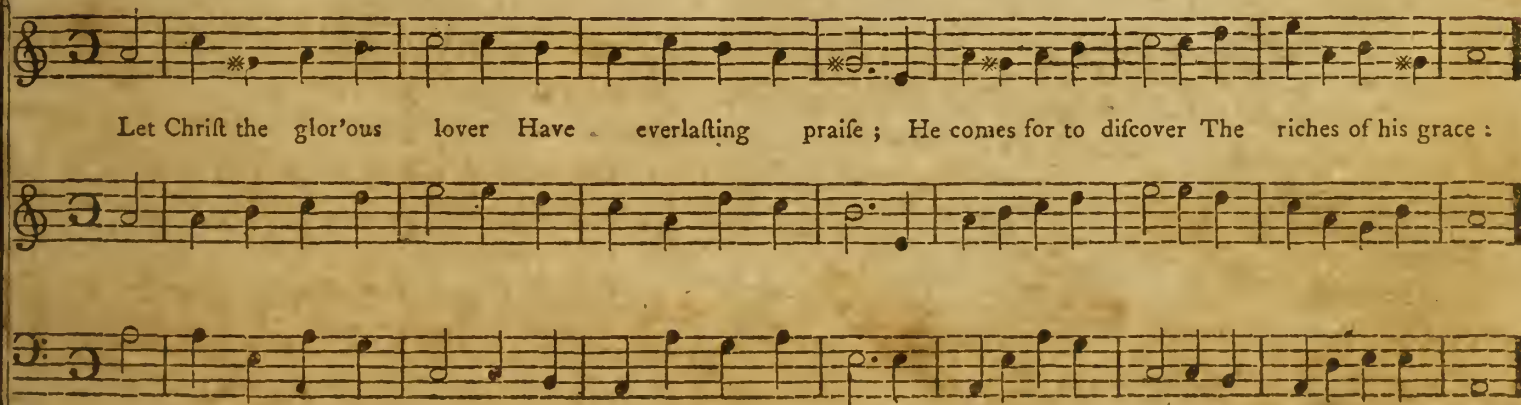
What wonders of mercy, behold I now see, What wonders of mercy, behold I now see, A tender, kind Saviour has done for poor me.  
 hold I now see, What, &c.  
 wonder, &c.

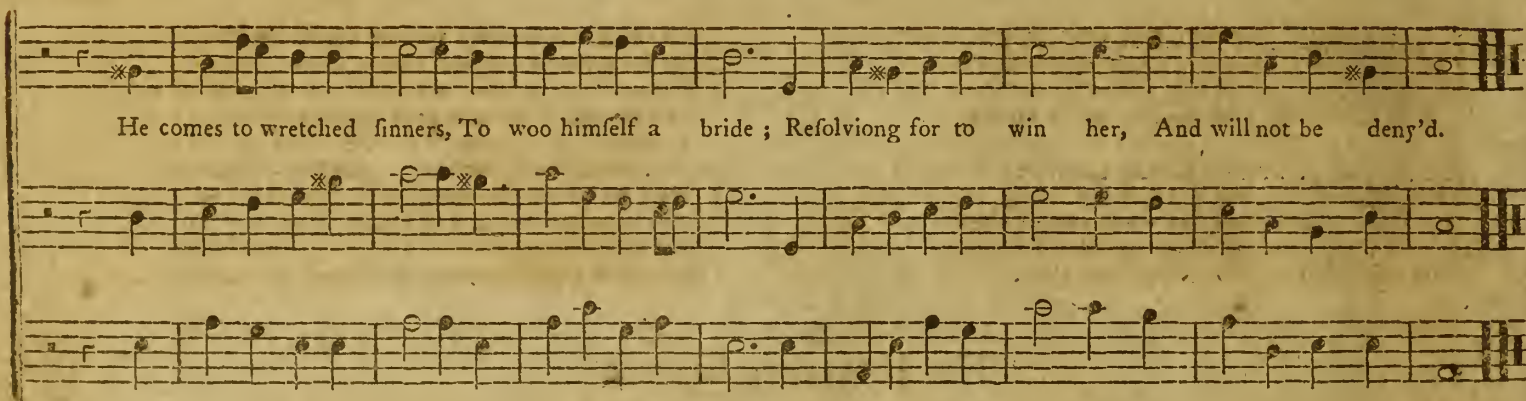


- 2 I was led by the devil till lost and distress'd,  
 I thought that in torments I soon should be cast,  
 No peace to the wicked, but all misery,  
 Till by faith I saw Jesus hang bleeding for me.  
 3 Oh sinner ! said Jesus, for you I have dy'd,  
 All glory to Jesus, my soul then reply'd :  
 The guilt was remov'd, my soul did rejoice,  
 The blood was applied, the witness and voice.  
 4 On my low bending knees before God I did fall,  
 And glory to Jesus, for he's all and all ;

- The heart of his rebel was burst'd in twain,  
 To see my dear Jesus on Calvary slain.  
 5 There was peace now in heaven, and peace upon earth,  
 The angels rejoice at a poor sinner's birth ;  
 Your sins are forgiven, my Saviour did say—  
 Oh ! witness kind heaven, on this my birth day.  
 6 My soul it was humbled, I fell to the ground;  
 The time of refreshing at length I have found,  
 O Lord, thou hast ravish'd my soul with thy charms,  
 Let me die like Simeon, with Christ in my arms.

### The Heavenly Courtier.



The Heavenly Courtier. *Continued.*

He comes to wretched sinners, To woo himself a bride ; Resolviong for to win her, And will not be deny'd.

- 2 Unwilling she discovers Himself for to deny,  
To cast away her pleasures And lay her honors by—  
To part with every notion That puffs her up with pride,  
And take him for her portion, And be his loving bride.
- 3 He calls aloud unto her, Pursue your ways no more ;  
She thinks it will undo her, To part with all her store ;  
She willingly refuses To yield unto his will,  
And in her heart she chooses Her former lovers still.
- 4 She bolts the door upon him, And bids the Lord depart ;  
She will not serve his honor, Nor let him have her heart ;  
Yet Jesus loves the sinner, And will not leave the door,  
But cries, O wretched creature ! Reject my grace no more.

- 5 Behold my matchless fulness ! Arise and let me in ;  
How can you be so cruel To bar your hearts with sin ?  
If calls and invitation, Will not excite your love,  
Prepare for condemnation, For I will not remove.
- 6 He then displays his pow'r, By an almighty word ;  
He threatens to devour, And shews a flaming sword ;  
She now begins to tremble At what she sees and hears ;  
And fain would she be humble, And wash her crimes with tears.
- 7 She does not yet discover The filth of her inside ;  
She thinks the Lord will love her, And take her for his bride ;  
But like refiner's fire He searches every part ;  
Conviction rises higher, She feels a troubled heart.

- 8 She now begins to languish, And none can her relieve ;  
 Her heart is full of anguish, To find she can't believe.  
 Her hopes are now departed, And left her full of woe,  
 With all the broken hearted, She cries what shall I do ?  
 9 But Jesus has compassion, Still moving in his breast,  
 Intends to give salvation, Unto the souls distress'd ;  
 One glimpse of love and pow'r Makes her forget her pain,  
 She cries, O happy hour, Is this the lovely Lamb ?  
 10 Is he whom I rejected, Stoop'd down to me so low ?  
 Goodness, but unexpected, It hardly can be true ;

- And still she cries more fervent, Lord, don't thy mercy hide,  
 May I become a servant, And fit to be a bride.  
 11 The marriage is made ready, The parties are agreed,  
 The holy Son of David, And Adam's wretched seed ;  
 The sinner is attir'd, With raiment clean and white,  
 Her sins are freely pardon'd, And she's her Lord's delight.  
 12 They eat and drink together, And mut'ally embrace,  
 Both saints and angels wonder, At the surprising grace ;  
 This union shall continue, For evermore the same,  
 And nothing part asunder, The Christian and the Lamb.

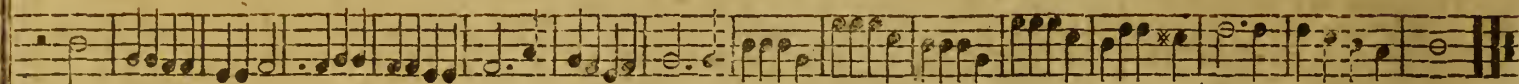
### Complainer.

The musical score is written on three staves. The first two staves are in treble clef, and the third is in bass clef. The music is in a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words aligned under specific notes or rests.

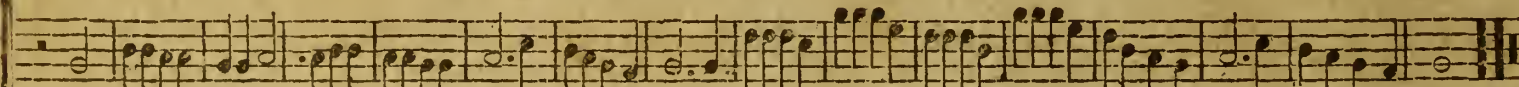
I set myself against the Lord.      And wish'd to take his place ;      And perish too eternally,

Despis'd his spirit and his word,      It vex'd me fore that I must die,      Or else be sav'd by grace, Or,&c.

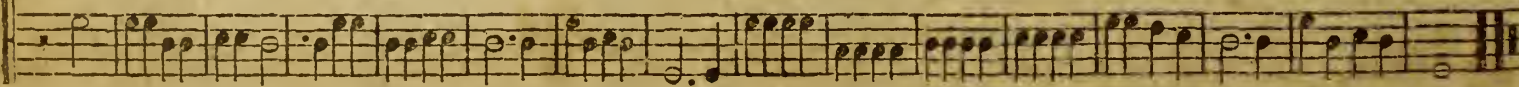


Complainer. *Continued.*

Of ev'ry preacher I'd complain,      Another's learning's small;      One pray'd too loud, and one too low,



One spoke thro' pride, and one for gain,      This spoke too fast and that too slow,      The others had no call, The, &c.



- 3 With no professors could I join,  
Some dress'd too mean, & some too fine,  
And some did talk too long;  
Some had a tone, some had no gift,  
Some talk'd so weak and some so swift,  
That all of them were wrong.
- 4 I thought they'd better keep at home,  
Than to exhort where'er they come,  
And tell us of their joys;

- They'd better keep their gardens free  
From weeds, than to examine me,  
And vex me with their noise.
- 5 Kindred and neighbors all were bad,  
And no true friends for to be had—  
My rulers too were vile:  
At length I was brought for to see,  
The fault did mostly lie in me,  
And had done all the while.

- 6 The horrid loads of guilt and shame,  
Being conscious too I was to blame,  
Did wound my frightened soul;  
I've sinn'd so much against my God,  
I'm crush'd so low beneath his rod,  
How can I be made whole.
- 7 But there is balm in Gilead,  
And a Physician to be had,  
A balsam too most free;

Only believe on God's dear Son;  
 Through him the victory is won;  
 Christ Jesus dy'd for me.  
 8 For Christ's free love's a boundless sea;  
 What! to expire for such as me?  
 Yes, 'tis a truth divine!  
 My heart did melt, my soul o'er run  
 With love, to see what God hath done:  
 For souls as mean as mine.  
 9 Now I can hear a child proclaim  
 The joyful news, and praise the name.

Of Jesus Christ, my King;  
 I know no sect; Christians are one,  
 With my complaints I now have done,  
 And God's free grace I sing.  
 10 Glory to him who gave his Son,  
 To die for crimes which we had done,  
 And made salvation mine;  
 For as we'd sold ourselves for nought,  
 So without money we are bought,  
 A blessed truth divine.  
 11 Come saints, rejoice in Christ your King,

His solemn praises sweetly sing,  
 And tell the world his love;  
 Sinners invite for to receive  
 Of God's free grace and not to grieve  
 The holy sacred dove.  
 12 All those who do an interest gain,  
 In th' blessed Lamb that once was slain,  
 Will surely happy be;  
 Their loud hosannas they shall raise,  
 A monument of God's high praise,  
 To all eternity.

### Livonia.

The musical score is written on three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is primarily in the treble staves, with the bass staff providing a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the notes.

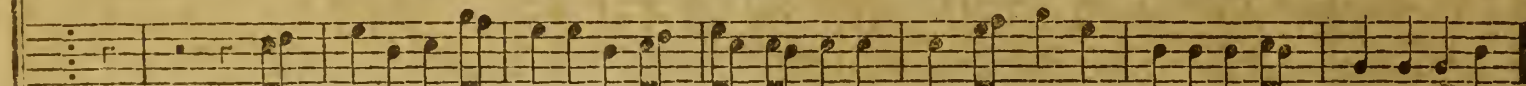
Think, mighty God, on feeble man; How few his hours, how short his span, Who can secure his vital breath



Against the bold demands of death, Against the bold demands of death, With skill to fly of pow'r to save. A-



Against the bold demands of death, Against the bold demands of death, With skill to fly or pow'r to save? A-



Against the bold demands of death, Against the bold demands of death, With skill to fly or pow'r to save? A.



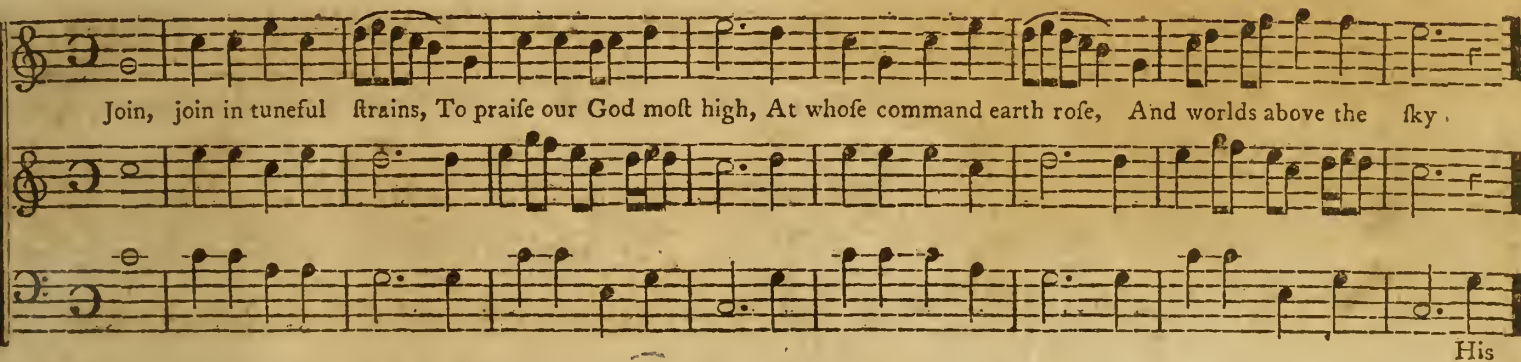
gainst the bold demands of death, Against the bold demands of death, With skill to fly or pow'r to save?





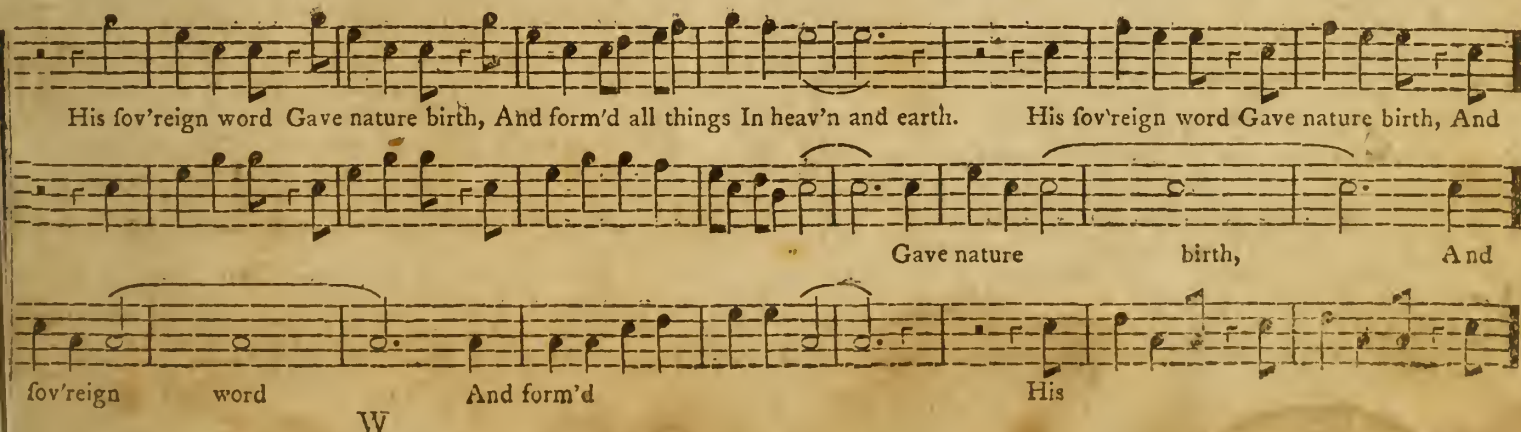
# Election Hymn.

161



Join, join in tuneful strains, To praise our God most high, At whose command earth rose, And worlds above the sky.

His

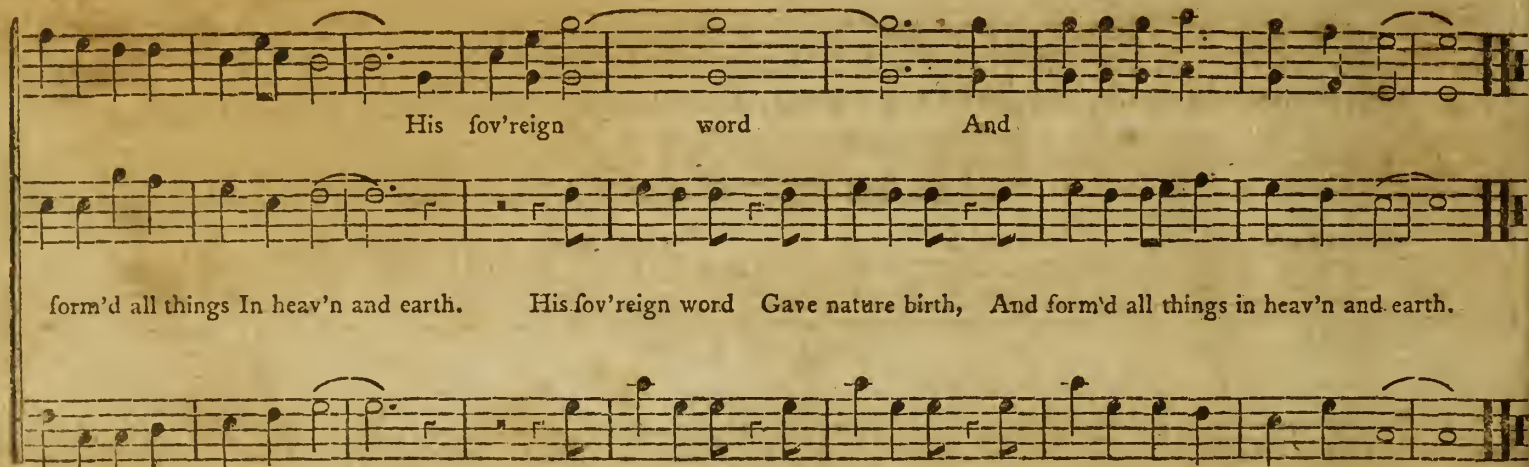


His sov'reign word Gave nature birth, And form'd all things In heav'n and earth. His sov'reign word Gave nature birth, And

Gave nature birth, And

sov'reign word And form'd His

W



2 He call'd our fathers forth, To leave their native land ;  
 And in this western clime, Rear'd Freedom's happy band.  
 When we were weak, His goodness gave.  
 A Washington, Our land to save.

3 He, all our councils rul'd, Our troops to conquest led;  
 While our usurping foes Before his banner fled.  
 We'll ne'er forget Those vet'rans brave,  
 Who gave their lives, Our rights to save.

4 Warren, on Bunker's hill, Mercer, on Princeton plain,  
 Montgom'ry, at Quebec, Lie with the mighty slain.  
 High angels guard Each Hero's tomb ;  
 And on their breasts May flowrets bloom.

5 Hail, deathless Washington ! Columbia's pride and boast,  
 Whose name a bulwark prov'd, Whose counsel was a host.  
 Thy name embalm'd In ev'ry heart,  
 Shall long survive The works of art.

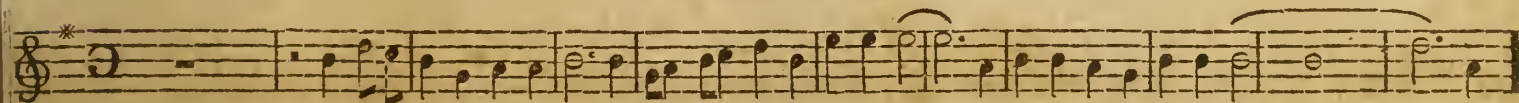
6 Quincy's illustrious Sage, Wisdom's immortal friend,  
May peace, a good old age, And happiness attend ;  
And when from earth He wings his way,  
Meet Washington In realms of day.

7 May Jefferson, our Chief, In Cabinet and Field,  
Check vice and party feud, Be Order's friend and shield ;  
In virtue great, As in command,  
Deal justice with Impartial hand.

8 Lord, our Republic's Chief, And Council, wilt thou guide ;  
In wisdom keep the House, And over them preside ;  
May justice rule The public cause,  
Example's aid Enforce the laws.

9 To God let pæans rise, His goodness loud proclaim,  
Who, in this wilderness, Rear'd Temples to his name ;  
Made Freedom's sons And Christians dwell,  
Where late was heard The savage yell.

### Election Ode.



Welcome the day from which our State, Computes the era of its date ; This day a government began,

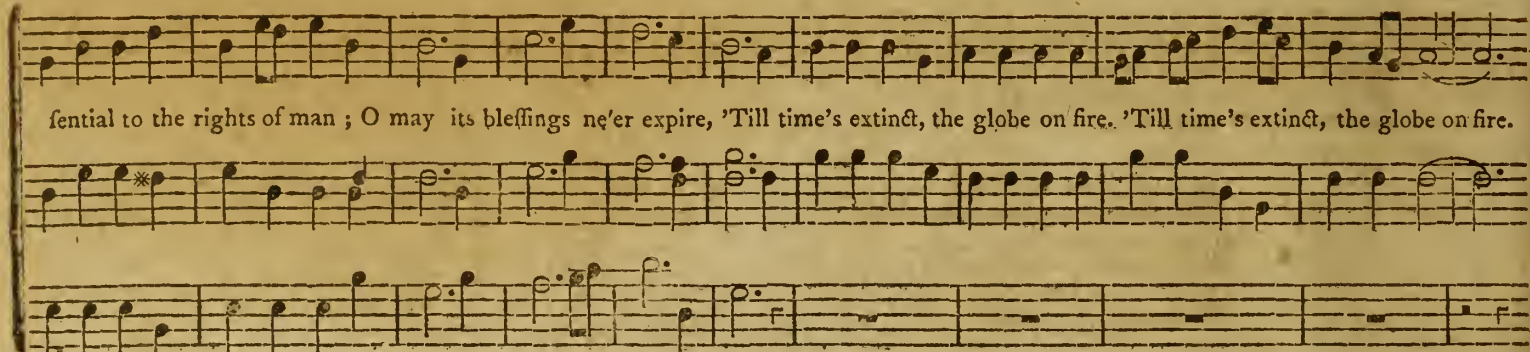


Welcome the day from which our State, Computes the era of its date ; This day a government began, Es-

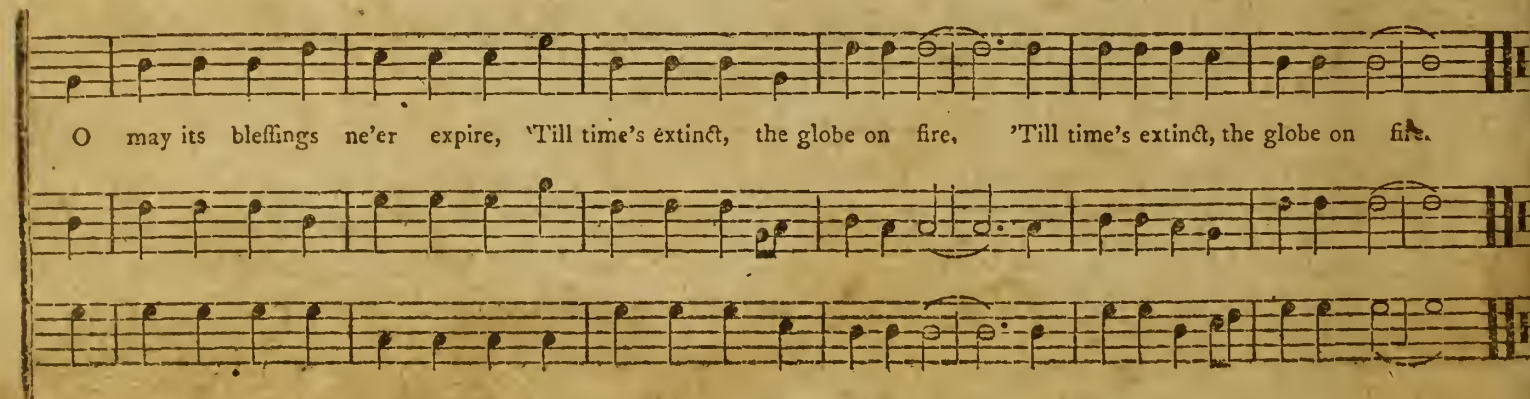


Welcome the day from which our State, Computes the era of its date ; This day a government began, Es-





sential to the rights of man ; O may its blessings ne'er expire, 'Till time's extinct, the globe on fire. 'Till time's extinct, the globe on fire.



O may its blessings ne'er expire, 'Till time's extinct, the globe on fire, 'Till time's extinct, the globe on fire.

2 Secure upon his well earn'd spot,  
The farmer cultivates his lot ;  
The city's din, and tinkling sounds,  
Where gladiators walk their rounds,  
And pirates launching from Algiers,  
Excite in him no racking fears.

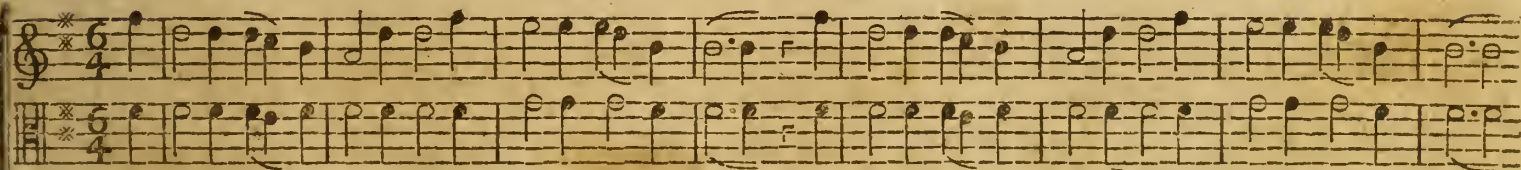
5 But most in him the Chief who guides,  
The factious waves of pop'lar tides,  
Whose patriotism none impeach,  
Whose virtue no vile slanders reach,  
To whom the *graces* long have paid,  
The homage of a patron's aid.

3 Not fifty years have roll'd away,  
Since savage yells spread wide dismay ;  
Where now rich fields of yellow corn,  
The suburbs of our towns adorn ;  
The maple, screen for Indian darts,  
Now yields the wealth of Indies' marts.

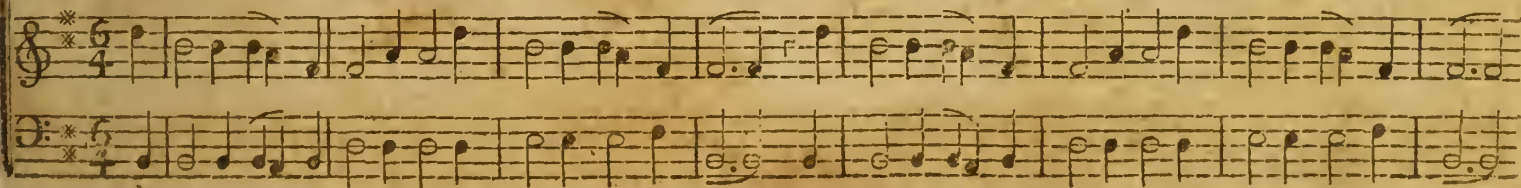
6 Ye mountaineers, to you are giv'n,  
These favors by propitious heav'n ;  
Let gratitude employ your themes,  
By day your tho'ts, by night your dreams,  
Then freedom, like your mountain's scene  
Shall flourish in perennial green.

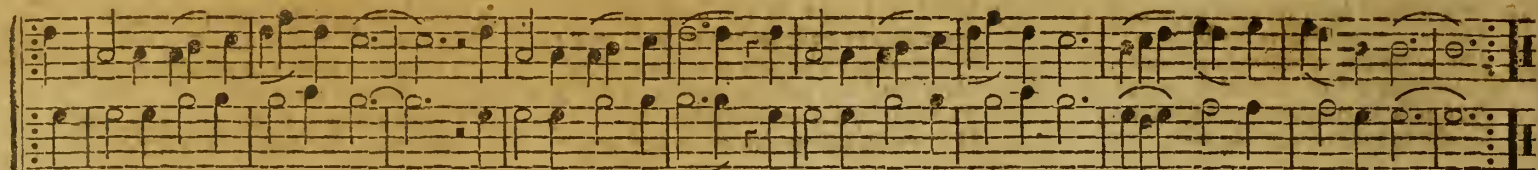
4 Vermont, thy sons are more than blest,  
In wealth increasing, public rest ;  
Thy rulers from the people's choice,  
Obedient to the public voice,  
Possess the pow'r, the goodness, will,  
A nation's interests to fulfil.

### Night Thought.

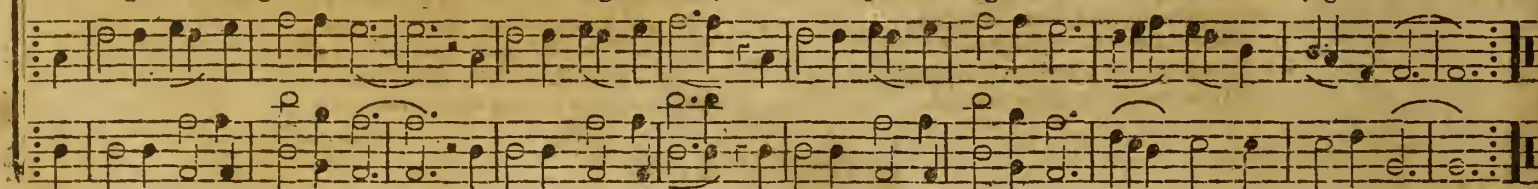


How can I sleep, when angels sing, And all the saints on high, Cry glory to th' eternal King, The Lamb that once did die.





When guardian angels fill the room, And hov'ring round my bed, Do clap their wings, in love to him, Who is my glorious head.



3 O! how can I inactive lie,  
And thoughtless all the night,  
When those celestial spirits praise  
The Lord with all their might.

4 Such joyful spirits never sleep,  
Their love is ever new;  
Then, O my soul, no longer cease  
To love and praise him too.

5 For I, of all the race that fell,  
Or all the heav'nly host,  
Have greatest cause with humbler soul  
To love and praise him most.

6 Did God the Father love men so,  
As to give up his Son,  
To be a ransom, and redeem  
Them from the sins they'd done.

7 Did Jesus leave the Father's breast,  
That heaven of heavens on high,  
To come to earth, this world of woe,  
For guilty worms to die.

8 And has the Holy Ghost apply'd  
The blood of Christ to me,  
To cleanse my guilty soul from sin,  
And set my spirit free?

9 With me O heaven and earth admire,  
Who am of all the race,  
The chiefest sinner, and deserve,  
In hell, the hottest place.

10 Yet mercy here and truth doth meet,  
And God can justify,  
Thro' Jesus Christ's most precious blood,  
So vile a wretch as I.

11 No longer then will I lie here,  
But rise and praise and pray;  
And join to sing while I enjoy  
A glimpse of heavenly day.

12 I'll view the glories of the Lord,  
And serve him all my days,  
For what he in his essence is,  
My soul shall sing his praise.

13 Such glories bind my soul to him,  
While them, by faith, I see,  
For, adore him, O my soul,  
And for his gifts to me.

14 Thanks to the Father for his Son;  
To Christ for righteousness,  
And to the Spirit, 'cause that he  
My soul in it did dress.



15 Lord, give me strength to die to sin,  
To run the Christian race ;

To live to God, and glorify  
The riches of his grace.

16 My lovely Jesus, while on earth,

Did rise before 'twas day,

And to a solitary place

He went and there did pray.

17 I'll do as did my blessed Lord,

His foot-steps I will trace ;

I long to meet him in the grove,

And view his smiling face.

18 And when my soul hath found my love,

I'll let him go no more ;

But bring him to my Father's house,

That all may him adore.

19 Now let all drowfiness be gone,

Let me enjoy my Lord,

And let my mind be swallow'd up,

In his eternal word.

20 If meditations all divine,

At midnight fill my soul ;

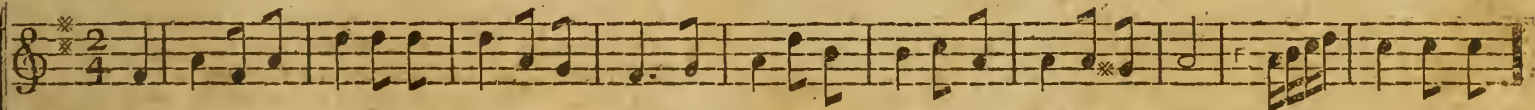
Sleep shall no longer all my powers

And faculties controul.

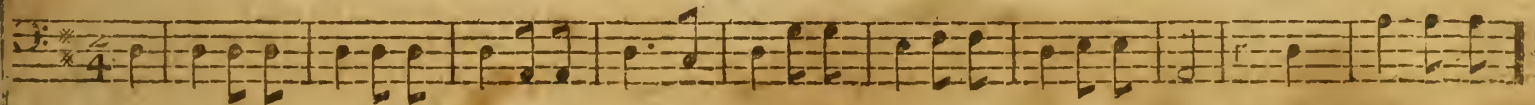
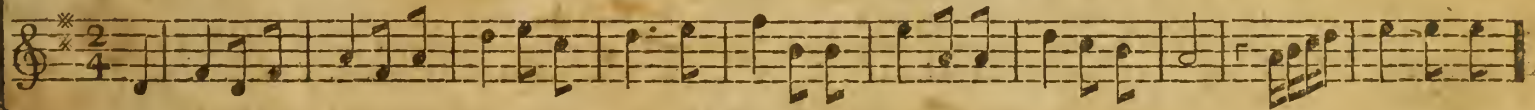
21 But I'll arise, and sing, and pray,  
And spend such hours of joy,  
In praising him whose name doth all  
My heart and tongue employ.

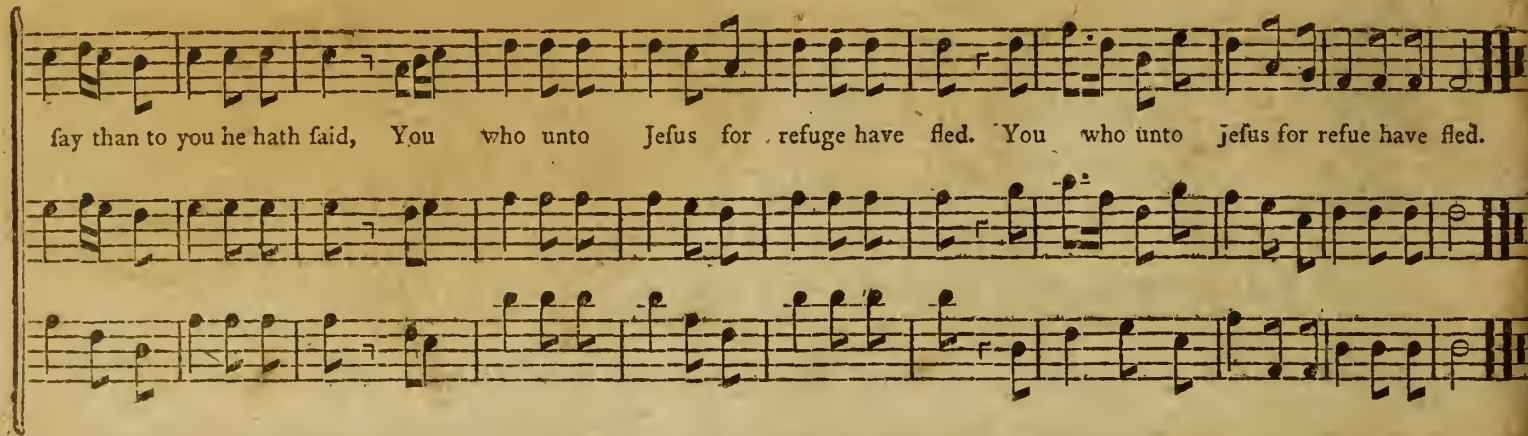
22 Yet if my nature doth require,  
From sleep a little rest ;  
Dear Jesus, let it be no more  
Than thou shalt think it best.

### Creation.



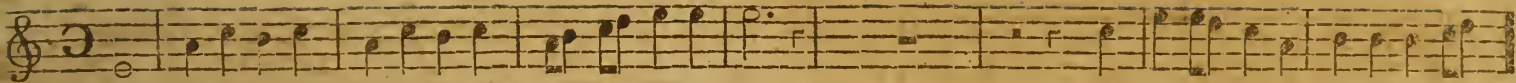
How firm a foundation, ye faints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his excellent word ? What more can he





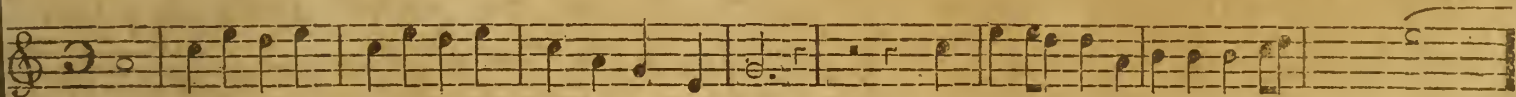
- 2 In ev'ry condition, in sickness, in health,  
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,  
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,  
As thy days may demand, shall thy strength e'er be.
- 3 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,  
I, I am thy God and will still give thee aid;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee and cause thee to stand,  
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 4 When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of woe shall not thee o'erflow;  
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 5 When through fiery trials thy path-way shall lie,  
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;  
The flames shall not hurt thee, I only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 6 Even down to old age, all my people shall prove  
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;  
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,  
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be born.
- 7 The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,  
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;  
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake,  
I'll never—no never—no never forsake.

## Lamentation.

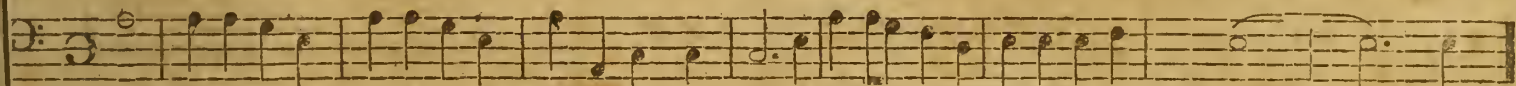


Death loud alarms, we feel the shock, Louder than thunders roar,

With grief we mourn that Judith Brock is



With grief we mourn that Judith Brock Is known



With grief we mourn that Judith Brock Is known on



known on earth no more.

With grief we mourn that Judith Brock Is known on earth no more. Parents, no doubt you feel the



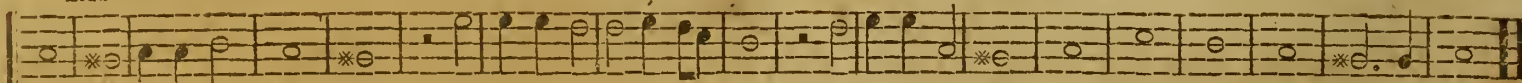
on earth no more.

With grief we mourn that Judith Brock Is known on earth no more, Is known, &c.

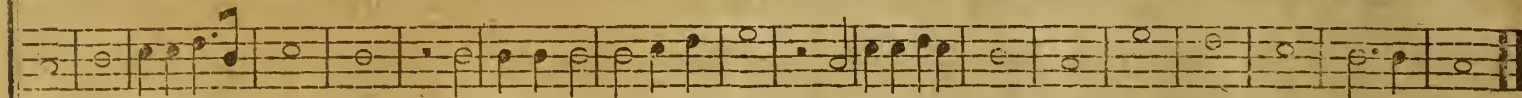
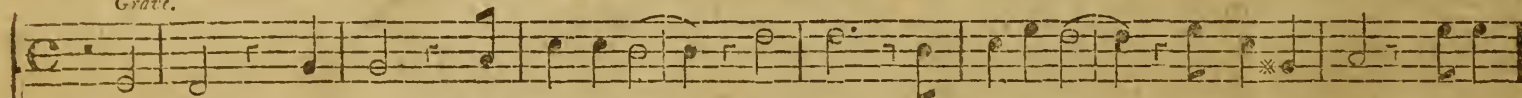


earth no more. With grief we mourn that Judith Brock Is know on earth no more, Is known on earth no more.

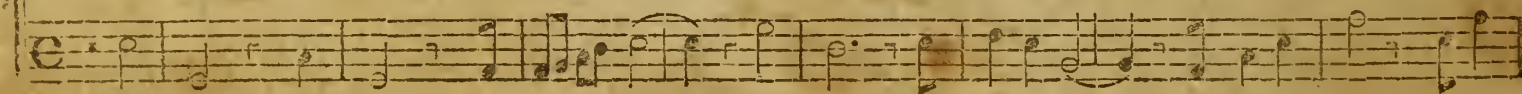
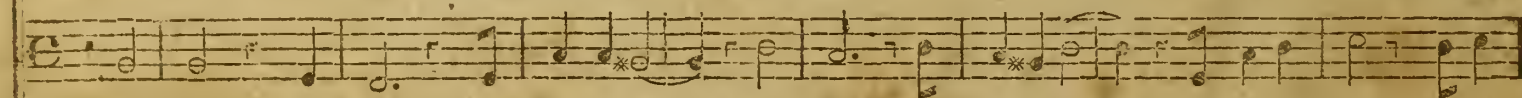


*Loud**Slow & Loud.*

dart, Pierce like a bloody spear ; No doubt your eyes affect yout heart, Your heart commands a tear. Your heart commands a tear.

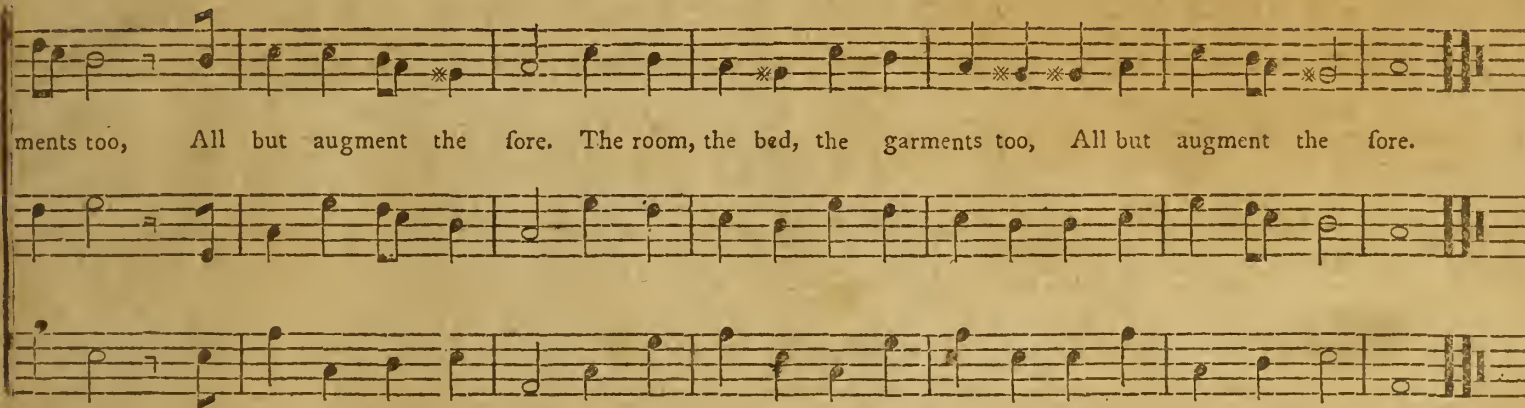
*Grave.*

The place that once your daughter knew, Is known of her no more, The room, the bed, the gar-



# Lamentation. Continued.

171



4 While you reflect the fore distress,  
She, with much patience bore,  
Her filial love, nor duty less,  
All but augment the fore.

5 Brethren and sisters, see the rod,  
And him that shakes it too ;  
And bow before a sov'reign God,  
This call is loud to you.

6 Your sister now entomb'd doth lay,  
Among the silent dead ;  
You're left, while she is call'd away ;  
Why this distinction made.

7 Yet you have time, your glass yet runs,  
Improve the hours you have ;  
Perhaps a few more setting suns  
Will land you in the grave.

8 All that are ty'd by nature's bond,  
Now can your tears be dry ?  
Will you not aid my mourning tongue,  
Who are but standers-by ?

9 She's gone, she's gone, the parents mourn,  
She's gone, the children cry ;  
While my affected bowels yearn  
With pangs of sympathy.

10 But yet we need not mourn like those  
Who mourn without a hope ;  
Here is a cordial for our woes,  
As a supporting prop.

11 She had a taste for things divine,  
But not for carnal mirth ;  
To those indeed she was inclin'd  
Who know the heav'nly birth.

12 She scarce was heard e'er to complain,  
While she was thus confin'd ;  
Perhaps to seek would be in vain,  
A person so resign'd.

13 Her sickness baffled all the skill  
Of Doctors, far and near ;  
Her helpless state that she was ill  
Did almost fill two years.

14 Most of the time she thus did lie,  
And could not turn in bed ;  
To seek relief in vain they try,  
For she receiv'd no aid.

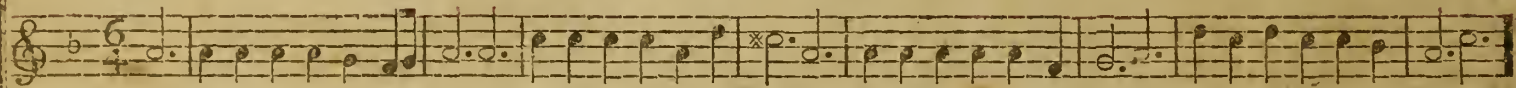
15 Where is the mind remains unshock'd ?  
Yet view the mournful scene ;  
Her sore distress with her jaws lock'd,  
No food could go between.

16 Thus seventeen days she lay confin'd,  
And then her life expir'd ;  
If she in Jesus was resign'd,  
Not life could be desir'd.

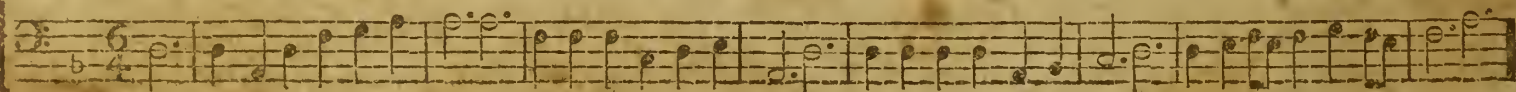
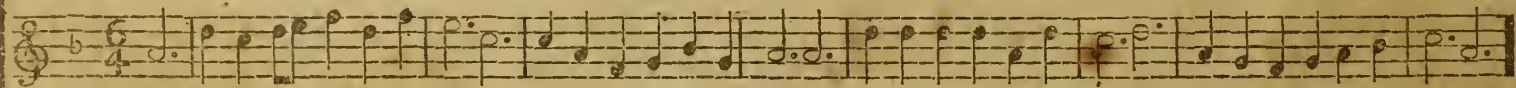
17 But now we hope she is at rest,  
Beyond the reach of pain ;  
We hope she is with Jesus blest,  
Upon the blissful plain.

18 Million of years may roll away,  
Our bliss shall still remain ;  
Our bliss is one eternal day,  
It knows not blot nor stain.

### Christian Song.



Mine eyes are now closing to rest, My body must soon be remov'd, And mould'ring, lie bury'd in dust, No more to be envi'd or lov'd, No



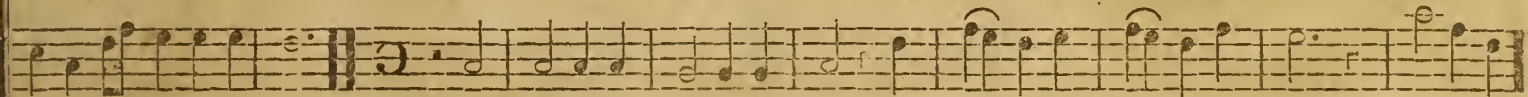


# Christian Song. *Continued.*

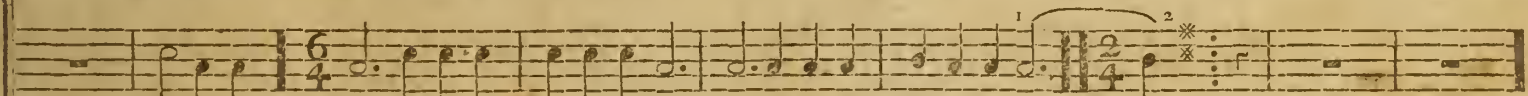
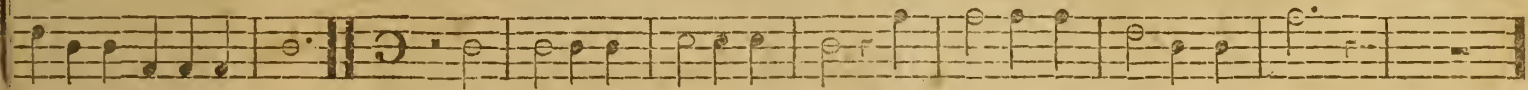
173.



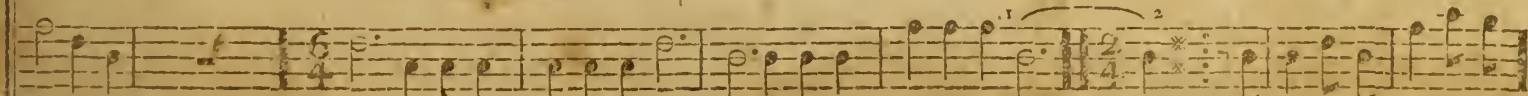
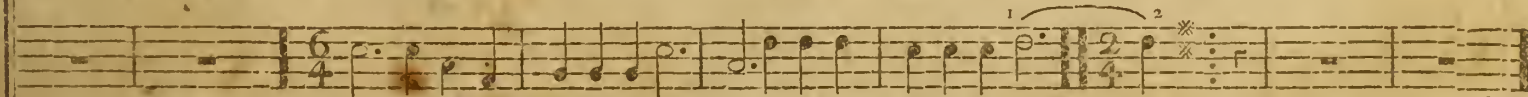
more to be envy'd or lov'd. Ah! what is this drawing my breath, And stealing my senses away,



Oh! tell me



Oh! tell me, Oh! tell me, my soul, is it death? Releasing me kindly from clay.



Oh! tell me,

Now, mounting, my soul shall def.

Christian Song. *Continued.*

4 O happy ! thrice happy exchange !  
My Saviour with eyes full of love,  
Now beckons me—soon I shall range  
The fields of bright glory above.

5 O ! break off these fetters of clay !  
I long to be freed from this load :  
Lord Jesus, I mourn thy delay,  
Impatient to be with my God.

6 Each moment seems lingering and slow,  
While far from my home I must stay ;  
I long for those pleasures that flow  
Unceasing in regions of day.

7 No more to be tempted by sin ;  
No longer by Satan be vex'd ;  
My conscience is peaceful within,  
And is by no passion perplex'd.

8 Now speedily wafted on wing,  
This world in a moment I leave :  
O death ! where is now thy fam'd sting,  
And where is thy vict'ry, O grave ?

9 Rejoice, for a brother's deceas'd,  
Our loss is his infinite gain ;  
A soul out of prison releas'd,  
And freed from its bodily pain.

## Chipping.

175

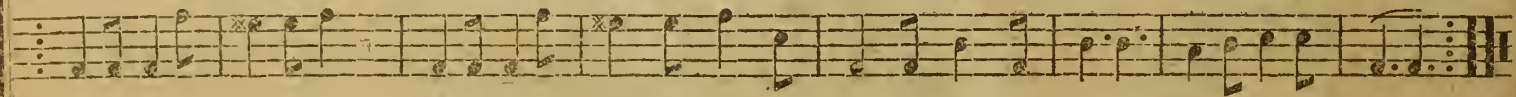
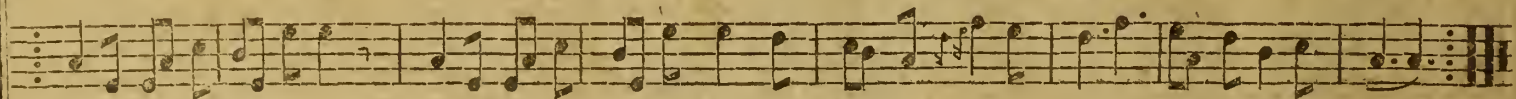
Jefus, let thy pitying eye Call back a wand'ring sheep ; Falso to thee, like Peter, I Would

fain like Peter weep : Let me be by grace restor'd, On me be all long suff'ring shown ;





Turn, and look upon me, Lord, Turn, and look upon me, Lord, And break my heart of stone. And break my heart of stone.



- 2 Saviour, Prince, enthron'd above, Repentance to impart,  
 Give me, through thy dying love, The humble, contrite heart :  
 Give what I have long implor'd, A portion of thy grief unknown:  
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.
- 3 For thine own compassion's sake, The gracious wonder show !  
 Cast my sins behind thy back, And wash me white as snow :  
 If thy bowels now are stir'd, If I now myself bemoan,  
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.
- 4 See, me Saviour, from above, Nor suffer me to die !  
 Life, and happiness, and love, Drop from thy gracious eye ;

- Speak the reconciling word, And let thy mercy melt me down ;  
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.
- 5 Look, as when thine eye pursu'd The first apostate man,  
 Saw him wel'ring in his blood, And bade him rise again :  
 Speak my paradise restor'd, Redecm me by thy grace alone :  
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.
- 6 Look, as when thy languid eye Was clos'd that we might live ;  
 Father (at the point to die, My Saviour gasp'd) forgive !  
 Surely with that dying word, He turns & looks, & cries, 'tis done !  
 O my bleeding, loving Lord, Thou break'st my heart of stone.

# Crucifixion.

177

Behold the Saviour of mankind Nail'd to the shameful tree ; How vast the love that

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/2 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words grouped by slurs.

Hark ! Hark ! how he groans ! Hark ! how he groans !

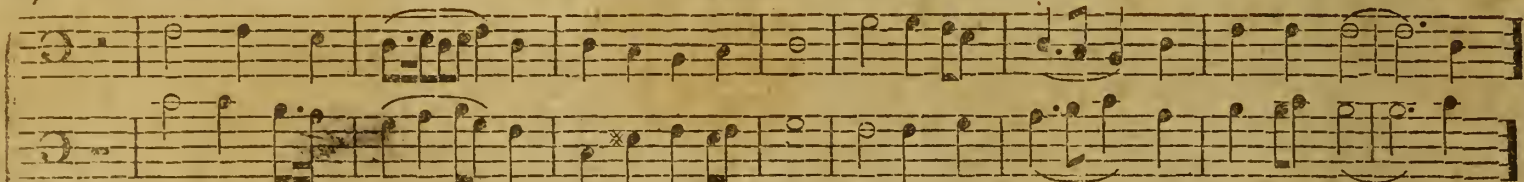
him inclin'd To bleed and die for thee !

This system contains the third and fourth staves of the musical score. The lyrics continue below the staves, with 'Hark !' repeated three times and 'how he groans !' repeated twice.

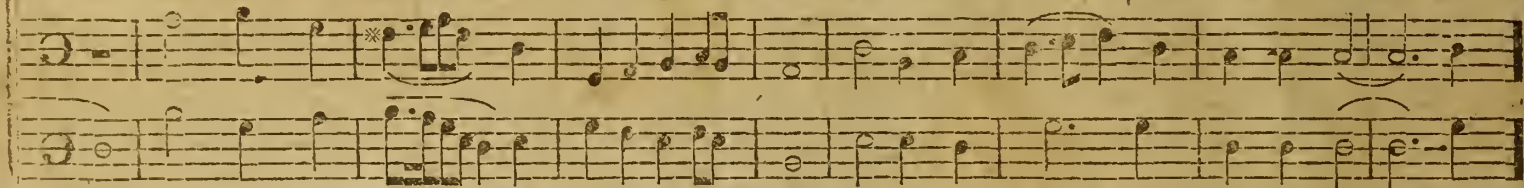
Hark ! how he groans ! Hark ! how he groans, how he groans !

Y

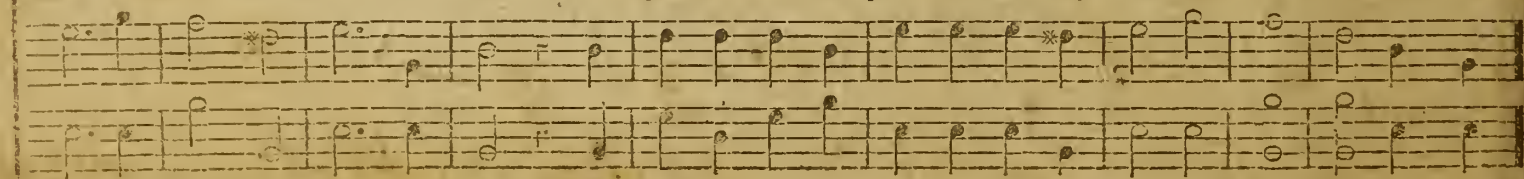
This system contains the fifth and sixth staves of the musical score. The lyrics continue below the staves, with 'Hark ! how he groans !' and 'Hark ! how he groans, how he groans !'. A large 'Y' is printed below the bottom staff.



while nature shakes, And earth's strong pillars bend ! The temple's veil in funder breaks, The



solid marbles rend. 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid, Receive my soul he cries ; See, where he





# Crucifixion. Continued.

179

bows his sacred head ! He bows his head and dies ! He bows his head and dies !

But

But soon he'll break death's

But soon he'll break death's envious chain, And in full glo - ry shine ; O Lamb of

But soon, &c.

soon he'll break death's envious chain, And in full glo - ry shine ; O Lamb of God ! was

envious, &c.

## Crucifixion, Continued.

God! was ever, pain, Was ever, was ever, was ever love like thine, Was ever love like thine.

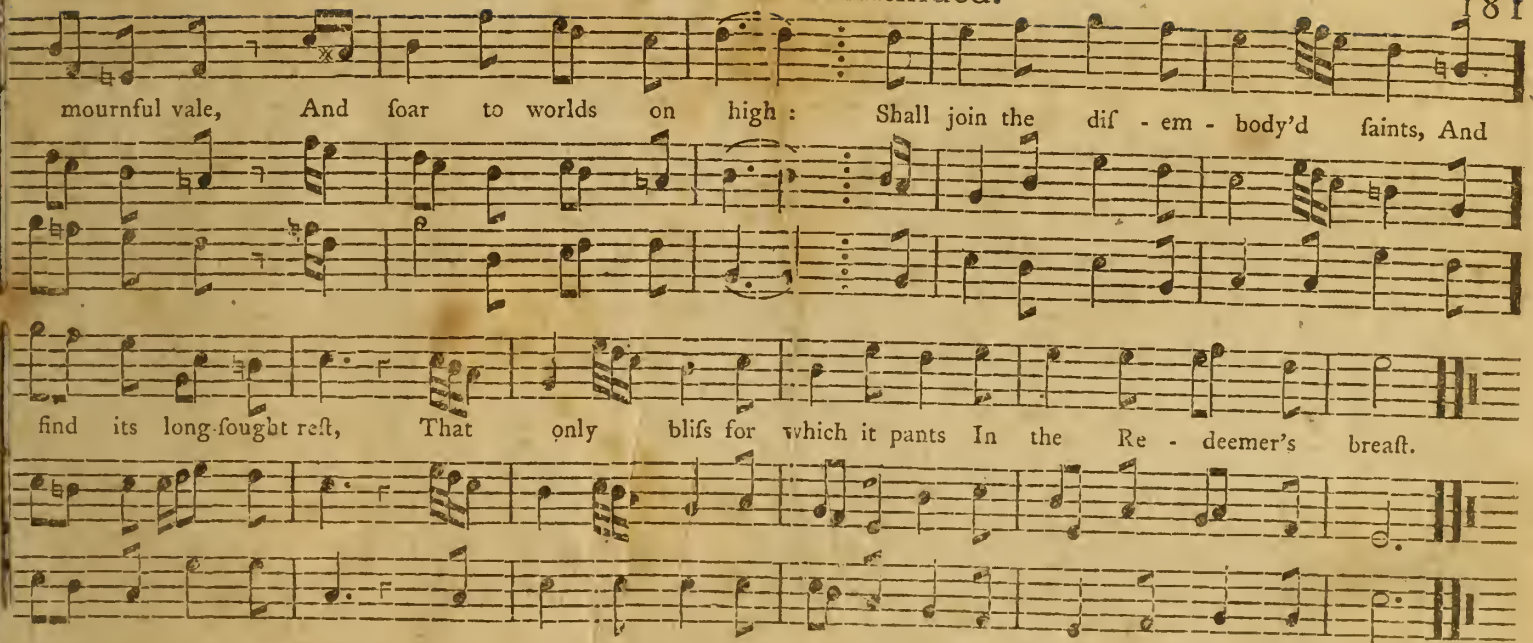
ever love, was ever love like thine, was ever, was ever, was ever love like thine.

## St. Pauls.

And let this feeble body, fail, And let it faint or die, My soul shall quit the

# St. Pauls. Continued.

181



mournful vale, And soar to worlds on high : Shall join the dis - em - body'd saints, And

find its long-sought rest, That only bliss for which it pants In the Re - deemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,  
I now the cross sustain,  
And gladly wander up and down,  
And smile at toil and pain.  
I suffer on my threescore years  
Till my Deliv'rer come,  
And wipe away his servant's tears,  
And take his exile home.

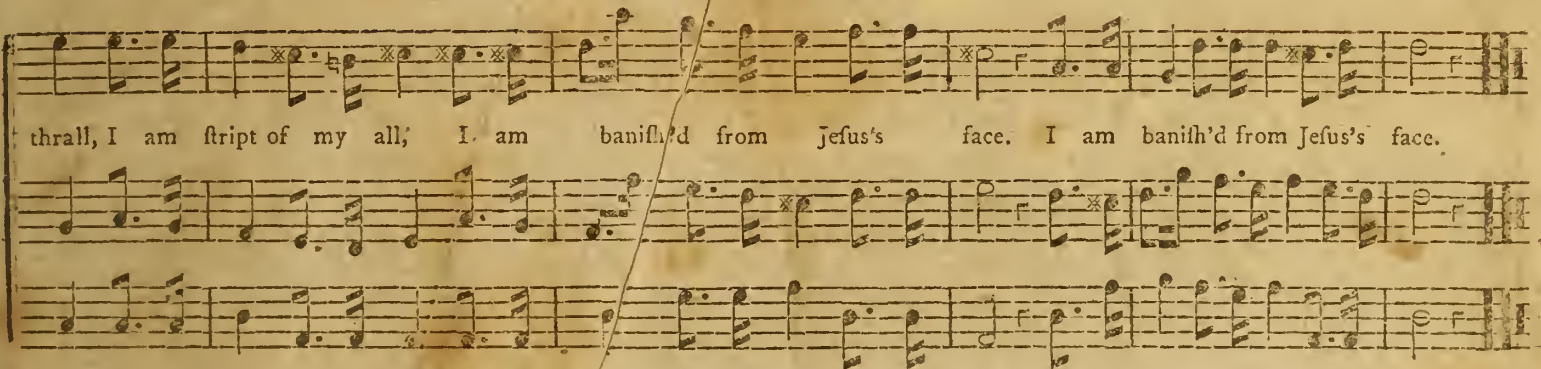
3 O what hath Jesus bought for me !  
Before my ravish'd eyes  
Rivers of life divine I see,  
And trees of paradise !  
I see a world of spirits bright,  
Who taste the pleasures there !  
They all are rob'd in spotless white,  
And conqu'ring palms they bear.

4 O what are all my suff'rings here,  
If, Lord, thou count me meet  
With that enraptur'd host t' appear,  
And worship at thy feet !  
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,  
Take life or friends away :  
But let me find them all again  
In that eternal day.



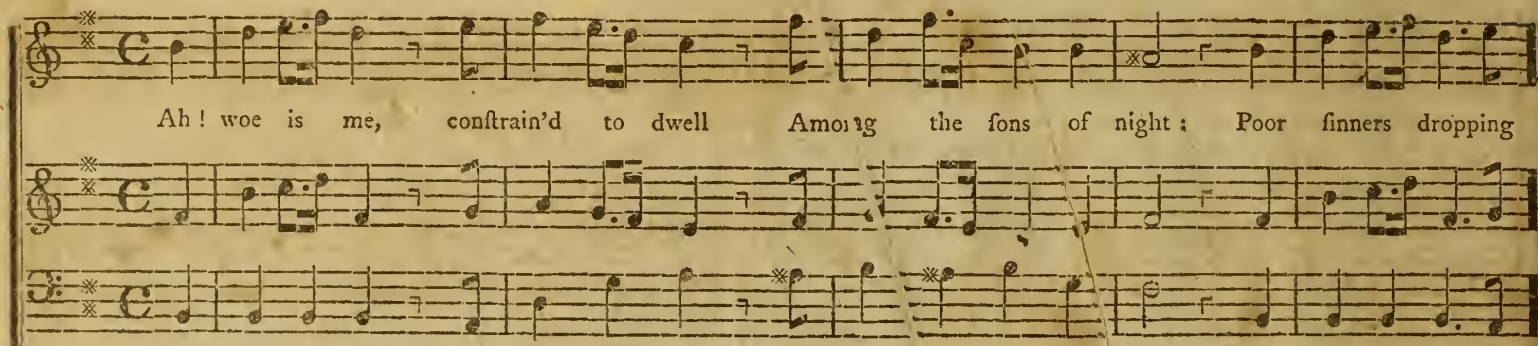
Ah! where am I now? When was it or how That I fell from my heaven of grace? I am

brought into thrall, I am stript of my all, I am banish'd from Jesus's face. I am brought into

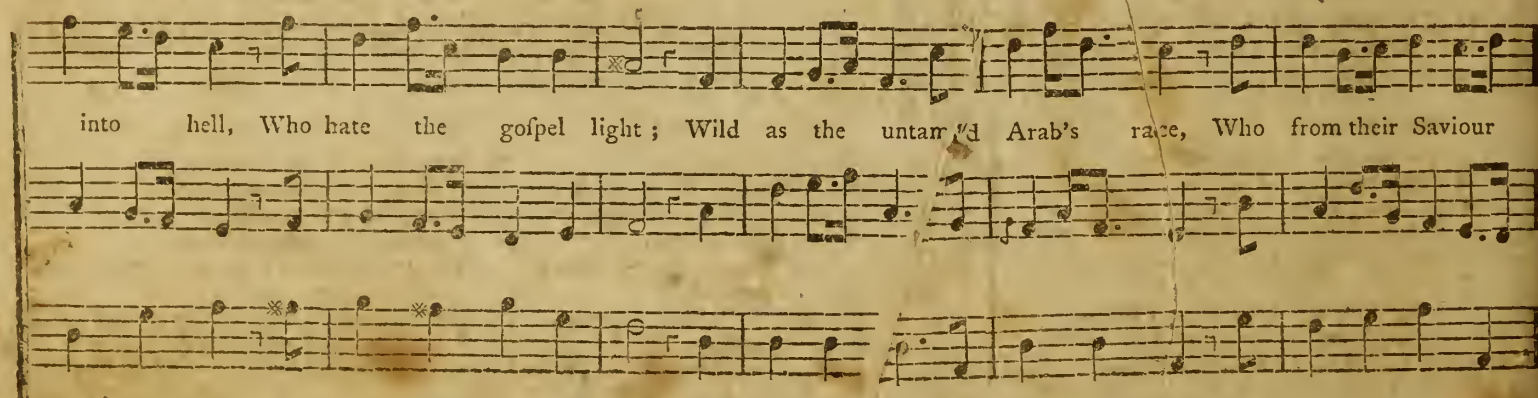


- 2 Hardly yet do I know How I let my Lord go;  
 So insensibly starting aside;  
 When the tempter came in With his own subtle sin,  
 And infected my spirit with pride.
- 3 But I felt it too soon, That my Saviour was gone,  
 Swiftly vanishing out of my sight;  
 My triumph and boast On a sudden were lost,  
 And my day it was turn'd into night.
- 4 Only pride could destroy That innocent joy,  
 And make my Redeemer depart:  
 But whate'er was the cause, I lament the sad loss,  
 For the veil is come over my heart.
- 5 Ah! wretch that I am! I can only exclaim,  
 Like a devil tormented within,  
 My Saviour is gone, And has left me alone,  
 To the fury of satan and sin.

- 6 Nothing now can relieve, Without comfort I grieve,  
 I have lost all my peace and my pow'r:  
 No access do I find To the friend of mankind:  
 I can ask for his mercy no more.
- 7 Tongue cannot declare The torment I bear,  
 (While no end of my troubles I see)  
 Only Adam could tell On the day that he fell,  
 And was turn'd out of Eden like me.
- 8 Driven out from my God, I wander abroad,  
 Through a desert of sorrows I rove;  
 And how great is my pain, That I cannot regain  
 My happy Eden of Jesus' love.
- 9 I never shall rise To my first paradise,  
 Or come my Redeemer to see:  
 But I feel a faint hope, That at last he will stoop,  
 And his pity shall bring him to me.

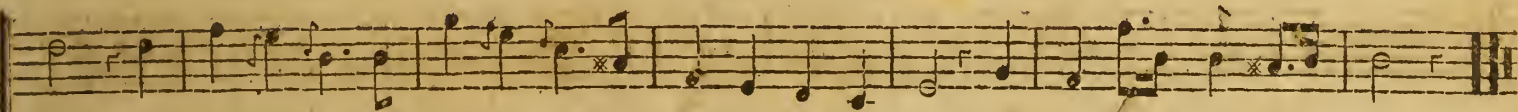


Ah! woe is me, constrain'd to dwell Among the fons of night: Poor sinners dropping

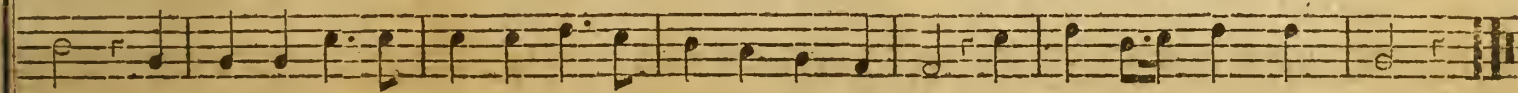
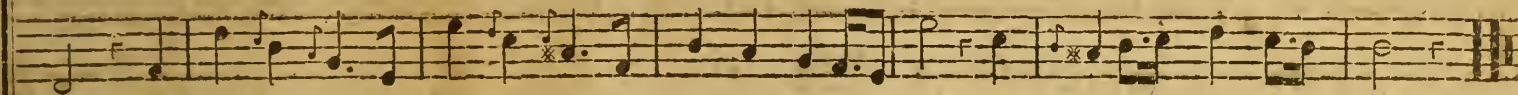


into hell, Who hate the gospel light; Wild as the untar'd Arab's race, Who from their Saviour





fly; And trample on his pard'ning grace, And all his threats defy. And all his threats defy.



2 Yet here alas! in pain I live,  
Where satan keeps his seat;  
And day by day for those I grieve,  
Who will to sin submit;  
With gushing eyes their deeds I see,  
Their punishment is nigh,  
I ask with him who ransom'd me,  
Why will you sin and die?

3 Jesus, Redeemer of mankind,  
Display thy saving pow'r;  
Thy mercy let those out-casts find,  
To know thy gracious hour.  
Ah! give them, Lord, a longer space;  
Nor suddenly consume;  
But let them take the proffer'd grace,  
And flee the wrath to come.

4 Open their eye and ears to see  
Thy cross, to hear the cries,  
Sinner, thy Saviour weeps for thee;  
For thee he weeps and dies.  
All the day long he meekly stands,  
His rebels to receive;  
And shews his wounds, & spreads his hands,  
And bids you turn and live.

First system of musical notation. It consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 2/4. The middle staff is also in treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Hallelujah, thro' the nations, Ev'ry heart and ev'ry voice, In the God of our salvation

Second system of musical notation. It consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 2/4. The middle staff is also in treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Let us triumph and rejoice, Sound his praises, Sound his praises, Sound his praises.

Glory, glory, to the Lord, Glory, glory

Glory, glory to the Lord, Glory, glory to the Lord, Glory, glo - ry

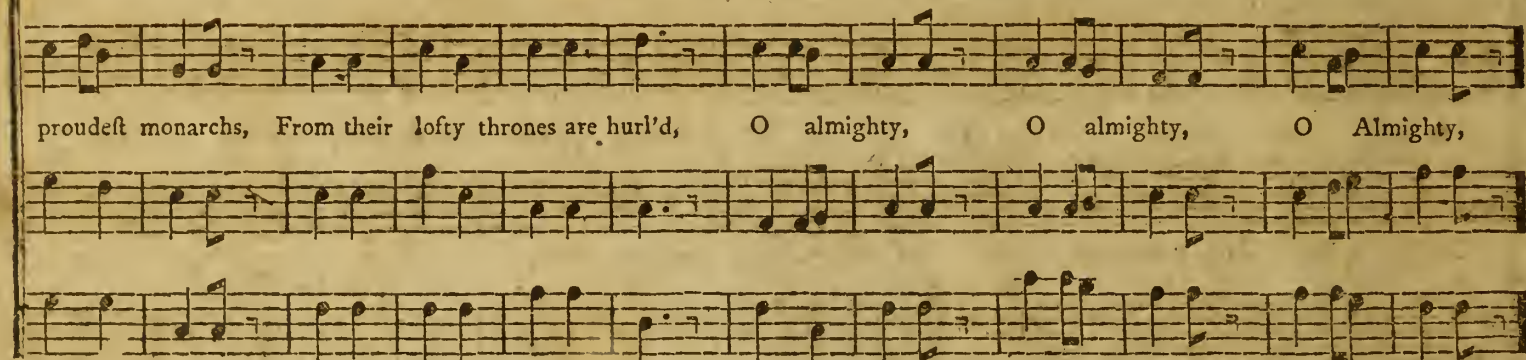
Glory, glory to the Lord, Glory, glo - ry

Detailed description: This block contains the first system of a three-part vocal setting. It consists of three staves in 2/4 time. The top staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The middle and bottom staves begin with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are distributed across the staves: the top staff has 'Glory, glory, to the Lord, Glory, glory'; the middle staff has 'Glory, glory to the Lord, Glory, glory to the Lord, Glory, glo - ry'; and the bottom staff has 'Glory, glory to the Lord, Glory, glo - ry'. The music features various note values including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests.

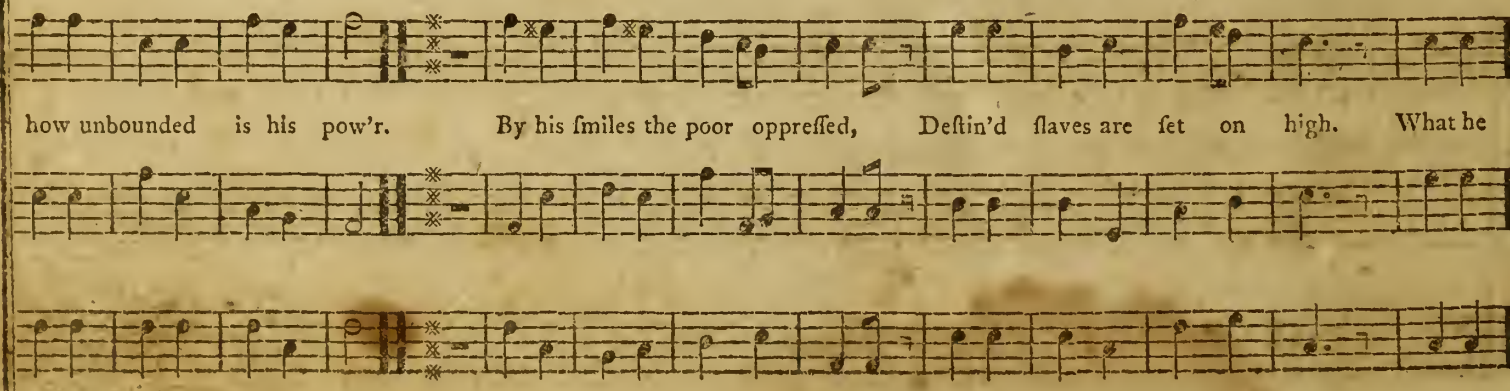
to the Lord. He, who made us reigns triumphant, Sways the scepter, rules the world, At his frown the

Detailed description: This block contains the second system of the three-part vocal setting. It consists of three staves in 2/4 time, continuing from the first system. The lyrics are: 'to the Lord. He, who made us reigns triumphant, Sways the scepter, rules the world, At his frown the'. The musical notation continues with various note values and rests, maintaining the three-part texture.

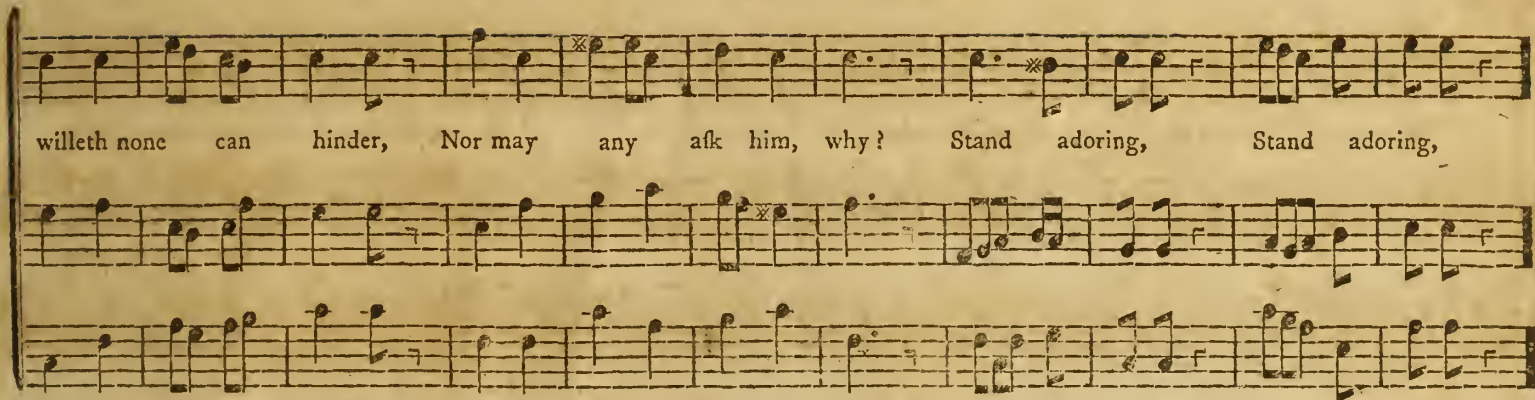




proudest monarchs, From their lofty thrones are hurl'd, O almighty, O almighty, O Almighty,

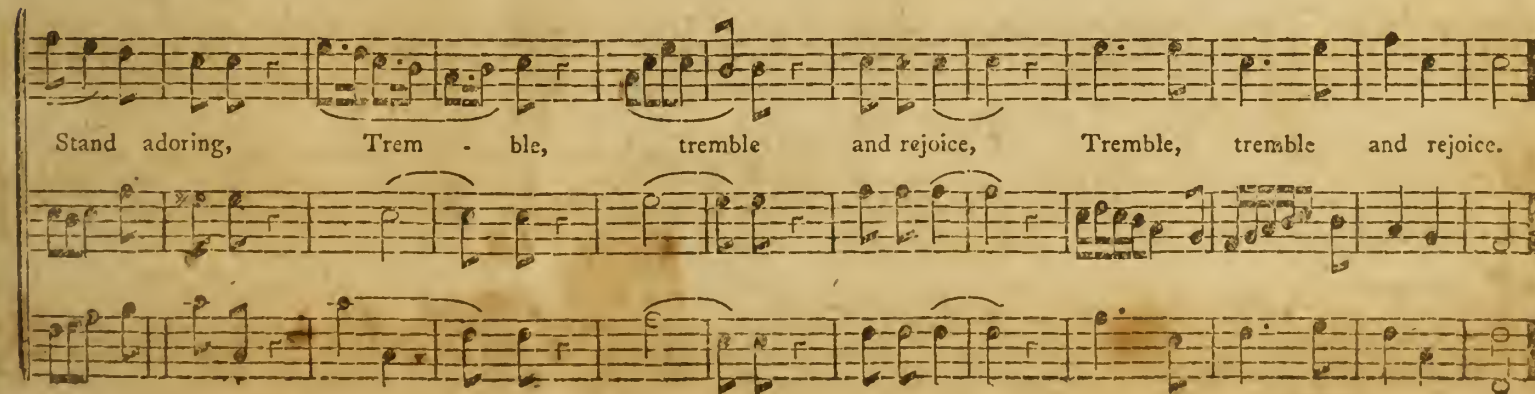


how unbounded is his pow'r. By his smiles the poor oppressed, Destin'd slaves are fet on high. What he



Three staves of musical notation. The first staff contains the lyrics: "willeth none can hinder, Nor may any ask him, why? Stand adoring, Stand adoring,". The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and accidentals.

willeth none can hinder, Nor may any ask him, why? Stand adoring, Stand adoring,



Three staves of musical notation. The first staff contains the lyrics: "Stand adoring, Trem - ble, tremble and rejoice, Tremble, tremble and rejoice." The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and accidentals.

Stand adoring, Trem - ble, tremble and rejoice, Tremble, tremble and rejoice.

## Falmouth. Continued.

While his power reigns unrival'd, Moving on his vast designs ; Love unbounded, matchless wisdom,

Love undounded,

Love unbounded, matchless wisdom,

Detailed description: This system contains three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature. The lyrics 'While his power reigns unrival'd, Moving on his vast designs ; Love unbounded, matchless wisdom,' are written below the first two staves. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff concludes the system with the lyrics 'Love undounded,' and 'Love unbounded, matchless wisdom,'.

Love unbounded, matchless wisdom, Guide, and in full glory shine.

matchless wisdom, Love unbounded, matchless wisdom,

Love unbounded, matchless wisdom,

Detailed description: This system contains three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature. The lyrics 'Love unbounded, matchless wisdom, Guide, and in full glory shine.' are written below the first two staves. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff concludes the system with the lyrics 'matchless wisdom, Love unbounded, matchless wisdom,' and 'Love unbounded, matchless wisdom,'.



# Falmouth. Continued.

191

Halle - lujah, halle -- lujah, halle - lujah, Who can with our God compare. Who can

with our God compare, Higher still the prospect rises, Jesus Christ sits on the throne, Signal favors

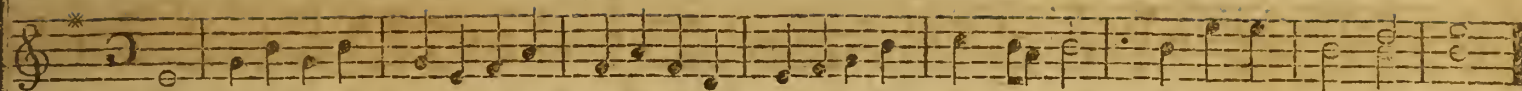
# Falmouth. Continued.

92

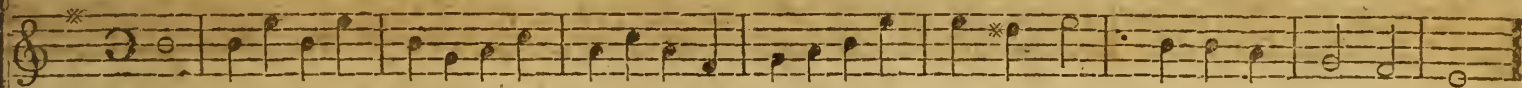
for religion, In his character are shone. Happy prospect, happy, prospect, happy, prospect,

Glo - ry, glory, glo - ry, glo - r, glo - ry be to God on high.

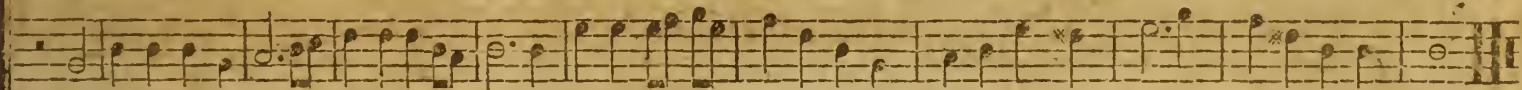
Glory, glory, glory, glory, glory,



Who has believ'd thy word, Or thy falvation known; Reveal thine arm, almighty Lord, And glorify thy Son.



The Jews esteem'd him here Too mean for their relief; Sorrows his chief acquaintance were, And his companion grief. And, &c.





First system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a treble staff with a melody, a vocal line, and a bass line. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/8. The melody begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a 3/8 time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

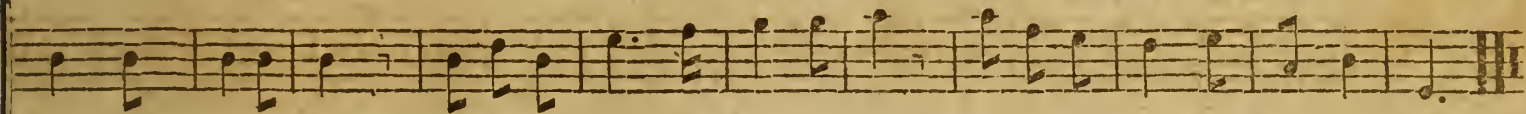
Jefus, I love, come dearest name, Come and possess this heart of mine I love, tho'

Second system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a treble staff with a melody, a vocal line, and a bass line. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/8. The melody continues from the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

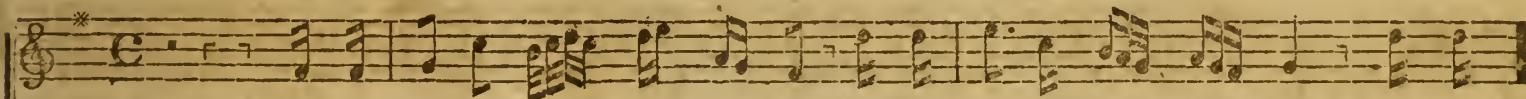
'tis a fainter flame, And infinitely less than thine. Oh, if my Lord would leave the skies, Drefs'd in the



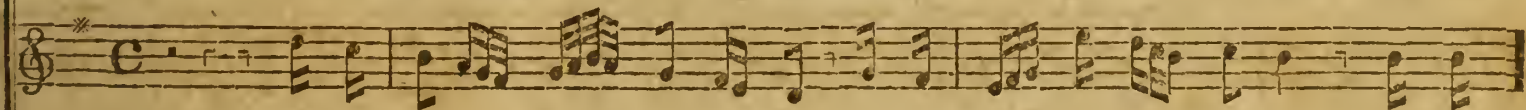
rays of mildest grace, My soul should hasten to my eyes, To meet the pleasure of his' face.



### Christmas.



Light of those whose dreary dwelling, Borders on the shades of death, Come and



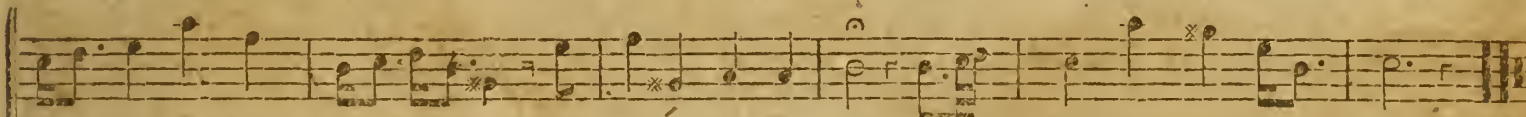
by thy love's revealing, Dissipate the clouds beneath. The new heavn's and earth's Creation, in our

deepest darkness rise, Scatt'ring all the night of nature, Pouring eye. sight on our eyes.

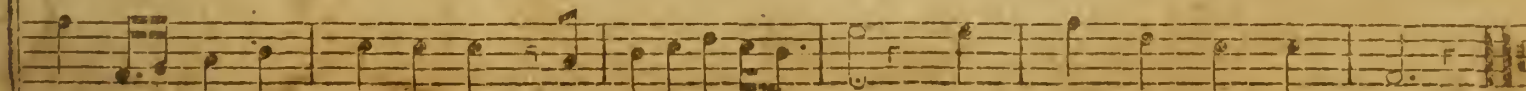
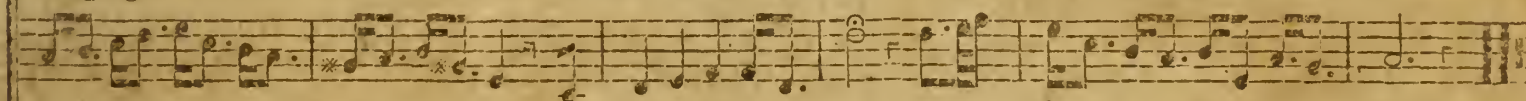




With pity, Lord, a sinner fee,    Weary of thy ways and thee,    Forgive my rash despair,    A blessing in the means to find, My



struglings to throw    off the cares, And cast them all    behind.    And    cast them all    behind.



100

Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands, Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue, His new discover'd

His new discover'd grace demands, A

His new discover'd grace demands, A new and nobler

new discover'd grace demands, A new and nobler song. His

grace demands, A new and nobler song. His new discover'd grace demands a new and nobler song.

new and nobler song. His

song.

Glory to Go

Glory to God on

Good will to

Good will to men, to angels



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